

THE BOY'S ILIAD



Boyhood of Achilles.— Page 9.

Frontispiece

THE BOY'S ILIAD

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'THE FRANKS,' 'PROFESSOR V. SYBEL'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION,' 'GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE,' 'THE
WOMEN OF HOMER,' 'THE BOY'S ODYSSEY,'
AND 'THE LIFE OF SAINTA PAULA'

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACOMB HOOD

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1902

DEDICATED TO MY WIFE

PREFACE

MANY of the most interesting and picturesque legends and fables connected with the Trojan War are not, as is well known, to be found in *The Iliad* of Homer.

As these have furnished subjects to the most famous Greek poets, sculptors, and painters, I think that they ought to be made familiar to boys, to whom their romantic and fabulous character is sure to make them acceptable.

Among the ante-Homeric tales are the Judgment of Paris—the ultimate cause of the Trojan War; the Marriage of Peleus and the marine goddess Thetis; the Birth and education of Achilles; and the Sacrifice of Iphigeneia.

Among the post-Homeric fables are the Campaigns and deaths of the Amazon queen, Penthesilea, and Memnon, King of Æthiopia; the Death of Achilles; the Death of Paris, and the Self-

immolation of his faithful wife, C  none; the building of the Wooden Horse; the tragic fate of the patriot Laocoon; the foul Murder of King Priam, and the Sack and burning of Troy.

These events, the importance of which will be seen at once, I have had to cull from the whole range of the classic literature of Greece and Rome; and not only from that source, but from the poets and logographers of a later age, and especially from the Cyclic poets, the most important of whom is Quintus Smyrn  us.

It is often said, with pardonable exaggeration, that Homer is the founder, not only of Greek history, Greek religion, and Greek drama, but also of Greek art. He did, indeed, give shape and scope to the vague religious notions and aspirations of his countrymen; but his divine epics did not alone furnish appropriate subjects for the painter's and sculptor's art. It was the mental and moral type, the *  thos*, which Homer formed. The gods of Homer are too vast and indefinite to be easily transferred to the canvas or the marble. They "move like the night," and "storm down the slopes of Olympus." They rush between heaven and earth, "like a meteor sent as a portent to sailors"; their shoulders are veiled in cloud, and

they rise from the hoary sea “like a mist” ; and no effort of the artist can seize them, as they flit past him in mysterious vagueness. It needed lyric and still more dramatic poetry to present the gods and heroes in the flesh, as individual characters, to the eyes of their worshippers, and therefore it is that the palmy days of sculpture and painting are not those of Homer, but of Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides, and the later Cyclic poets.

WALTER COPLAND PERRY.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

ILLUSTRATIONS

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CHAPTER I

MANY of you, no doubt, have heard of the long war between the Greeks and the Trojans at Troy, a city on the Hellespont (now called the Dardanelles). When Paris, a son of King Priam of Troy, by the command of *Zeus* (Jupiter), sat in judgment on the comparative beauty of the three great goddesses, *Hera* (Juno), *Athene* (Minerva), and *Aphrodite* (Venus), he gave the prize, a golden apple, to Aphrodite, because she promised to give him the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife.

This woman was Helen, a daughter of the great god Zeus, and wife of Menelaos, King of Lakadaimon or Sparta, who was brother to Agamemnon, the powerful ruler of Mykenai. Paris (also called Alexandros), a handsome man, went on a visit to Menelaos and his lovely wife Helen, and was most hospitably entertained by them. But he basely repaid their kindness by persuading Helen—influenced also by Aphrodite,—the Goddess of Love and Beauty, to desert her home, her husband, and her little daughter, and sail away with him to Troy.

Menelaos was, naturally, full of grief and anger

at the ingratitude and treachery of Paris, and eager for revenge. He roused all the kings and chiefs of Greece (the *Achaïans*, which was the most ancient name of their race), to help him to get back his beautiful wife, and the treasures which Paris had meanly taken away with her. His brother Agamemnon was almost equally wroth; and being the greatest of the Grecian monarchs, he easily persuaded the other kings and chiefs to enter heartily into the quarrel. They all equipped their ships and armed a mighty host of warriors, sailed to Troy, and began the long siege of that holy city, *Ilios*, the walls of which were built, for Laomedon, by the two gods *Posëidon* (Neptune) and *Apollo*.

For nine long years, the Achaïans or Greeks fought there in vain against the Trojans and their brave allies, the Dardans and the Lykians; but in the tenth year, they took the city by stratagem, after the death of noble *Hektor*, son of Priam, the champion and bulwark of Troy.

Of all the great chiefs of the Greeks, the strongest, bravest, and most famous was *Achilles*, son of Peleus and the sea-goddess *Thetis*. Agamemnon, indeed, had the chief command, because he had wider dominions, and led far more ships and men against Troy. But in other respects he was far inferior to Achilles; and a great part of the immortal song of Homer, the *Iliad*, is taken up by the record of Achilles' mighty deeds.

Peleus, the father of Achilles, was King of Phthia, in Thessaly, and was son of Aiakos, who

had reigned in Ægina, and who is said by Pindar to have been carried thither by the golden steeds of Poseidon; hence Achilles himself was sometimes called *Aiakides*, from his grandfather's name. Pēleus was expelled by his father from Ægina, on account of the murder of his brother; he fled to Phthia; and as there were no human inhabitants of the land, Zeus, to please him, changed the *μύρμηκες* (the ants), in which the country abounded, into people, whence the name of Myrmidons.

CHAPTER II

ONE of the most remarkable events in the Heroic Legends was the marriage of Peleus to the Nereid Thetis. It is much celebrated by the poets.

Thetis was a sea-goddess, a daughter of Nereus, the wise, unerring ruler of the Ægean, whom Homer calls "the Ancient One of the Sea." She was an especial favourite of Hera, by whom she was brought up. Her beauty and grace were so remarkable, that the greatest of the gods, Zeus and Poseidon, both wished to marry her; but they were diverted from that purpose by an oracle of *Themis*, the Goddess of Justice, foretelling that the son of Thetis would be greater than his father. One of the lower sea-gods, *Proteus*, had also prophesied to Thetis:

Mater eris juvenis, qui fortibus actis
Acta patris vincet, majorque vocabitur illo.

(Thou shalt become mother of a youth, who in brave deeds will surpass his father, and will be called a greater man than he.)

In fear of such a result, both Zeus and Poseidon gave up their suit to Thetis. They determined that she should marry a mortal, so that the gods might suffer no harm.

CH. II HOW PELEUS CAPTURED THETIS 5

They fixed on Peleus, who had won great fame as a wrestler and a wise ruler. Peleus was, of course, delighted by the prospect of having so beautiful a wife, who was also a goddess. Not so Thetis, who, as a goddess, was naturally very much displeased at being ordered by the gods to marry a mere mortal. Like all sea deities, she had the power of assuming any shape she pleased. But Peleus prayed to *Poseidon* (Neptune) for assistance; and the sea-god Proteus, emerging from the waves, advised him to lie in ambush among the rocks, and when he saw Thetis reposing in her cave, in the heat of the day, to surprise her in her sleep, and to bind her with chains.

Chiron, too, the wisest and worthiest of the *Kentaurs* (Centaur), the "Bull-killers," a wild tribe, half man, half horse (such as may be seen in the metopes of the Parthenon at the British Museum, represented as fighting with the *Lapithæ*, and who lived in the mountains and in the forests of Thessaly), was a great friend of Peleus. He told Peleus not to be alarmed by any form Thetis might assume, but to hold her fast. When captured by Peleus, indeed, she first took the form of a blazing fire, and tried to burn him; she next fell upon him as a deluge of water, to drown him; then she became, in succession, a fierce bird of prey, a fiery serpent, and a tigress; but Peleus, scorched, drenched, and terrified though he was, still would not let her go. And she, seeing that it was the will of the gods, at last consented to marry him.

Their wedding was attended by all the immortal gods and goddesses, with the exception

of *Eris*, the Goddess of Strife. She was not invited to the feast; but, not being shy or modest, she went up to Olympus, and was refused admittance to the hall of assembly; in revenge for which, she threw a golden apple among them, inscribed, "*Detur pulchriori*" (Let it be given to the fairest). This prize was claimed, as we have seen, by the three great goddesses, Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite; whereupon Zeus, fearing the anger of those rejected, ordered *Hermes* (Mercury) to conduct the three goddesses to Mount Ida, near Troy—where Paris was then tending the flocks of his father Priam—and command Paris to judge between the rival divine beauties; with what consequences we know. Hera and Athene vowed eternal hatred against Paris, King Priam, and the Trojans.

The marriage festivities were splendid. Apollo of the Golden Lyre was there, and delighted the ears of the gods and goddesses with his divine harmonies, glorious and sweet as the music of the spheres. Cheiron, the bridegroom's faithful friend, was permitted to appear at the wedding feast; he presented Peleus with a wonderful ashen spear, brought from Mount Pelion, so long and heavy that none of the Achæans (the Greeks) could ever lift it, save Peleus and his son Achilles. Poseidon gave him the immortal horses, Xanthos and Balaos, whose speed outstripped the wind, and whose dam was Podarge, the Harpy, and their sire the West Wind, Zephyr. All the other gods presented him with beautiful weapons or other gifts.

CHAPTER III

ALTHOUGH Thetis had been very much averse to the marriage with Peleus, and cared but little for her husband, she proved, after the birth of Achilles, a fond and devoted mother to her little son, and during his short life watched over him with the tenderest care. It distressed her greatly to think that, on the father's side, he was a mortal, and that she must soon lose him, her only joy. So painful was this thought, that she made a desperate attempt to ensure his immortality. In the middle of the night, she took the infant boy from his bed and laid him on the fire, that she might burn away the mortal element inherited from his father. One night, however, Peleus had watched and followed her; and, when he saw his baby son roasting in the flames, he screamed so loudly that Thetis fled in terror.

As she had failed in this attempt to make Achilles immortal, she sought, at least, to make him invulnerable. For this purpose she took him down to *Hades*, the lower region, the abode of the souls of the dead; and there, holding him by the heel of one foot, dipped him in the river *Styx*. But, unfortunately, the heel, covered by her hand, did not touch the dark water, and left a vulner-

able spot, through which, as we shall see, death was one day to enter his body.

The failure of all her attempts to save her son from the doom of death so weighed on the mind of Thetis, that she left her husband, Peleus, and went to live again with her father, Nereus, and her sister Nereids, in her old home at the bottom of the sea. But she never lost sight of her darling son, and was always ready to come to him, when he appealed to her by prayer for help and consolation.

Peleus, when his divine wife had gone to her former abode in the sea, was left in charge of the education and welfare of their child. He made a wise choice in entrusting the boy to the care of his faithful friend, the sagacious and virtuous Centaur, Cheiron, who received the charge with the greatest pleasure. Cheiron took Achilles to the house of Philyra, his mother, on Mount Pelion, where he was nursed and taught with the utmost care and the soundest judgment.

While still a mere infant, his body was made strong and active by nourishing food and constant exercise. The Naiads brought him milk, of which he drank enormous quantities; and Cheiron fed him on the hearts of lions, and on the marrow of bears, and the flesh of other strong wild animals of the forest. The effect of this diet was very remarkable. When he was only six years old, he could run with the speed of the winds. Brandishing in his hand a small javelin with a short iron head, he amused himself by fighting with lions. Bears too he slew, and brought their bodies, still

warm and palpitating, to gain the approbation of Cheiron. But, precocious as he was in strength of body and mind, he was still fond of toys, and loved to play with his "astragals" (knuckle-bones), and with little carts, in which Cheiron encouraged him; while the friendly goddesses, the mighty Hera, Queen of Heaven, and the divine huntress, *Artemis* (Diana), regarded the little boy with amazement. When they saw him chasing and catching the swiftest stags, without dogs, and without the crafty aid of nets, they predicted what a man Achilles would become.

But Cheiron was not contented with training him to be a strong and brave warrior. He trained him also by philosophy to love wisdom, and taught him the art of medicine. And as he saw that Achilles was subject to fits of passion, taught him to play on the "phorminx" or lyre, well knowing the power of music to soothe the savage heart. The Muse Calliope, too, bestowed on Achilles the gift of song, with which he delighted his comrades. She stood by him, when he was sleeping, and addressed him thus :

"O Boy! I grant thee the gift of Poetry and Song, in sufficient measure, that thou mayest make the banquet sweeter, and soothe the pangs of the sick and weary! But, for the future, Pallas Athene and I have decreed that thou shalt become a glorious warrior, the foremost in the field of battle. In after times, a great poet shall arise" (Homer) "to whom I will give full licence to sing of thy glorious deeds."

Achilles, who, with all his warlike ferocity, had

a susceptible and tender heart, would often sing, to his lyre, of the famous youths of the olden time, such as Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and Adonis, who had been of the same age as himself; and he recited, not without tears, the sad fates of Hylas and Abderus. For Hylas was dragged into a well by the Naiads who had fallen in love with his marvellous beauty; nothing was seen or heard of him afterwards but a lamentable plaint from the bottom of the well, in answer to the despairing cry of Herakles. Abderus was torn in pieces and devoured by the flesh-eating mares of Diomedes.

Under these favourable circumstances, and with the especial favour of the gods, the boy grew up to obtain immortal glory.

When he was classed among the Ephebi (youths from eighteen to twenty years old), a ray shone from his face, and he increased in stature and beauty more quickly than a tree planted by a spring of water.

His mother watched the development of his mind and body with the greatest interest, and smiled on him with joy and pride. But her joy was soon to be dashed, for when he was still almost a boy the Trojan War broke out.

CHAPTER IV

KALCHAS was the wisest of the Soothsayers who went with the Greeks to Troy; he foretold exactly how long the siege would last. He was not the very first of Grecian Seers; and it had been prophesied that whenever he met one superior to himself, he would immediately die. After the war of Troy he met the famous Mopsus, at Klaros, in the grove of the Klarian Apollo; and was defeated by him because he could not say, offhand, how many figs there were on a wild fig-tree, and how many pigs a sow would bring forth. Both these questions Mopsus answered with perfect accuracy; whereupon Kalchas died of grief.

But Kalchas was held in high honour by his countrymen when he declared that Troy could not be taken without the aid of Achilles; he was then implicitly believed. Thetis heard of this oracle, and was greatly distressed, because she knew that if her son went to Troy, he would never return. She therefore tried to hide him. She took him to the island of Skyros, to the King Lycomedes, who clothed him in female garments and placed him among his virgin daughters. They received him gladly, and called him Pyrrha, on account of his auburn hair.

The Greeks soon heard of his retreat, and sent envoys, among whom was the wily *Odysseus* (Ulysses), asking *Lycomedes* to give up young Achilles. The king pretended that he knew nothing about him, but allowed them to search his palace. Being very young, Achilles really looked like a girl, and they could not find him out. Then *Odysseus*, the crafty one, invented a stratagem, which was completely successful. He placed in the vestibule of the palace, among the female garments, a breastplate, a shield, and a spear, and ordered the trumpeters to sound a call to arms. The Greeks, meanwhile, clashed their arms together. Achilles heard it, and, thinking that an enemy was attacking the palace, tore off his girlish dress, donned the breastplate, and seized the lance and shield. *Odysseus* and the Greeks then entered the room, and begged him to go with them to Troy. He consented, nothing loth, for he loved the prospect of war.

Although Achilles knew, from his mother, that he was doomed to perish in Troy, that did not deter him. The gods had given him the choice between a short life of glory, if he went to Troy, and an obscure long life of ease and pleasure, if he stayed at home. He chose the path of honour, as I think every good English youth would do under similar circumstances. *Thetis*, who had, very naturally, tried to keep him at home, out of harm's way, to be her only support and joy, was terribly grieved; but she could not turn him from his noble purpose.

So he started with the Greek army and fleet

for Troy, leading fifty ships and the Myrmidons, the subjects of his father Peleus—a small number, indeed, compared with those of the richer chiefs, but Achilles himself was worth all the rest, and wingless Victory ever sat on the crest of his helm. The aged Peleus bade his dear son always to be the boldest of all in fight, and to be pre-eminent above all others. And Peleus' friend, Menoitios, the father of Patroklos, charged his son to be the companion of Achilles, and to take care of him, saying, "My child, Achilles is of lineage higher than thou; thou art the elder, but he is far the better in strength; yet, if thou dost but speak to him, gently, a word of wisdom, he will obey thy counsel, to his own profit."

The estimate of his character by Horace is incomplete, only partially true, and by no means does justice to the young hero:

Impiger, incundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.

He was wrathful, implacable, apt to think himself above all laws, ready to claim everything by force of arms; but he was much more than that. He was an affectionate son; a fond and faithful lover of his dear Briseis; frank, honest, generous, open-hearted—very different from the wily Odysseus. Although cruel to his enemies, like all the warriors of his time, like even the god-like Hektor, that *beau idéal* of the hero and the gentleman, he was susceptible of the affections of home, family, and friendship. He had a fine taste for music and poetry. From Cheiron's

precepts and example he had learned to despise riches ; and, though he sacked twenty towns in the Troad, and brought away the greatest amount of booty, he kept nothing for himself, save only his beloved Briseis ; and even her he would not take by force as a prize, but begged her as an award from the victorious Achaians. When the wise old Nestor accused their chiefs of injustice, in not having awarded to Achilles a larger share of the plunder, Achilles said : " Let it be *my* reward to have done the greatest things ; let those who wish for riches abound in them." Such was his natural disposition, and the effect of his excellent education ; he was by far the most just and honourable of the Achaian Chiefs ; in the general esteem of that warlike host, Achilles was their foremost leader ; and whenever another was praised, such as Ajax or Diomedes, or Antilochus, the son of Nestor, as the bravest, strongest, swiftest, or handsomest of men, it was always added, " except Achilles."

CHAPTER V

So, with the great fleet and army of the Achaians under King Agamemnon, Achilles sailed on the way to besiege the city of Troy. But the voyage was interrupted by a terrible calamity. When they arrived at Aulis, contrary winds prevented their further progress; and the camp on shore was visited by a destructive plague, the cause of which was unknown to the Achaians. They consulted the soothsayer Kalchas, who revealed to them the cause. Agamemnon had once killed a stag in the sacred grove of *Artemis* (Diana), and had deeply offended the goddess by his boastful words, saying that she herself could not have made a better shot. Kalchas further announced the dreadful decree of the goddess, that the only atonement she would accept was the sacrifice of the lovely daughter of Agamemnon, Iphigeneia, on her altar at Aulis.

The Achaians were struck with horror at this terrible announcement; and Agamemnon declared that nothing should induce him to slay his beloved daughter, and that he would rather dismiss the vast army, and sail back home to Argos. But the Chiefs gathered round him; and Menelaos and Odysseus especially pointed out to him that the Greek warriors were dying by hundreds every day, of hunger and

disease ; and that it was his duty to make this sacrifice for his country's sake. Unless he consented to do so, Troy could never be taken. Menelaos also reproached him for not helping him to get back Helen. Agamemnon at length yielded ; for he knew that, if he did not, the Greeks would rebel, and would go to Argos and destroy him and his whole family. So he sent a messenger to Argos, to tell his wife, Clytemnestra, to bring her daughter Iphigeneia, under the pretence that he destined her to be the bride of Achilles.

Clytemnestra came, with her daughter and her infant son, Orestes. For some time the fraud was kept up ; but at last one of the attendants revealed the dreadful truth to Agamemnon's wife and daughter. Clytemnestra upbraided him with the bitterest words, and poor Iphigeneia implored him not to cut her off in the flower of her youth and beauty. " Had I," she said, " the persuasion of Orpheus, I would try to soften thy heart ; but I have only tears."

Achilles declared that he would defend her from the Greeks ; but he, too, was obliged to yield, for the Greeks threatened to stone him. The noble maiden, Iphigeneia, when she saw the distress of her father, and the Greeks dying around her, consented willingly to save them. " It is decreed," she said, " that I should die. I wish to die, to save my country, if I may. Lead me to the altar ! mine be the glorious fate, to destroy proud Troy ! " Then the priests cut off her hair, and prepared the dreadful sacrifice.

At the last moment, when the priest was about to plunge the knife into her throat, he saw a stag lying bleeding on the ground; and he announced that Artemis accepted it, in place of the noble maid. And now, indeed, all went well: the plague was stayed, and the goddess sent a favourable wind, which quickly brought the fleet to Troy.

Iphigeneia became the favourite priestess of Artemis at her temple in Tauris, on the shore of the Euxine, and her story was commemorated by some of the finest works of Greek poetry and art. It was remarked that in one of these, painted by Timanthes the Cynthian, the artist had represented Kalchas as looking sad and Odysseus sadder; and, in the face of Menelaos, had expressed the most poignant grief that his art could show; but when he came to Agamemnon, the father, his art failed him, and having no means of conveying the idea of such extreme anguish, he covered the head with a veil.¹

¹ *History of Greek and Roman Sculpture*, by W. C. Perry, 1881.

CHAPTER VI

WHILE the Achaians were still detained at Aulis by the untoward circumstances just related, they offered a sacrifice, one day, under a certain tree, from the roots of which a serpent issued, and devoured eight young birds with their mother, sitting in a nest among the boughs. Kalchas expounded the meaning of this portent, which was, he said, that they would have to besiege Troy for nine years in vain, but that in the tenth year they would capture the city. There was also an oracle consulted by King Agamemnon, which had responded by predicting that Troy would fall in the same year in which the greatest men among the Greeks should quarrel with one another. It will be seen whether and how far these prophecies were fulfilled.

The first nine years of the war did actually produce no decisive result, but were spent in laying waste, every year, the surrounding country about Troy, called the Troad, in which Achilles bore the most active part.

In the tenth year, which is the date at which the narrative in Homer's *Iliad* commences, an event took place that seemed likely to defer, for some time longer, if not to prevent entirely, the

success of the undertaking ; this was the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles. Homer's poem, the *Iliad*, thus begins with an invocation to the Muse : " Sing, O Goddess, the anger of Achilles, son of Peleus, which brought innumerable woes upon the Achæians ; and sent the souls of countless heroes down to Hades ; and gave their bodies to be devoured by dogs and all kinds of birds."

The origin of this quarrel was as follows. When the town of Thebe, near Troy, was stormed by the Achæians, the daughter of Chryses, a priest of Apollo, was taken among other captives ; her name was Astynome, but she was also called Chryseis, from Chryse, the dwelling-place of her father, who had sent her to Thebe to attend a festival of *Artemis* (Diana). In the distribution of the booty—including prisoners of war to be treated as slaves—after the victory won mainly by Achilles at Thebe, Chryseis was allotted to King Agamemnon as his royal share of the plunder.

Her aged father, Chryses, deeply grieved by the loss of his beloved child, now came to the Grecian camp, bearing the sacred fillet of Apollo upon a golden staff. He prayed to all the Achæians, but especially to Agamemnon and Menelaos, the sons of Atreus, saying, " May the gods grant you to take the city of Troy, and to return safely home ! but release to me my dear child, and accept the costly ransom that I bring ! "

Then all the other Achæians shouted their assent—to reverence the priest and release the damsel ; but not so Atreides Agamemnon, who

drave him away with abuse and threats: "Thy daughter I will not release, till old age come upon her in my house at Argos. Let me not catch thee here," he said, "either lingering now, or coming again; lest the staff and the fillet of the god avail thee naught!" The Greeks were shocked at this impious language; but no one dared to resist the supreme ruler of the army.

The old man, Chryses, withdrew trembling, and wandered silently along the shore of the loud-resounding sea. As he went, he prayed to his patron deity, Apollo, the God of the Silver Bow: "Hear me, O Smintheus!" (This name, which meant "Mouse-god," was that by which, in the Troad, Apollo was worshipped, for destroying the field-mice which wasted the vineyards.) "Hear me, thou who rulest over Chryse and sacred Killa! if ever I built a fair temple to thee, and offered costly sacrifices to thee, fulfil my wish, and, by thy darts, make the Danaoi pay for my tears!"

Phoibos Apollo heard him; and, full of wrath, came down from Olympus, bearing his silver bow and his quiver on his shoulder, in which the unerring deadly arrows rattled as he moved. Then, from afar, he sent an arrow at the ships, and all the Greeks heard the dreadful clang of his bow. First, he attacked the mules, the light-footed dogs, and then the Greeks themselves; and the funeral pyres blazed high all through their camp. For nine days the Divine Archer hurled his deadly shafts on the army, and the people died. But on the tenth day, Achilles, by the inspiration of Hera, who pitied her dear Achaians, called the people to an

assembly, and spake among them: "O son of Atreus! now, I think, we ought perhaps to be returning home, if we are to be destroyed by war and by pestilence at the same time! But come, let us ask some soothsayer or priest, why Phoibos Apollo is so angry with us; and whether an offering of lambs, or of unblemished goats, would assuage his wrath."

Upon this rose Kalchas, the son of Thestor—he who knew the present, the future, and the past—and made reply: "Achilles, favourite of Zeus! thou biddest me speak of the wrath of Apollo, who is smiting us terribly from afar. But wilt thou swear, if I shall speak the truth, to protect me by word and deed? For I fear that my words will rouse the wrath of a great ruler, whom all the Achaians obey; and the anger of a king is terrible to a man of low estate."

Then the swift-footed Achilles made answer: "O priest of Apollo, speak boldly what thou knowest; for I swear by Apollo that, while I live and behold the light of heaven, no man of all the Danaoi shall lay hands on thee; not even if thou meanest Agamemnon himself, the greatest of the Achaians."

Then the noble Seer took heart and spake: "The god is not angry on account of any sacrifice that we have omitted; but for his priest's sake, because Agamemnon has insulted and threatened him, and refused the rich ransom that he brought to set free his beloved daughter. Nor will the Fardarter cease to send his unerring shafts at us, until we have restored the damsel of the sweetly-glancing

eyes to her father, without a ransom, and have offered a holy hecatomb at Chryse."

Then rose the mighty Agamemnon, the wide-ruling son of Atreus, with fire flashing from his eyes, and spake to Kalchas: "Thou prophet of evil! never hast thou spoken to me anything that is pleasant; for thou delightest ever to augur evil things. And now, among the Danaoi, thou dost spread thy lying prophecies; and thou biddest me restore the damsel to her father, whom I would fain keep for myself; for she is dearer to me than, Clytemnestra, my wedded wife; for she is by no means inferior to her in beauty of face and form, or in gifts of the mind. Yet, for all that, I *will* give her back, if so it must be; for I would not see my people perishing. But see that ye forthwith provide for me another prize of value; for it is not meet that I, of all the Argives, should be left without a meed of honour."

Then the goodly, godlike Achilles answered him: "Thou haughtiest of men, and greediest! how can the high-minded Achaians give thee a prize of honour? seeing that there is no common stock, but that all the booty, which we have taken, has been allotted; nor can we ask it back from the warriors to whom the Achaians have given it. But if thou wilt give back the damsel to the god, we Achaians will repay thee, threefold or fourfold, when next we sack a well-walled city in the land of Troy."

To him the mighty son of Atreus made reply: "Think not, O godlike Achilles! strong as thou art, thus to outwit me and defraud me! Dost thou

think to keep *thy* prize, and to leave me alone with empty hands? If the magnanimous Achaians will give me a recompense, equal to what I resign, well; but if they give it not, I myself will go and take a prize from *thee*, perhaps, or from *Aias* (Ajax), or from Odysseus. But now, let us launch a black ship on the wine-dark sea, with chosen rowers, and embark a hecatomb for Apollo, and put the fair-cheeked Chryseis on board. And let Aias, or Idomeneus, or goodly Odysseus, or thyself Peleides, most formidable of men! do sacrifice for us, and appease the Far-Darter."

Then the swift-footed Achilles scowled at him, and said: "O thou, clothed in impudence! thou crafty-minded man! how can the Achaians obey thy command, to travel or to fight? I came not hither on account of the Trojan spearmen; for they have done *me* no wrong; they never carried off my horses or cattle, or wasted my harvests, in Phthia; for shadowy mountains, and the wide, roaring sea, lie between us and them. No; I came to gain glory for Menelaos, and for thee—thou dog-faced man! But of this thou takest no thought. And now, thou threatenest to take away my prize! I never gain a portion equal to thine, when we sack a well-built town of the Trojans; mine is the danger, and the labour; but when the booty is divided, *thou* bearest off the largest share, while I return to my ships with some small prize—small indeed, but mine own, and dear to me. Now, I will return home to Phthia; for I have no mind to remain here in dishonour, to win wealth and power for *thee*!"

Then Agamemnon, the King of men, arose in his fury, and added fuel to the fire of Achilles' wrath. "Fly, then," he said, "if thou be so minded; I will not ask thee to stay. I have others by my side who will do me honour. Chief of all, I have the support of great Zeus, the Lord of Counsel! Of all the kings, I hate *thee* most: for thou lovest strife and war; true, thou art very strong, but that is a gift of the gods. Flee, then, with thy ships, and lord it over thy Myrmidons! I care not for thy wrath. Again I threaten thee: as now Apollo takes away Chryseis, my cherished prize, I will go myself to thy tent, and take away the fair-cheeked Briseis, that thou mayest learn how far mightier I am than thou."

Having uttered these fatal words, Agamemnon sat down, foaming with rage. Then grief and anger raged in the heart of Achilles; and his mind was divided, in his breast, this way and that, whether to draw his mighty sword and slay Agamemnon, or to restrain his fury, and for the time abide in patience. While thus pondering, he half drew his sword from its sheath; but Athene, sent by Hera, who loved them, both, came down from Heaven, invisible to other mortals, and, standing behind Achilles, caught him by his golden hair. None saw the goddess present save himself, when he turned round, and knew her at once. Her eyes blazed with an awful light; but he spake to her: "Art thou come hither, O Daughter of Egis-bearing Zeus! to behold the insolence of the son of Atreus? who, by his own arrogance, will speedily perish!"

The stern-eyed goddess answered him : " I have been sent by white-armed Hēra to stay thine anger ; she careth for both of you, for thee and for him. Draw not thy sword from its sheath, but revile him, as thou wilt ; and I tell thee, now, the time shall come when he will have to repay threefold all the wrong that he has done to thee."

" O Goddess ! " Achilles answered her, " I needs must yield to the bidding of you twain, Hēra and thee ; for whoso doth obey the immortal gods, to him will they listen when he prayeth to them." So Achilles disobeyed not, but thrust back his sword into its scabbard ; Athene returned to Olympus, to the gleaming divine palace of her father, the Ægis-bearing Zeus. Meanwhile, in that same moment, Achilles turned again to Agamemnon, and reviled him, saying : " Thou wine-bibber ! with the face of a dog, and the heart of a timid deer ! thou hast never dared to lead thy people to the fight, or to lie in ambush for the foe, with the other princes of the Achaians ; no, thou thinkest it far better to seize the prize won by another man ! taking it from him who dareth to oppose thee ! Devourer of thy people, thou rulest over slaves : else were this outrage thy last. But now I swear—by this royal staff I swear, which never again shall put forth leaf or branch as a living tree—that the time will come when all the Achaians will long for the aid of Achilles—for thou wilt be powerless to save them from the man-slaying Hektor—then shalt thou tear thy heart with vexation, because thou hast not duly honoured and regarded the best

among them ; and then I will not help thee ; for all thy splendid gifts, or for all thy prayers and tears." He dashed his gold-studded sceptre upon the ground, and then sat down ; Agamemnon sat opposite to him.

Then arose the aged Nestor of Pylos, wisest of men, the clear-voiced orator, from whose lips flowed gracious, persuasive words, sweeter than honey ; he had, in his long life, seen two generations of mortal men pass before him, and was now ruling over the third in Pylos.

"Alas !" he said, " what dire disaster has come upon the land of Achæia ! what joy to Priam and the sons of Priam, when they hear of the fatal breach between the foremost of the Argives in council and in war ! In the olden time, I lived with heroes even better than you, and they never despised my words. I never saw such men as Peirithoos and Dryas, and Kaineus and Exadios, and godlike Polyphemos ! Mightiest they were in stature of all the sons of men ; and they fought with the wild tribes of the mountains, and utterly destroyed them. They sent to Pylos for me, and I played my part in fight, and they listened to my counsel and obeyed my voice. And now, do ye twain, likewise, listen to me ; for my words are wise. Do not thou, O Atreides ! though thou art very great, take away from Peleides his damsel, whom the Achæians gave him as a meed of honour ; nor do thou, O Peleides, though thou art so strong, and a goddess bare thee, contend with a sceptred king, who is higher than thou art, for he ruleth over more ! "

Then King Agamemnon answered him, and said: "Thou speakest right, old man! But this fellow would rule us all. Though the deathless gods have made him a mighty warrior, did they grant him unbridled licence of speech?"

Achilles broke in upon him, and spake thus: "Coward and slave should I be, did I yield to thee in all things! Give thy orders to others, and not to me! I will not, indeed, fight for the fair girl; ye Achaians gave her to me, and ye have taken her away. But do thou, Agamemnon, beware of taking aught else of what is mine in my black ships; quickly then would thy dark blood flow from my spear!"

Then Peleides went his way to his tents and his ships, with his dearest friend Patroklos, the son of Menoitios. And Atreides launched a swift ship, and placed therein a hecatomb for Apollo, and the fair-cheeked Chryseis; and appointed the goodly Odysseus, him of many devices, to be the captain; so they embarked, and sailed over the watery deep, to Chryse. Then, at the bidding of Atreides, the folk purified themselves, and sacrificed unblemished bulls and goats to Apollo, on the shore of the barren sea. The sweet savour rose in curling smoke to heaven.

CHAPTER VII

BUT Agamemnon did not listen to the advice of Nestor, or forget his threat to Achilles. He bade the heralds, Talthybios and Eurybates, go to the tent of Achilles, and take Briseis of the fair cheeks, and bring her to his own tent. He added, "If Achilles resist, I myself will come, with more men, and seize her."

Then the heralds went, unwillingly, along the shore of the loud-resounding sea, till they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons, and stood with silent awe and reverence before King Achilles—not daring to speak to him, or to ask him any questions. But he knew their errand, and addressed them kindly :

"Welcome are ye, holy heralds ! I impute no blame to you, but to the tyrant who has sent you to take away my prize, the fair-cheeked damsel Briseis. Go, then, heaven-born Patroklos ! bring her out, and give her to them, to lead her away. But ye, sacred heralds, be ye witnesses, before gods and men, and before that pernicious King himself, that he shall soon need my arm, to save him from shame and ruin !"

And Patroklos obeyed the word of his dear Lord and friend, and led the fair-cheeked damsel

from the tent, and delivered her to the divine heràlds, to lead her away. So these took her, all unwilling—for she loved the godlike Achilles—and went their way along the ships of the Achaians.

But Achilles sat him down, on the shore of the grey sea, apart from his comrades, and gazed over the wine-dark waters, and wept bitter tears. 'The mighty Achilles, foremost in every battle, wept for the loss of his dear Briseis; he wept, and stretched his hands towards the sea, and prayed earnestly to Thetis, his goddess-mother':

"O Mother! since thou didst bear me to a very brief space of life, the Thunderer, great Zeus, ought at least to have granted me honour; but he hath not honoured me at all; for Atreus' son hath taken away my prize, and keepeth her by force against my will!"

Thus prayed he, weeping; and his dear mother, sitting by her father in the deep ocean cave, heard him; and quickly through the dark blue waves, she rose, like a misty cloud, and sat beside him, stroking his hand, and calling him by his name: "My child, why weepest thou? Speak plainly, that we both may know!"

Then the swift-footed Achilles answered, moaning heavily: "Mother! thou knowest all things; wherefore should I tell thee? When we sacked Thebe, the holy city of Eëtion, I bore away the spoil, and the sons of the Achaians gave the fair-haired Chryseis to Agamemnon, as his share of the booty. But her dear father Chryses, the priest of Apollo, came to the ships of the Achaians, bringing a rich ransom for his

darling child. Him the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, drove away with contumely and threats. Then the old man prayed to Apollo; and the Far-Darter heard him, and discharged his fatal arrows against the Achaians, and they perished day by day. Kalchas, the wise Seer, revealed the mind of Apollo; and I bade the people propitiate the god, and send back Chryseis to her father. Then Agamemnon, in a fury, threatened to take away my prize, the lovely Briseis; and he hath now fulfilled his threat. But do thou, O my Mother, guard and avenge me! for I am thy son. Haste thee to Olympus, and sit at the feet of Zeus, and call to mind all that thou hast done to please him. For I have heard thee tell, in my father's halls, that thou, on a time, didst save him, the Son of Kronos, the Lord of the Storm-Cloud, from a shameful fate, when Hera, Poseidon, and Pallas Athene conspired to bind him. Then, with all speed, thou didst summon to Olympus the mighty-handed giant, Briareus, as the gods call him, but all men call him Aigaion, who is stronger than his father, Poseidon. Aigaion sat down by Zeus, and flourished his hundred arms; and the gods were afraid, and did not bind the mighty Kronion. Remind him of this; and ask him to succour the Trojans, and give the Achaians over to slaughter, beside their ships, so that they may know what manner of king is Atreides, who dishonours the bravest of the Achaians!"

And Thetis, weeping, answered him: "Alas! my Son! why did I bear thee? since Fate hath

doomed thee to an early death, and hath filled thy short life with lamentation and sorrow! But I will go to the snowy heights of steep Olympus, to supplicate the Loud-thundering Zeus, if perhaps he will hearken to my prayer. He is now gone to the noble Ethiopians, beyond the sea; but on the twelfth day he will return to Olympus, to his palace of bronze; and then I will go and prefer my prayer. But do thou continually nurse thy wrath against the Achæians, and abstain from murderous war."

So she went her way, and left her son, mourning for the loss of the fair-girdled woman. Meantime, Odysseus had come to Chryse, with the holy hecatomb; and when he had moored his black ship in the deep haven, he set forth the victims of the sacrifice on the sea-shore; and he brought the fair-cheeked Chryseis from the ship, and delivered her, at the altar, into the arms of her rejoicing father. And Odysseus spake to Chryses, the holy priest: "O Chryses, Agamemnon, King of men, hath sent back thy daughter, and offereth here a holy hecatomb, to propitiate the mighty god, Apollo of the Silver Bow!"

Then Chryses lifted up his hands, and prayed: "O God who dost watch over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest with power over Tenedos, as thou didst afflict the army of the Danaoi, to do me honour, so, now, fulfil my desire, and remove the noisome pestilence from their ships!" So spake the priest, and Apollo heard him; then they drew back the victims' heads and necks, slew them, and cut the choicest pieces of flesh

from the thighs, and roasted them on sticks of cleft wood, carefully pouring over them the sparkling wine. And when these labours were done, the rich banquet, to which nothing was wanting, was prepared; and they feasted gladly. And when they had satisfied the desire for meat and drink, and the attendant youths had filled the bowls with wine, giving to each his portion, they sang the beautiful "Pæan," making sweet music to gladden the Far-Darter, Apollo; and the god was pleased. So they feasted, all day long, until the sunset, when they lay down by the cables of the ships and slept.

But when the rosy-fingered *Eos* (Aurora), Child of the Morning, appeared in the sky, they set sail, with a favouring breeze, sent by Apollo, for the wide camp of the Achæians. Full in the bellying sail it blew, and the purple waves roared loudly around the ship's cut-water; they quickly accomplished the voyage, landed, and dispersed themselves among the tents.

But the heaven-born son of Peleus, the swift-footed Achilles, sat by his ships, still mourning; he went neither to the council, nor to the war; but sat, eating his own heart, in dull inactivity, though longing for battle, and for the clash of arms. Meanwhile, his dear mother, the silver-footed Thetis, was not forgetful of the mission she had undertaken at the prayer of her son.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN the twelfth day had come, when Thetis had said that Zeus would have returned to Olympos, she rose from her sea-cave, in the early dawn, and sped in haste to high Olympos. She found Him of the Thundering Voice, the Son of Kronos, sitting by himself, upon the topmost crest of the many-peaked mountain. And she sat down before him, and clasped his knees with her left hand, while with her right hand she touched him beneath the chin, and prayed thus to the King of Gods and Men :

“O Father Zeus ! if I have ever done thee faithful service amid the deathless gods, so now do thou fulfil my desire ! Do honour to my short-lived son, whom Agamemnon hath insulted, and hath taken away his dearly cherished prize, the fair-cheeked Briseis. But thou wilt honour him, O Almighty Zeus, Lord of Wise Counsel ! Grant thou victory to the Trojans, until the Achaians do honour to my son, and give him ample recompense !”

But Zeus, the Cloud-Gatherer, answered her not a word ; and in fear and desperation, she clung to him more closely, and once more urged him : “Give me thy promise to do all this, and

bow thy head ! or else, refuse ; that I may know how I, of all the gods, am lowest in thy favour ! ”

Then, at last, the Mighty Thunderer spake, greatly troubled : “ Truly, this is a sad affair, if thou wilt make me quarrel with Hera, who is for ever upbraiding me among the deathless gods, saying that I help the Trojans in battle. But do thou depart, at once, lest Hera see us ; and I will consider all these things, to fulfil them. And, lo ! I bow my head to thee, which is the surest token of my favour : I cannot revoke my words, or fail to fulfil my promise, when once I have given assent by the bowing of my head.” Then he bowed, and the ambrosial locks flowed round his immortal head ; and all Olympus trembled to its base. So they parted ; Thetis, well pleased, leapt from shining Olympus into the sea ; and Zeus retired to his own palace, where he took his seat on the throne, while all the gods rose up before him.

Now, Hera was well aware of this meeting with the goddess Thetis, and she addressed him with taunting words : “ Thou arch-deceiver ! which of the gods hath taken counsel with thee ? Thou ever lovest to stand aloof from me, and to weave thy schemes in secret ! ”

And the King of Gods and Men made answer : “ Hera, look not to know all my designs, even though thou art my wife. What it is proper for thee to hear, thou shalt know first of all the gods ; but seek not to know my secret purposes, when I choose to stand aloof from the other gods.”

Then the ox-eyed Queen replied, in anger :

"Dread Son of Kronos, what is this that thou hast said? I greatly fear that thou hast been won over by the guile of the silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea; for in the early morning she clasped thy knees; and thou, perhaps, hast promised her to honour her son, the swift-footed Achilles, and to bring death and disaster on the Argives."

Then the Cloud-compelling Son of Kronos spake again: "Presumptuous one! thou art ever watching me, nor can I escape thy notice. But thou canst in no wise prevail against me, but wilt only be farther from my heart. Be silent, therefore, and obey my commands; lest all the deathless gods in high Olympos fail to save thee from my resistless hands."

Then the ox-eyed goddess feared, and sat in mournful silence. But her son, Hephaistos, the lame god, the divine Artificer, now spake; for he pitied his dear mother, the white-armed Hera.

"Verily," he said, "this would be an intolerable thing, if ye twain quarrel for the sake of miserable mortals, and cause dissension among the mighty gods, and trouble the joy of our goodly feasts. Therefore, my dear Mother, wise as thou art, speak kindly to our dear Father, lest he upbraid us again, and disturb the banquet. What if the great Lord of the Thunderbolt were to dash us from our seats? for he is far mightier than we are. Soothe him, then, with gentle words, and he will be gracious to us again."

He rose, and placed the double goblet in the hands of his dear mother, and addressed her

again : " My Mother ! be of good courage, and patiently endure, though thou art angry. What if I should see thee punished ? Nor could I, nor could any one, protect thee. Nay, once before, I did try to help thee ; and he caught me by the foot, and hurled me from the threshold of Heaven. All day I sank, and at evening, half lifeless, fell on Lemnos ; and there the Sintian people cared for me, and nursed me."

And Hera, smiling, took the golden goblet from his hands ; and he poured out wine for all the other gods, going from right to left ; and inextinguishable laughter arose from the blessed gods, when they saw the lame Hephaistos hobbling through the halls. So they feasted till the setting of the sun ; nor lacked they anything, of the rich banquet, or of the lovely lyre which Apollo played, while the Muses sang, alternately, with their clear melodious voices. But when the sun had set, they went to their own houses, to sleep ; for each of them had his own palace, skilfully built by the famous Artificer, Hephaistos. Zeus, too, departed to his own couch ; and beside him slept the golden-throned Hera, Queen of Heaven.

CHAPTER IX

ALL the other gods, and men who fight from chariots, slept through the night; but sweet sleep did not come to Zeus, the Lord of Gods and Men. He lay sleepless, pondering how he might keep his promise to the silver-footed Thetis, and do honour to her son Achilles. And it seemed to him best to send a pernicious Dream from the Gate of Horn, from which all false dreams come. So he called to one, and said: "Thou baneful Dream! go now to the black ships of the Achaians, and to the tent of Agamemnon, King of men, and say to him: 'Summon all the long-haired Argives to arms; for now thou mayest take the wide-streets of Troy. The deathless gods, who hold the Olympian mansions, are no longer divided in their counsels, but all have yielded to the prayers of Hera, and quick doom hangeth over the Trojans.'"

And the Dream went, with all speed, to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and stood over his head, in the likeness of Nestor, son of Neleus, the wisest of men, in whom Agamemnon trusted most of all the Chiefs. And thus spake the baneful Dream: "Sleepest thou, O son of Atreus? It is not well for a Counsellor, to

whom the Army is entrusted, to sleep all night. Listen now to me; for I am a Messenger from Zeus, the Thunderer, who careth for thee and pitieth the Achaïans. He commandeth thee to call the long-haired Achaïans to arms; for now thou mayest take the wide-streeted city of Troy."

Thus spake the deluding Dream, and left Agamemnon there with hopes that were not to be fulfilled; for he fondly thought that he would take the holy city on that very day. So he rose, and donned his bright tunic, newly made, and his ample cloak, and bound his fair sandals on his smooth and shining feet; and over his shoulders he threw his silver-studded sword-belt, and took in his strong hand the imperishable sceptre of his sires, and went down to the ships of the mailed Achaïans.

And now the bright Dawn, the rosy-fingered, climbed high Olympos, heralding the Daylight to Zeus and all the deathless gods. And King Agamemnon sent forth the clear-voiced heralds, to summon the long-haired Achaïans to the Assembly, and the people gathered in all haste. But first, the great Council of the Chiefs met near the ship of the godlike Nestor, the Pylian King; to them. Atreides spake, with crafty words:

"Hear me, great Chiefs of the Achaïans! A dream from Zeus came to me in the ambrosial night, in form most like to glorious Nestor; and it rebuked me, saying, 'Sleepest thou, son of wise Atreus, the tamer of horses?

thou, who art burdened with so many cares, and to whom this mighty host is entrusted? I come to thee straightway from Zeus, who careth for thee, and biddeth thee arm the Achæians speedily; for now thou mayest capture the wide-streeted city of holy Troy." Thus spake the Heaven-sent messenger of Zeus. Let us, therefore, straightway summon the long-haired Achæians to arms. But first, I will make trial of them, and counsel them to sail homeward in their well-benched ships; but do ye hold them back."

Then Nestor, the wise King of sandy Pylos, rose and made harangue: "O my friends, great Chiefs and Rulers of the well-greaved Argives! if any other man had told us of this vision, we might have thought it false, and paid no heed to it. But now it hath appeared to the foremost of the Achæians; and we cannot doubt it. Then let us straightway arm the sons of the Achæians."

Then he left the Council; and the other sceptred kings rose up and followed him, and the people gathered round them. And as the clustering bees pour forth, in swarms, from some hollow rock, and settle on the bright flowers of Spring, so, from their ships and tents, the countless tribes of men came hastening to the Assembly. And great Rumour ("Οσσα), the messenger of Zeus, was among them, and urged them to go. Dire was the tumult and confusion; and the great earth resounded as the mighty host sat down; the nine heralds could hardly restrain them from tumult, or make them sit on the

benches, and listen to the Kings, who are the foster-sons of Zeus.

Then the great Lord, Agamemnon, stood up, bearing the Sceptre, which the divine Artificer, Hephaistos, once wrought for great Zeus, who gave it to Hermes, the slayer of Argos; and he gave it to Pelops; and Pelops to Atreus, Shepherd of the People; and Atreus, when he was dying, gave it to Thyestes, rich in flocks; and Thyestes gave it to Agamemnon, wherewith to rule over Argos and all the Islands. Leaning on this sceptre, he harangued the Achaians:

"Friends! heroes, servants of Ares! now hath Zeus, the Son of Kronos, entangled me in a grievous fate—hard-hearted as he is! who erewhile promised me that I should not return home until I had destroyed well-fortified Ilios! But now he biddeth me return to Argos, in dire disgrace, after losing so many of my people. And this will be a shame to our sons, to hear that the great Achaian people have fought, in vain, against an enemy weak and few in number. For if we were to swear a truce, and we Achaians should arrange ourselves in companies of ten, at a banquet, and a Trojan were to be chosen to pour out the wine for each ten, many of the decades would be without cup-bearers; so numerous are we, and so few the Trojans who live within the city. But they have allies from many other cities and towns; valiant spearmen, who hinder me from taking the citadel of holy Troy. Nine years have passed; and our ships, with the rigging, are rotting on the shore; while, in our homes, our wives and children

are eagerly awaiting us. Then come, let us flee, in our black ships, to our dear native land; for never can we take the wide-streeted city of the Trojans."

Thus spake Agamemnon; and the hearts of the multitude were deeply stirred; and the vast assembly swayed to and fro, like the waves of the Icarian Sea, raised high by the east or by the south wind, when it descends upon them from the clouds of Father Zeus. The whole assembly rose and ran, shouting, to the ships; and each man encouraged his neighbour to knock away the shore-props, and to drag the swift ships into the bright salt sea.

Then would the Argives have sailed away, dishonoured, to their native land, leaving Helen to the Trojans. But Hera, ever watchful over her beloved Argives, spake angrily, on Olympus, to Athene: "O ye Gods! O Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus! thou Unwearied One! shall the Argives, in very deed, flee over the broad-backed sea, leaving Helen to Priam, for whom many a valiant hero hath bit the dust, far from his native land? But do thou fly quickly to the mail-clad Achæians, and speak persuasive words to stay them from launching their ships on the wide salt sea!"

Then Athene rushed down from the lofty peaks of Olympus, and came speedily to the ships of the Achæians; there she found Odysseus, great in counsel as Zeus himself, standing alone, nor did he lay hand on his decked ship; for grief and shame consumed his heart. And the stern-

eyed goddess stood by him, and addressed him thus :

“O godlike Odysseus; son of great Laertes, Odysseus of many wiles! will ye, indeed, flee homeward, in your many-benched ships, and leave the godlike Helen to be a prize and boast to Priam and his sons? I bid thee go speedily to the great army of the Achæians, and hold back each man, with kindly words, from drawing his curved ship down to the sea.”

And Odysseus, the man of many devices, knew the voice of the Heavenly Maid; and, throwing off his mantle, he began to run, while his herald, Eurybates, picked up the mantle. He came first to the great son of Atreus, even the King Agamemnon, and received from him the imperishable sceptre of his fathers, with which he took his way to the ships.

Wherever he found a leader, or a man of weight, he stood by him and restrained him with friendly words: “O my good fellow, I would not terrify *thee*, like a meaner man; but do thou sit quietly, and make others sit still! Thou knowest not the real purpose of Agamemnon; for ye all heard, not what he spake in the Council; beware then of his anger, lest he deal hardly with you; for proud is the mind of a king, one nurtured by Zeus.”

But when he came to a man of the common herd, and found him shouting and hastening to launch the ships, him did Odysseus hold back forcibly, with the sceptre, chiding him with angry words: “Thou wretched man! sit still, and

listen to thy betters ! thou art not, a warrior, but a man of naught, of whom no account is taken. We cannot all be kings ; the rule of many is an evil thing ; let there be one Lord, to whom the wise Son of Kronos has given the sceptre, that he may hold the sway over us."

And the Achaians were afraid, and obeyed the voice of Odysseus ; they hastened back to the Assembly, with a noise like that of the loud-roaring sea on the beach. All the rest sat down, and held their peace. Thersites, alone, went on brawling, with intemperate words, jeering against the Chiefs, so that he might make the people laugh. He was, by far, the ugliest man of all the army before Troy. Bandy-legged and lame was he, with a misshapen head, upon which grew no hair, but only a thin down. He was especially hateful to Achilles and Odysseus, whom he loved to revile ; and now he poured forth his ribaldry on the goodly son of Atreus. Thus he spake, in a loud voice, to the great Ruler of the People : "O thou Lord Atreides ! art thou still unsatisfied ? Surely, thy tents are full of rich bronze, and many women are in them, whom we Achaians give to thee, whenever we have sacked a city. What dost thou yet lack ? Is it gold, which one of the horse-taming Trojans may bring thee, as a ransom for his son ? Or is it a maiden, whom I, or another man, perhaps, may have taken among the captives ? It is not right that trouble should be caused among the Achaians by one who is their King. O ye weaklings, ye shameful cowards, ye Achaians not men but women, how is it that ye endure such

treatment? Let nothing keep us now from returning home, and leaving this man here, to gorge himself with prizes if he can—that he may learn whether our aid be of any use to him, or not! It is thou, O Atreides, that hast insulted Achilles, who is a far better man than thyself. Surely Achilles is one by no means wrathful, but rather negligent and careless; or else, this outrage were thy last!”

So Thersites reviled the great Shepherd of the People. But goodly Odysseus was aware of him, and came to his side, and rebuked him with angry words: “Thersites! rash and random prater, loud-mouthed orator, as thou art, I bid thee keep silence, nor think thou alone to contend against mighty Kings; for surely, of all that came to Troy, there is no baser man than thou art. It is not meet that such a one as thou should speak of the Chiefs, insultingly, as thou dost, and look for a safe return home! Now I will speak to thee plainly, and my words shall be fulfilled. If ever again I find thee thus raging against the Chiefs, then, may I lose my head, and be no more called the father of Telemachus, if I strip not off thy mantle and thy tunic, and send thee, with many a blow, naked, weeping and howling, to the ships!”

With that, Odysseus smote Thersites, with the sceptre, on his back and shoulders; and a big tear fell from the eyes of Thersites, who sat down, smarting, helpless, and wiping his eyes. The others around him, though sorry that they were not to sail home, laughed at him, and said to one another: “Truly, Odysseus hath done great things, in council and in war; but this is the

best thing that he hath done, in that he hath stopped the mouth of this railing prater."

Then Odysseus addressed Agamemnon, and reminded him of the divine oracle, according to which the Greeks were to take sacred Troy in the tenth year. "So come ye," he said to the assembly; "remain here, ye well-greaved Achaians, till we shall have sacked the holy Ilios!" Thus he spake to them; and the fickle people shouted applause, which echoed terribly from the ships along the shore.

Then the wise Nestor rose, and advised Agamemnon to separate the divisions of the army, to arrange them by nations and clans and tribes, and to let each chief be in command of his own countrymen, and allow them to fight in their national manner. "So wilt thou learn," he said, "who, of thy captains and their men, are brave, and who are cowards." And Agamemnon fiercely exhorted and threatened them: "Whomsoever I shall see near the ships and seeking to shirk the fight, for him there shall be no escape from the dogs and birds."

Then Agamemnon sacrificed a bull to Zeus, and called all the Chiefs around him. There were, Nestor; Idomeneus of Crete; the twain Aiantes; Diomedes, the son of Tydeus; and Odysseus, equal to Zeus in counsel; while Menelaos, the Spartan King, husband of Helen, came uninvited, as he knew the toil and anguish that his brother Agamemnon endured upon his account. Agamemnon stood forth among them, and prayed: "O Zeus, most glorious and mightiest! God of the Storm-

Cloud ! grant that the sun may not set before I have burned the palace of King Priam, and pierced the heart of Hektor with my sword !” Thus he prayed ; but Kronion would not hear him, but made continual increase of his labour. And Nestor also spake : “ O noble son of Atreus ! let us no longer be idly talking here, but let the heralds, among the ships, gather the host together ; and let us go through the ranks of the well-greaved Achaïans, that we may the more quickly rouse them to fierce battle.”

Then the clear-voiced heralds went forth, and summoned the long-haired Achaïans to the fight ; and the Chiefs, the foster-sons of Zeus, gathered round Agamemnon. And the mighty goddess Athene was amongst them, bearing the holy ægis, immortal and indestructible, wherefrom waved a hundred tassels of pure gold, each one worth a hundred oxen. She passed through the ranks, and aroused in every man's heart the love of battle ; so that fighting seemed to them sweeter than to depart to their dear native land.

Meantime, the great Achilles kept aloof from war ; he sat, with his dear friend Patroklos, idle in his tent, while the Myrnidons lay around, thirsting for the war-cry, but amusing themselves with games and sports.

CHAPTER X

IN obedience to the summons of their leaders, the great host of the Achaians assembled on the plain of the flowing river *Skamandros* (Scamander), innumerable as the leaves and flowers in the season of Spring. And in the midst of them stood the great Ruler, Agamemnon; his head and eyes like those of Loud-thundering Zeus; his waist like that of the Man-slaying *Ares* (Mars); and with a breast like that of *Poseidon* (Neptune), the Ruler of the Sea. As the mail-clad Argives marched on, and rushed across the plain, the earth groaned beneath them.

. Now, Ægis-bearing Zeus sent his messenger, Iris, to the Assembly of the Trojans, with the voice of Polites, son of Priam, their sentinel at Priam's gate, and spake thus to Hektor: "This is no time for idle words, for stern war is already upon you. But to thee, O Hektor, do I especially speak; and do thou obey my voice! As thou hast many allies, of diverse nations and tongues, let each Chief marshal and command his own people, and lead them forth to war."

And the glorious Hektor knew the voice of the messenger, and hastened to obey. He straightway dissolved the Assembly. The gates of Troy were then thrown open, and the Trojan host

rushed forth, with a mighty din. The blameless Hektor, with his glancing helmet, was foremost of all, and led the bravest and strongest of the men ; *Aineias* (Æneas), son of the goddess Aphrodite, born amidst the peaks of Ida, led the Dardans ; and of the other leaders of the allies, the most famous were Sarpedon, son of Zeus, and blameless Glaukos, who led the Lykians, from distant Lykia, by the swift-eddying Xanthos.

And, as the countless hosts advanced, to meet each other in deadly conflict, the Trojans marched with noisy shouts, like the clamour of the cranes, when they fly to the streams of Okeanos, in the early morning, screaming, and bringing death and destruction to the Pigmy men ; but the Achæians came on in silence, breathing dauntless courage.

But when they came near to each other, the goodly *Alexandros* (Paris) went before the front rank of the Trojans, and brandished his spear, and challenged all the Argive Chiefs to single combat. When the warlike Menelaos, whom Paris had so deeply wronged by carrying off his wife, the beautiful Helen, saw Paris there, he was glad, thinking that he should now punish the false traitor for his wickedness. So he leaped from his chariot, in his clanging armour, and advanced to meet the challenger. And Paris saw him ; and pale fear got hold of him, like to a man who has trodden on a serpent, in a wooded valley among the mountains ; and he shrank back among the lordly Trojans.

His brother Hektor saw him, and reproached him with scornful words : " Base deceiver of women, beautiful in appearance and favour, but

coward at heart! would that thou hadst never been born, or that thou hadst died unwedded! Now thou seest what kind of man is he, whose lovely wife thou hast carried off by stealth. Of no avail will be thy sounding lyre, thy beauteous face and curling hair, or all the gifts of golden Aphrodite, when thou liest grovelling in the dust."

And the goodly Alexandros answered him: "Hektor, thou rightly chidest me, and not more than I deserve. *Thy* heart is ever undaunted, and keen as the axe, which cutteth the strong oak, in the hands of a skilful shipwright. But reproach me not for the lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite; for no man can obtain them by wishing for them, for they are among the precious gifts of the blessed gods. But if thou desirest that I should do battle with the valiant Menelaos, make the Trojans and the Achaians sit down; and set me and Menelaos in the midst, to fight for Helen and for all the treasures which were taken away with her. And whichever of us twain shall be the victor, let him bear away the woman, and the treasure, and take them home."

So spake he, and they all kept silence; but Menelaos of the loud war-cry stood forward amongst the Greeks, and made harangue: "Hearken now to me, for my heart hath endured the greatest grief. Whosoever of us twain shall fall, there let him lie. But now bring a goodly sacrifice, a white ram and a black ewe, for the Earth and for the Sun; and another for Loud-thundering Zeus; and summon hither the great King Priam, that he may take the pledge; for his

sons are reckless and faithless ; young men's hearts are too frivolous and fickle, but an old man looketh to the future and the past."

And Hektor sent heralds to the city, to fetch two lambs, and to summon Priam ; while Agamemnon sent Talthybios for a ram. Now Iris, in Troy, came to Helen, in the semblance of Laodike, Paris' sister, fairest of Priam's daughters, wife of Helikaon, the son of Antenor. She found Helen weaving a great purple web, on which she was embroidering the battles of the Argives and the Trojans. The swift-footed Iris came near her, and said : "Come hither, dear Lady, come with me, to see the wondrous deeds of the horse-taming Trojans and the mail-clad Argives ; for now the battle is suspended, while Alexandros, and Menelaos dear to Ares, will fight alone with their spears, for *thee* ; and thou wilt be the fair wife of the victor." So Iris spoke, and put into Helen's bosom a longing for her former husband, and for her darling daughter. Then Helen veiled her face, and went straightway to the Skaian Gate, letting fall a tear ; and her two handmaidens, Æthre and Klymene, followed her. .

On the tower above the Skaian Gate, she found the Trojan Elders, Panthoos, Thymoites, Lampôs, Hiketaon, Oukalegon, and Antenor ; these, on account of their age, had ceased from war, but were still good orators, with voices like the grasshoppers (*cicadae*) which sit upon a tree, and send forth their lily-like voice ; so sat the Elders of the Trojans on the Tower. When those ancient Sages saw the fair Helen coming to them, they

were astounded, and whispered one to another :
 "No wonder that the Trojans and the Achæians
 have suffered so many things for such a glorious
 woman ! But, fair as she is, let her sail away,
 and not stay here to trouble us and our children
 after us."

But the aged King Priam addressed her kindly :
 "Dear Daughter ! come hither, and see thy former
 husband and kinsmen ! I do not blame *thee*, but
 the gods, and especially Aphrodite, by whom this
 sad war has been brought upon us. But tell me
 who is that huge Achæian warrior ? Many are
 taller than he, but I have never seen a man so
 stately and royal." And the fair Helen, the
 daughter of Zeus, replied : "O venerable Father
 of my Lord ! would that death had been my lot,
 when I followed thy son to Troy, and left my
 home and husband, and my dear young daughter,
 and all the loved companions of my girlhood !
 But that was not to be, and therefore I mourn and
 weep. The man of whom thou speakest is Atreides,
 the wide-ruling monarch Agamemnon, who is both
 a stately king and a doughty warrior ; he is the
 brother of Menelaos my husband—shameless thing
 that I am !"

Then the aged Priam asked her about the
 other Achæian Chiefs, Odysseus, and the gigantic
Aias (Ajax), the bulwark of the host ; and the
 godlike Idomeneus ; and the lovely Helen told
 him all, and said : "I see all the other bright-eyed
 Achæians, and could tell their names ; but two I
 see not, even mine own brothers, horse-taming
 Kastor and the boxer *Polydeukes* (Pollux) ; per-

adventure they came not with the Achaians; or if they came, they fight not, for fear of the revilings which men heap on me—shameless that I am!” She knew not that the earth already covered them, in Lakedaimon, their dear native land. Now the aged Priam drove out through the Skaian Gate, with Antenor by his side; and, when he had come to the Achaians and the Trojans, he descended from his chariot, and stood on the Earth, the bounteous grain-giver. Then Agamemnon, the King of men, and Odysseus, the man of many devices, rose up; and the stately heralds brought the holy oath-offerings to the gods, and mixed the ruddy wine in the *krater* (the mixing-bowl), from which they gave portions to the Achaian and the Trojan chiefs. Agamemnon raised his hands to Heaven and prayed: “O Father Zeus, most great and glorious! O Sun, who seest and hearest all things! O ye Rivers, and thou, Mother Earth! be ye all witnesses to our oaths! If Alexandros shall kill Menelaos, then let him keep Helen and all her possessions; but if the yellow-haired Menelaos slay Paris, then let the Trojans give back Helen and her treasures!”

Then the lordly Agamemnon slew the lambs, and prayed again to Zeus. But Priam spake unto the Achaians and the Trojans: “I verily will return to breezy Ilios; for I cannot bear to see my son engaged in deadly conflict with the war-loving Menelaos.”

Then the goodly Alexandros, lord of the fair-haired Helen, put on his beautiful armour. First

he set the splendid greaves upon his legs, fastened round the ankles with silver clasps ; then he donned the corslet, which he had borrowed from his brother Lykaon ; and he threw over his shoulders the silver-studded sword-belt with his sword, and took up his mighty shield ; and upon his beauteous head he placed the helmet, with a horse-hair crest, and the plume nodded terribly ; and he took a strong spear in his hand.

Then he and Menelaos stood face to face, on the ground which Hektor and Odysseus had meted out ; and they brandished their spears, with wrath against each other. Alexandros drew the lot to be the first to cast his long-shafted spear ; he threw it, and it struck the round shield of Atreides Menelaos, but did not pierce it ; for the point of the spear was turned.

Then Menelaos, poising his lance, prayed to Zeus : " O Father Zeus ! grant me to take vengeance on goodly Alexandros, who did me such foul wrong—*me*, who had shown him so much kindness ! " He said, and hurled his strong spear, which struck the bright shield of the son of Priam ; and the sharp point passed through it, and through his breastplate, and rent the tunic, close to the side of his body ; but Paris swerved from it, and shunned the black fate of death. Then Menelaos drew his sword from the silver-studded sheath, and smote on the helmet of Alexandros, but the sword was shattered, and fell in pieces from his hand. Then he looked up to heaven, and exclaimed : " O Father Zeus ! thou art the most cruel of all the gods ! "

So saying, he caught Alexandros by his horse-hair crest, and dragged him towards the well-greaved Achaians, and the embroidered strap of the helmet went nigh to strangle him. But Aphrodite, daughter of great Zeus, who loved the beauteous Alexandros, drew near him, and tore the strap of leather; and the helmet came away, empty, in the strong hand of the son of Atreus. Full of wrath, he hurled it towards his trusty companions, and they took it up. He then rushed back again, to slay his enemy; but golden-haired Aphrodite, being a goddess, easily caught up Paris, and hid him in thick darkness, and carried him into Troy, to his high and fragrant chamber.

Aphrodite, the golden Goddess of Love, then went to summon Helen, in the likeness of an old woman, a wool-comber, who had worked for Helen in Lakedaimon, and whom she greatly loved. She found the white-armed Helen on the high tower, and spake: "Come hither to Alexandros, who sends for thee; he is there in the fragrant chamber, shining in beauty—

Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some fair dancer from the public show."

‘Pope’s Translation of the *Iliad*.

But Helen’s heart was greatly moved; she knew the golden Aphrodite, saw her fair neck and sparkling eyes, and called her by her name: "O thou strange Goddess! wouldst thou again deceive me? Now Menelaos hath conquered Alexandros, and will carry me home—accursed as

I am! And now do *thou* no more return to Olympus, but leave the dwelling of the gods, and go and sit by Paris, till he make *thee* his wife—or perchance, his slave! But *I* will not go to him; for all the Trojan women would justly blame me hereafter; I have innumerable griefs within my heart.”

Then was the bright goddess sore displeased, and spake harshly to her: “Beware! thou foolish woman! lest in my wrath I leave thee, and henceforth hate thee, as I have loved thee until now!” Aphrodite spake, and Helen, daughter of great Zeus, trembled and obeyed, wrapping her beautiful garments about her; and the goddess led her to the fragrant chamber in the palace, and set her on a chair before the goodly Paris.

But Helen looked askance at her lord, and chode him with bitter words: “Would that thou hadst never come back from the fight, but hadst perished by the arm of the warrior who was once my husband! Thou didst boast thyself to be a better man than Menelaos! Go then, and challenge him again, to meet thee face to face once more!”

Yet Helen, though she could not but despise Paris, soon became reconciled to him, partly from a remnant of her former love for him, and partly from her fear of Aphrodite.

In the meantime, Menelaos was raging through the field in search of him. Nor could any of the Trojans find him, or they would have given him up; for they hated him like death, as the cause of all their sufferings.

And King Agamemnon said to the Trojans :
“Now that the Ares-loving Menelaos hath
conquered Alexandros, do ye give back to us
Helen and all her treasures !” But this was not
to be. „

CHAPTER XI

Now, the goddesses Hera and Athene were ill pleased with the turn which affairs were taking; for they feared that the Achaians, having gotten Helen, would sail away, without destroying the city of Priam, which they hated with a deadly hatred. They were furiously angry with Father Zeus, for favouring the Trojans; for he had said: "This would be pleasing to me, if the city of King Priam remained unharmed, and Menelaos took back the Argive Helen. For of all the cities on the bosom of Earth, the grain-giver, holy Ilios is the dearest to my heart."

Then Hera, his wife, attacked her Lord with bitter taunts; and Zeus, in great wrath, answered her: "How then, good Lady, have Priam and his sons offended thee so greatly, that thou longest to sack and burn the great city of Troy? Perhaps, if thou wert to enter the gates and devour Priam and all the Trojans raw, thou wouldst be satisfied?"

But he yielded to her, nevertheless, and sent Athene to make the Trojans break the truce. She, like a shining star, shot down from Olympus, and leapt into the midst of the Trojan and Achaian warriors. Then, in the likeness of

Antenor's son, Laodokos, she sought out Pandaros, the skilful archer; and she spake to him artful words: "Listen to me, wise son of Lykaon, and send a swift arrow at Menelaos; for thou wilt so win glory and rich gifts from all the Trojans, and especially from Alexandros, if he shall see Menelaos dead and burned on the funeral pyre."

Then Pandaros, in his folly, easily beguiled, opened his quiver and took out a feathered arrow, and laid it upon the cord; and vowed to Apollo, the Son of Light, a goodly hecatomb of lambs at his home in holy Zeleia. Then he drew the bow-string to his breast, and arched the great bow, and the sharp shaft sped on its way amidst the crowd. But Athene had marked him, and stood before Menelaos, warding off the piercing dart, as a mother wardeth off a fly from her slumbering child. And she guided it so that it should strike the golden buckle of the metal girdle, which Menelaos wore as a protection against darts. So the arrow only grazed the outermost flesh of the King; yet the dark blood flowed from the wound.

The Lord Agamemnon, seeing this, took his brother by the hand, and groaned aloud; but the yellow-haired Menelaos encouraged him, and said: "Be of good cheer, dear Brother! and let not the Achaians be dismayed; the swift arrow did not pierce a vital part, but was stopped by my belt and by my girdle of bronze, the sure defence against darts." And Agamemnon was comforted and sent his herald, Talthybios, to call the excellent leech Machaon, the son of *Asklepios* (Aesculapius) whom he found among the shield-bearing warrior

who had followed him from Trikke, in Thessaly. And the herald called him to see Menelaos, who was wounded; and Machaon went to him, drew out the arrow, loosed the belt, and examined the grievous wound. He sucked out the blood from it, and spread soothing unguents upon it, such as the good Cheiron had shown to his father, Asklepios; and the wound was soon healed.

Meantime, the horse-taming Trojans were coming on in battle array; and the Achæians, too, armed themselves for the fight; and the great King Agamemnon was not slow or backward, but very eager to begin the fray. The mail-clad Achæians and the Trojans quickly met in deadly strife; and the Chiefs on both sides, aided by their gods, performed prodigies of valour, until countless dead lay stretched upon the field.

And those Chiefs whom he found eager he encouraged with friendly words: "Ye noble Argives, falter not nor fail in your stern, impetuous valour; for Zeus, the great Guardian of Oaths, will be no helper of traitors—whose flesh the birds shall eat, and whose wives and children we will bear away in our ships!"

But when he found any man shrinking from the grievous battle, him Agamemnon chode with bitter taunts: "O thou vile coward! hast thou no shame, that thou standest, dazed and full of fear, like a timid fawn? dost thou wait to see the Trojans come down close to our ships? dost thou hope that then we shall be protected by the Son of Kronos, with his mighty arm, if we do not fight for ourselves?"

He came next to the brave Cretan warriors, and found their Chief, Idomeneus, with Meriones, to whom he spake kindly words: "Idomeneus, more than all the other Danaoi do I honour thee, both in war and at the feast. When all the other long-haired Achaians drink only their allotted portion, *thy* cup, like mine, is ever full." And the noble Cretan answered Atreides: "I promised to be a faithful helper to thee: I will keep my pledge." Then he passed on to the twain Aiantes, who were forming their close battalion of foot soldiers, like a thick black cloud rising from the sea and driven forward by the west wind. Then he found Nestor, the aged Pylian King, who was skilfully setting his followers in battle array.

Nestor first ranged the chariots in the front; and behind these, the foot soldiers, to be a bulwark to the rest; but the weak and the cowardly he placed, between, in the middle, so that they *must* fight, whether they would or not., "And let no man, trusting in his horsemanship," said Nestor, "drive his chariot before the front rank; lest he be caught in the throng of the others. But when a warrior, standing on his own car, can reach a chariot of the enemy, let him boldly thrust at him with the spear; for so, in the olden time, have armies been conquered, and cities have been captured and levelled with the dust."

Atreides Agamemnon rejoiced, and said to the aged Nestor: "Would that thy strength were equal to thy spirit!—that the lot of feeble old age had fallen upon other men, and that thou wert still among the young!" He went on, and found

Meneſtheus the charioteer, the ſon of Peteos, in the miſt of the Athenians ; and near him was the wily Odysſeus, with the Kephallenians ; theſe were ſtanding ſtill, and waiting to ſee ſome other battalion advance to the battle. And Agamemnon ſpake to Menesſtheus with angry words : “ O ſon of Peteos ; of the ſtock of Zeus ! and thou, Odysſeus, thou wily man ! why ſtand ye here idle and ſhrink from war ? Foremoſt are ye at the feaſt, and ye gladly eat roaſt meat, and linger over the honey-ſweet wine ; but now ye would gladly ſee ten battalions of the Achaians in front of you ! ”

And Odysſeus, the crafty one, looked ſternly at him, and ſaid : “ What a word hath paſſed the hedge of thy teeth ! When once we have roused fierce Ares againſt the horſe-taming Trojans, then ſhalt thou ſee the dear ſire of Telemachos fighting againſt the front ranks of the Trojans. Idle as the wind are thy words ! ”

And Agamemnon was glad when he ſaw him angry, and ſpake to him with ſoothing words : “ O Heaven-born ſon of Laertes, Odysſeus of many devices, gladly do I revoke my words, and will make thee amends hereafter ; for I know that thy heart is well diſpoſed.”

Then he went on to others ; and found great Diomedes ſtanding idle by his chariot, in the ſpace between the battalions, and with him Sthenelos, the ſon of Kapaneus ; and him he chode with winged words : “ O Diomedes, ſon of the ſage and warlike Tydeus, why doſt thou ſtand gazing at the bridges of the army ? Thy father,

they say—for I never saw him—did not shrink from the clash of arms, but was ever in front of his dear companions. And we know that the Achaians sent him as ambassador to Thebes, where he found the sons of Kadmos feasting in the halls of great Eteokles. And he had no fear, though alone among so many, but challenged them all to trials of strength, and beat them all by the aid of Athene. And when the horse-goading Kadmeians, being wroth, set an ambush of fifty youths, under godlike Maion and Autophonos, both mighty men of valour, he slew them all but one, even Maion, whom he sent home, obeying an oracle from the gods."

And great Diomedes answered him not a word, for he respected the rebuke of the King; but Sthenelos, the son of glorious Kapaneus, spake angrily and said: "Atreides! why dost thou, who knowest how to speak wisely, utter idle lies? We say, that we are better men than our fathers; for with a smaller force we took the seven-gated city of Thebes, following the omens of the gods, and trusting in the aid of Zeus. And they perished in their insolence."

But the strong Diomedes frowned at him, and said, "Little Father! be silent, and listen to my words. I blame him not for urging us to fight. For *his* will be the glory, if we take holy Ilios; and *his* the shame and sorrow, if we fail."

And as the mighty sea waves, driven by the strong west wind, break with loud bellowing on the shore, so, in serried ranks, the Achaians moved to battle. But the Trojans—like the

countless sheep which stand in the courtyard of some wealthy man, bleating incessantly in answer to their lambs, and waiting to be milked—came on with discordant cries; for they came from many lands, and spake with different tongues. These were urged on by great Ares, and those by the fierce-eyed Athene. And Terror was there, and Panic, and Strife, the insatiate Sister of murderous Ares; she, humble at first, soon riseth, and striketh heaven with her head, while her feet are on the ground.

Then they joined battle, and dashed their shields together, with a mighty din; then were heard the triumphant shouts of the victors and the groans of the dying. A fearful slaughter was made on both sides.

And Odysseus was foremost in the battle; and seeing his brave comrade, Leukos, fall by the keen javelin of Antiphos, the son of Priam, he rushed to the front rank and slew Demakoön, another son of Priam.

Then the Trojans, and even the glorious Hektor, drew back, and the Argives shouted in triumph. But Apollo was looking down from Pergamos, with grief at the slaughter of the Trojans; and he cried aloud and said:

“Ye men of Troy! arise and face the Argives! They are not made of stone or iron, but of yielding flesh. And remember that Achilles, the great son of fair-haired Thetis, no longer fighteth, but abideth full of wrath in his tents.”

Then the Trojans returned, with full courage,

to the fight. And on the other side, the fierce-eyed Athene, the Trito-born goddess, urged on the Achaians; so the murderous battle was renewed, and many Achaians and many Trojans lay side by side in the blood-stained dust.

CHAPTER XII

THE warlike Pallas• Athene put resistless force into the heart of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, and made him foremost among the Argive Chiefs. She caused a flame to flash from his shield and helmet, glowing like the Summer Star when he riseth from among the streams of Okeanos.

And the two sons of Dares, the noble and wealthy priest of Hephaistos, met the raging Diomedes face to face—they in their chariot, while he remained on foot. And Thegeus first hurled his long spear against Tydeides, but it passed harmless over his shoulder. Then, in turn, Tydeides cast his spear, and smote Thegeus in the breast, and he fell headlong from his car. Then Idaios, not daring to protect the body of his brother, leapt from his chariot and ran; and Hephaistos wrapped him in a mist, and saved him, for the sake of his aged priest.

The fierce-eyed Pallas seized the hand of furious Ares, and spake gently to him: “Ares, Ares! thou blood-stained pest to mortal men! let us now leave the Trojans and Achaians to fight it out alone; and let great Zeus give the glory to whom he will; but we twain will give way, lest we rouse his wrath against us.”

Then she led Ares, all unwilling, from the field, and set him by the high-banked Skamandros.

Agamemnon and Idomeneus and Menelaos slew many of the bravest of the Trojans, whom Ares no longer aided. Therakles, son of the skilful craftsman Harmonides—the worker loved by Athene before all others, for that he was skilled in all manner of curious work—was smitten in the buttock by Meriones; he it was who built the well-balanced ships of Alexandros, which brought woe to Troy and to himself, for he regarded not the oracles of the gods.

And Tydeides rushed upon the Trojan battalions; and they dared not meet him, for all that they were so many, and he but one. And when Pandaros, the famous son of Lykaon, saw him storming like a whirlwind over the plain, and driving the Trojans before him, he bent his crooked bow, and launched an arrow at him, and struck him in the shoulder. Then Pandaros shouted to the Trojans in triumph: “Rouse yourselves, ye high-hearted Trojans! the best of the Achaians is wounded; not long will he endure the sharp dart, if indeed Apollo sent me here from Lykia.” The great Diomedes, however, was not subdued by the sharp arrow. He called aloud to Sthenelos, the son of Kapaneus, “Quick, dear son of Kapaneus, and draw the bitter dart from my shoulder!” And quickly brave Sthenelos leapt from his shining car, and drew forth the arrow, and the blood spurted from the wound. Then he prayed to Athene, daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus: “If ever thou didst aid my father

in the stress of battle, O unwearied Maiden! do thou befriend *me* now! Grant me to slay this man, who boasteth that not for long shall I see the light of day!"

Athene heard him, and put fresh strength into his limbs, and spake to him winged words: "Fear not, Diomedes, to fight the Trojans; for I have given thee thy father's courage. Lo! I take the mist from thine eyes, that thou mayest distinguish between gods and men. But do thou not fight against any of the deathless gods, save only Aphrodite, the Cyprian Queen; her only mayest thou smite with the sharp bronze." And the keen-eyed Athene left him; but he went back into the throng with threefold courage. And as a lion, whom the shepherd hath slightly wounded, leaps into the fold, scattering and slaying the sheep, so the furious Diomedes raged among the Trojans.

But when the brave Aineias, son of golden Aphrodite, saw Tydeides making sad havoc of the Trojan warriors, he went his way among the bristling spears, and sought the good archer Pandaros; and when he found him said to him: "Pandaros, where now is thy famous bow, in handling which no man, here or in Lykia, can rival thee? Pray now to Zeus, and send an arrow at this man, whosoever he is, who hath loosed the knees of many a brave Trojan! Surely some god must be angry with the Trojans for lack of sacrifices; and the anger of a god is a fearful thing."

The noble son of Lykaon answered him: "By

his shield and the crest on his helmet, I guess that he is the great son of Tydeus ; and yet I am not sure that he is not a god.^c But if it be the man I mean, then, surely, some immortal god is standing by him, with a mist around his shoulders, and is warding off my useless darts. I have already sent a shaft against him, and struck him on the shoulder, right through his corslet ; and yet I pierced not the tender flesh. And, alas ! I have no chariot near, though in my father Lykaon's house, there are eleven well-built cars ; and that brave warrior, the aged Lykaon, urged me to take one of them to the war ; but I, fool that I was, did not hearken to him ; and I took down my bow from its peg, and came on foot to lovely Mios, to please the noble Hektor. If ever I return to my dear home, then will I break this bow with my own hands and cast it into the fire."

Noble Aineias, leader of the horse-taming Dardans, answered him : "Speak not thus idly, but mount my car, and thou wilt see of what mettle are the horses of King Tros, which the great Thunderer, Zeus, gave him in exchange for his fair son Ganymedes. Whether we be victorious or have to flee, they will bear us safely back to Troy."

Lykaon's noble son replied : "Take thou the reins ; for the horses know thy hand and thy voice ; and I will meet great-hearted Diomedes with my spear."

Sthenelos, the son of the presumptuous Kapaneus — of him whom Zeus struck by lightning, when he was scaling the walls of Thebes, because he

boasted that not even the fire of the Great Thunderer could stop him—saw the two Trojan heroes coming, and he spake to the bold son of Tydeus: “Dear friend, I see two valiant warriors, eager to attack thee; even Pandaros, Lykaon’s son, and Aineias, born of the golden Aphrodite to high-hearted Anchises. Therefore, let us retreat, lest thou, too, lose thy life.”

And the dauntless Diomedes frowned at him, and spake thus: “Talk not to me of flight! It is not in my heart to flinch or skulk, and Pallas Athene bids me not to fear. I will not mount the chariot, but will go, even as I am, on foot, to meet them. And do thou mark well my words! If the great goddess, Athene, grant me to slay them both, then do thou leap upon their chariot and drive it to the Achaian host; for the horses are of the breed which All-seeing Zeus gave to Tros, in return for Ganymedes his son.”

While they thus talked, the Trojan heroes drew near; and first the noble son of Lykaon spake: “O thou strong and wily son of haughty Tydeus, my arrow overcame thee not! Now I will make trial with my lance!” So saying, he hurled his long-shafted spear; and it passed right through the shield of Diomedes, and struck his breastplate. Pandaros shouted in triumph: “Thou art wounded in the belly; not long wilt thou hold up thy head; and great glory is mine!”

But the mighty Diomedes, undismayed, replied: “Thou hast missed, and hast not smitten me. And one of you twain shall fall and glut the murderous God of War.” So he spake, and

hurled his javelin ; and Athene guided the deadly bronze right through the face of Pandaros, near the eye. And he dropped from his chariot, and death overshadowed him.

Then Aineias leaped down, and bestrode his fallen friend, like a lion trusting in his strength ; for he feared lest the Achaians should carry the body away. Then Tydeides took up a huge stone, such as two men, as men now are, could not move ; but he lifted it with ease, and threw it at Aineias. And it fell on the top of his thigh-bone—on the socket or cup in which the thigh-bone turneth—and tore both the skin and the sinews. Then the noble hero Aineias fell on his knees, and black night covered his eyes ; and he would have perished utterly, had not his dear mother, the golden Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, seen him and come to save him. She raised him in her white arms, and covered him with a fold of her shining garment, to protect him from the darts of the enemy.

Meantime, the son of Kapaneus, the worthy Sthenelos, remembering the behest of Diomedes, leapt up on the chariot of Aineias, and drove the glorious horses of Tros to the Achaian ranks.

But Diomedes, when he saw the white-armed Aphrodite bearing off her dear son from the field, was by no means overawed. He rushed upon her, with his cruel blade, knowing that she was a weak and timid goddess, and not like those who rule in the battle—no Athene ! no *Enyo* (Bellona) ! stormer of cities, the companion of bloodthirsty Ares ! So the undaunted son of Tydeus feared

not to follow her through the press, and to thrust at her with his spear. And the point of his lance passed right through the ambrosial garment which the blooming *Charites* (Graces) themselves had woven for her; and it wounded her weak hand, at the base of the palm; so that the divine ichor, the blood of the immortals, flowed out. For the blessed gods eat no bread and drink no wine such as we mortals use, and they are bloodless.

Then, with a loud scream, Aphrodite dropped her dear son, Aineias; but Phoibos Apollo saw it all, and he took him up, and bare him away in his arms, concealed in a dark cloud. The bold Tydeides shouted after Aphrodite as she fled away, and said to her: "Daughter of Almighty Zeus! do thou retire from war and battle! Go away and seduce weak women; for if thou wilt mingle with fighting men, thou shalt learn to shudder at the very name of war!"

And the terrified goddess, bewildered and smarting with the pain she felt, withdrew. Swift Iris came to her, and led her away from the crowd, full of anguish, and her lovely skin was dyed with the ichor from her wound. On her way she found Ares, the famous God of War, sitting by the Skamandros, to the left of the battlefield, with his fleet horses, and with his huge spear, leaning against a cloud. Then she knelt before him, and implored him, saying, "Oh, dear Brother, save me! Lend me thy horses, that I may speed to high Olympus, the dwelling of the gods! For I suffer from a painful wound, dealt

by a mortal, who would, I think, fight even great Zeus himself!"

She spake, and Ares gave her his chariot ; and she mounted thereon, sore stricken at heart ; and Iris sat by her side, and took the reins, and lashed the willing horses, and they quickly came to high Olympos. There the lovely Aphrodite fell upon the knees of her dear mother, Dione ; and Dione caressed her with her hand, and called her by her name : " Dear child, who now, of all the gods, hath thus evil treated thee, as if thou hadst done some wrong in the sight of all men ? "

The beauteous Aphrodite answered her : " The haughty Diomedes, son of Tydeus, wounded me when I was carrying off my son, Aineias, from the field, who is the dearest to me of all. And the strife is no longer between the Trojans and Achaians alone ; for the Danaoi are waging war on the Immortals. "

And Dione soothed her, and said : " Bear up, dear child, for all thy grief ; for many of us have suffered like things from mortal men. *Otos* and *Ephialtes*, those mighty giants, imprisoned Ares, the great God of War, in a vessel of bronze for thirteen months. So also the son of *Amphitryon*, the godlike *Herakles*, wounded *Hera*, wife of Zeus and Queen of Heaven, with a three-barbed arrow, in the right breast. And the same man smote the fearful *Aides* (*Pluto*) in *Pylos*, among the Dead, at the gate of the infernal regions, with a dart, and caused him the keenest anguish. And now the ' fierce-eyed ' *Athene* hath sent great *Diomedes* against thee ; blind fool that he is ! who

knoweth not that he who fighteth with the gods is of no long life, nor do his children prattle on his knees on his return to his own home. So let the mighty son of Tydeus beware, lest Aigialeia, his wedded wife, should one day rouse up her servants from their beds, bewailing her dear lord, the best of the Achaians." Then she wiped away the ichor from the wound, and caused Aphrodite's pain to cease.

But Hera and Athene looked on, mockingly, and addressed the Son of Kronos with bitter taunts; and the fierce-eyed Athene was the first to speak: "O Father Zeus! wilt thou be angry with me for what I say? No doubt the Cyprian Queen was seeking to join some Achaian woman to the Trojans, whom she passionately loves; and in caressing her, with her delicate hand, hath torn it on a golden buckle!"

The Great Father smiled, and called the golden Aphrodite to him, and said: "It is not for thee, my child, to meddle with the tasks of war, but with those of love and marriage; leave the feats of arms to Ares and Athene."

Meanwhile; Diomedes of the loud war-cry rushed furiously upon Aineias, though he knew, that Apollo himself was shielding him with his arms—so eager was he to slay the Trojan Prince, and to despoil him of his splendid armour. Thrice he rushed at him, and thrice the great god beat him back. But when, the fourth time, he again came on like a god, the Far-Darter shouted at him, with a terrible voice: "Beware, Tydeides! of matching thyself against the gods! for there is

no comparison between the race of the deathless gods and mortal men."

Then Diomedes shrank back a little, fearing the wrath of the Far-Darter; and Apollo bare away Aineias to his temple in holy Pergamos. There *Leto* (Latona) and her daughter, the holy *Artemis* (Diana), Lover of the Chase, tended him, in the sanctuary, and healed his wounds. But Apollo made a phantom of Aineias, in his armour, round which the Trojans and Achæians fought furiously, and many, on both sides, bit the ground. Then Apollo shouted aloud, calling on impetuous Ares: "Ares, Ares! bloodthirsty scourge of mortal men! wilt thou not take away this furious man, this Tydeides, who would fight with Zeus himself?"

Then baleful Ares went among the Trojans, in the likeness of the Thracian leader, swift Akamas, and cried: "How long, ye sons of Priam, the care of Heaven!—how long will ye see your comrades slain by the Achæians? O Aineias, the peer of great Hektor, has fallen, and many around him are slain."

The noble Lykian Prince, Sarpedon, harshly rebuked the godlike Hektor: "Where now, O Hektor, is the spirit which once was thine? Thou boastedst that without us, thy allies, thou couldst hold the city, with thy brothers and thy sisters' husbands. Where are *they*? "they are covering like hounds before a lion; and we, thine allies, alone are fighting. I myself came from distant Lykia, on the eddying Xanthos, leaving wife and child and all my vast possessions; and I

urge on my Lykian warriors, and fight, myself, though I have nothing here to gain or to lose."

So spoke the glorious Sarpedon, and touched the noble son of Priam to the quick ; and he leapt from his chariot, in full armour, brandishing two spears, and roused his men to fight. And soon they rallied, and faced the Achæians, who stood their ground in battle array.

And furious Ares veiled the field of battle in dark clouds, to help the Trojans, obeying the behest of Phoibos Apollo, God of the Golden Sword, that he should rouse the Trojans when he saw Pallas Athene departing. And now, Apollo brought forth Aineias from his rich temple, and filled his heart with courage. And Aineias took his place again among his comrades, who rejoiced to see him alive and well, and full of martial vigour.

And against them the twain Aiantes, those mighty men of war, and the wily Odysseus, and the terrible Diomedes, urged on the Danaos to the battle, though they were, of themselves, in no fear of the Trojans. And Atreides, King of men, made harangue and said : " Brave comrades ! bear a stout heart, and quit ye like men, and fear to dishonour yourselves in each others' eyes ! The brave man is safer than the coward ; for in flight is neither safety nor glory."

Then, rushing forward, he smote Deikoon, son of Pergasos, the high-spirited friend of Aineias, who was honoured as the sons of Priam, for he was ever foremost in the fight. Him

Atrides pierced through the belly, and he fell with a mighty crash.

Aineias slew two mighty champions of the Achaians, even Krethon and Orsilochos, sons of Diokles, a wealthy man of Phere, the grandson of the river Alpheios ; these two godlike heroes Aineias slew with his spear, and they fell, like two tall pines. And Menelaos pitied them, when he saw them fall ; and he went to the front rank, brandishing his spear. But Antilochos, son of wise Nestor, went and stood by Menelaos, Shepherd of the Host ; for he greatly feared lest he should fall by the hand of Aineias. But Aineias, brave as he was, was not minded to face the twain heroes ; so these dragged away the two corpses to the ranks of the Achaians.

And now, Menelaos, returning to the fight, slew the mighty warrior Pylaimenes, peer of Ares ; and Antilochos hurled a great stone at Mydon, his charioteer, and smote him on the elbow, and he dropped the reins. But Antikochos flew at him, and drove his sword through his temple, and he fell headlong in the dust.

But great Hektor was aware of them, athwart the ranks, and rushed upon them with loud shouts, followed by all the strength of the Trojan battalions. And Ares and the awful Enyo (Bellona) led them on ; Ares brandishing his huge spear, and ranging round noble Hektor. Tydeides shuddered as he saw them, and spake : " Comrades ! no wonder that noble Hektor is thus bold, since there is always some god near him, who guardeth him from evil ; even as now I see Ares there, in the

likeness of a man. Let us then slowly retreat, but with our faces to the foe, and let us beware of fighting against the gods!"

Then Hektor slew Menestheus and Anchialos, riding in one chariot, brave warriors, who knew the joy of battle. And Aias saw them fall, and pitied them; and he rushed forward, and smote Amphion, son of rich Selagos, of Paisos; and his armour clattered loudly as he fell. And the glorious son of Telamon ran forward, with a cry, to strip him of his beautiful armour; but the Trojans poured their bright javelins upon him, like rain from a thunder-cloud. And Aias dragged out his spear from the corpse, but could not despoil it of the armour, so thick was the flight of spears against him. Great and brave and haughty as he was, he feared the multitude that pressed upon him, and shrank back.

So toiled they in the furious fight. And Tlepolemos, son of Herakles, peer of the gods, a tall and valiant man, was led by resistless Fate against the heaven-born Sarpedon. When these twain, the son and the grandson of Cloud-compelling Zeus, came near to one another, Tlepolemos spake first: "Sarpedon, chief of the Lykians! why dost thou crouch and skulk, like one unversed in war? How do men say that thou art a son of Ægis-bearing Zeus, since thou canst not compare thyself with the men of olden days, who were born of the Thunderer? What a man was the terrible Herakles, my father, who came to Troy to capture Laomedon's mares, with only six ships and a small following! and yet he sacked

the holy city of Ilios, and laid it waste. But thou art a man of feeble spirit—no defence for the Trojans. Strong as thou art, thou shalt fall by my hand, and go down to the Gates of Hades.”

The valorous Sarpedon, leader of the Lykians, answered him : “Thy father destroyed holy Ilios through the folly of the haughty Laomedon, who treated him ill, and gave him not the steeds which he came so far to fetch. But to thee black death is near, and my spear shall gain great glory, and send thy soul to Tartaros.”

Thus spake they, and threw their long spears at the same moment. The spear of Sarpedon struck Tlepolemos, son of Herakles, in the neck, and passed right through ; and darkness veiled his eyes ; the lance of Tlepolemos struck Sarpedon in the thigh, and grazed the bone ; but his father Zeus warded off the doom of death. And as they bore away Sarpedon from the battle, no man marked the spear which was dragging from his thigh along the ground. The Achaians bore away the dead body of Tlepolemos.

The goodly patient Odysseus saw it, and his great spirit was stirred within him. He bethought him, whether to follow Sarpedon, son of Zeus, or to turn upon the common herd of Lykians, and to take their lives. And Athene bade him turn his fury upon the crowd. Many of them he slew, and would have slain still more ; but great Hektor marked him, and rushed to the front of the battle, in his flashing armour, and terrified the Danaoi. Sarpedon rejoiced, when he saw the noble Hektor coming, and said to him : “O son of Priam ! let

me not fall into the hands of the Danaoi; but bear me into the city, that I may die there; since I may not again see my home, my wife and my little son." But Hektor hastened on, and spake no word to the wounded Lykian Chief; so eager was he to drive back the Danaoi, and to slaughter them. But the comrades of Sarpedon carried him to the shade of a mighty oak tree of Zeus, and made him sit; and brave Pelagon drew the ashen spear from his thigh. Darkness still veiled his eyes; but the north wind blew upon him and refreshed his fainting soul.

Now the Argives neither turned their backs on Ares and mail-clad Hektor, nor did they advance to meet them; but slowly retreated, through fear of Ares.

Who, then, of the Argives, was slain by noble Hektor and the bronze-clad Ares? By their hands fell noble Teuthras, and the charioteer Orestes, Trechos the Aitolian spearman, Oinomaos and Helenos, and rich Oresbios with the variegated girdle, who came from Hyle, on the shores of the Kephisian lake in Boiotia.

But when the white-armed Hera saw the havoc they were making among the Argives, she spake to Athene: "O ye Gods! O thou Daughter of Zeus, unfaltering Maiden! was it for this that we promised Menelaos that he should lay low the strong-walled city of Troy—if we allow malignant Ares thus to rage? Let us twain then mingle in the battle!"

So did she speak, and the fierce-eyed Maid assented. And Hera, Queen of Heaven, went

herself to harness her divine horses, of the golden frontlets. And lovely Hebe, ever young, fixed the eight-spoked wheels of bronze to the iron axle-tree; the felloes were of gold, indestructible, with tires of bronze; the naves of the wheels were of silver, revolving on both sides of the car. And the chariot itself was plaited tight with gold and silver thongs, and two rails ran round about it. The silver pole projected from the car, and to the end of it lovely Hebe bound the beautiful yoke of gold, under which great Hera placed the wind-swift horses, longing for strife and war.

And the fierce-eyed Athene, daughter of Zeus, cast off her soft and many-tinted vesture, which her own hands had wrought, and donned the tunic of Loud-thundering Zeus, and armed herself for grievous war. Around her shoulders she threw her tasselled ægis, on which are Panic and Strife, high Courage, and chilly Rout, and the dreadful head of the monster Gorgon, grim and horrible, fearful to look upon, the portent of Almighty Zeus. And Athene set upon her mighty head her four-crested golden helm, with bosses all round it, adorned with figures of the warriors of a hundred cities. Then she mounted the chariot, sparkling like fire, and grasped the mighty spear, with which she chastiseth the heroes with whom she, the daughter of a terrible sire, is angry.

And Hera seized the reins, and plied the lash. The Gates of Heaven, which are guarded by the blooming Hours, flew open of themselves; and the chariot passed through, and sped to high Olympus, on the summit of which they found

Zeus, the Son of Kronos, sitting apart from all the other gods.

And the white-armed goddess, Hera, spake to her almighty Spouse, and said : " O Father ! art thou not wroth with Ares, for his frantic deeds ? Seest thou not what a crowd of noble Achaians he hath recklessly destroyed, to my great sorrow ? It is the Cyprian Aphrodite, and Apollo of the Silver Bow, who have roused this lawless madman, while they look on, greatly pleased, and take their ease. Wilt thou be angry with me, if I smite him, and chase him from the field ? "

And the Cloud-Gatherer answered her : " Go, then, and set Athene, driver of the spoil, upon him ; she knoweth best how to punish him. "

And the white-armed goddess obeyed his words, and lashed her willing horses ; and they flew between the earth and the starry heaven. Far as a watchman can see from a tower, over the wine-dark sea, so far leapt at a bound the loud-neighing horses driven by Hera.

When they came to the junction of the rivers Simoeis and Skamandros, the goddess drew the reins and stopped the divine horses. Then she unyoked them from the chariot, and hid them in a thick mist ; and the river Simoeis caused ambrosial grass to spring up for them to graze upon. And the twain glorious goddesses moved along, with the gait of timid turtle-doves, eager to help the Danaoi. And when they came to where the most valiant of the Chiefs were gathered round great Diomedes, like lions or savage boars of the forest, then Athene, in the form of Stentor of

the brazen voice—whose cry was louder than that of fifty common men—shouted to the Argives : “Fie on you, shameless cowards ! As long as noble Peleides fought for you, no Trojan dared to issue from the gates of Dardanos ; but now they are fighting near the hollow ships !”

Thus roused she the fainting courage of the Argives. And she found great Diomedes, standing by his horses, trying to cool the wound that the archer Pandaros had dealt him ; and he was weary with raising his ‘belt and’ wiping away the clotted blood beneath it.

And the white-armed goddess, Hera, began to chide him fiercely, saying, “How little is the son of Tydeus like his noble father ! low in station, indeed, was he, but a mighty warrior. He went once on an embassy to Thebes ; and I counselled him to feast peaceably with the Kadmians in their halls, and not to fight ; but he, with the valiant soul of the men of yore, challenged all their noblest youths, and beat them easily, because I helped him. ‘But as for thee, though I stand beside thee and bid thee fight bravely, either thou art weary, or terror hath seized thy heart. If that be so, thou art no true son of the gallant Tydeus.”

The sturdy Diomedes answered her : “I know thee, Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus ; and therefore I will tell thee all that is in my heart. No depressing fear hath got hold of me ; but I am mindful of thy command, not to fight with any of the blessed gods, save only Aphrodite. Her I wounded, and drave her from

the field. Therefore it is that I fall back, with all the Argives, because I see the murderous Ares raging in the fight."

Then the fierce-eyed goddess was glad, and spake to him winged words: "O son of Tydeus, dear to my soul, fear not Ares, or any other of the deathless gods; for I will help thee. And, first, at Ares drive thy car, and fight him, hand to hand; and be not in awe of the mad furious god—that compound of every evil thing, the recreant turncoat, who so lately promised me and Hera to fight against the Trojans, and to help the Argives."

Then she pulled Sthenelos down from the chariot and herself mounted up beside Tydeides; and the axle groaned beneath the weight of the goddess and the gigantic hero. And she drave straight against the bloodthirsty Ares, who was stripping the armour from huge Periphras, the glorious son of Ochesias, the best of all the Aitolians. Athene now put on her head the helmet of Hades, which made her invisible to Ares, as she did not wish that he should see her.

But when the baneful Ares saw great Diomedes coming towards him, he left the dead body of huge Periphras, lying on the ground, and made for Tydeides. First, Ares thrust his spear at Diomedes, over the yoke of the chariot, to take away his life; but the fierce-eyed goddess seized the spear with her hand, and made it pass harmlessly over the car. Then Tydeides of the loud war-cry thrust at Ares; and Pallas Athene drave the spear low down, into the belly of the dreadful

god, and it rent his white flesh, and wounded him sorely. Then Ares cried out, as loudly as the united battle-cry of nine or ten thousand warriors. Trojans and Argives listened, trembling, to the mighty roar of the wounded god! And the son of Tydeus saw huge Ares passing away, amid the clouds, like a gloomy mist after heat, driven by a stormy wind!

Quickly, then, the fearful Ares reached Olympus, the dwelling of the deathless gods; and came, moaning, to the side of Zeus, and showed him the immortal ichor flowing from his wound; and spake with woeful words to his Almighty Father:

“O Father Zeus! art thou not wroth, to see the outrageous deeds which we gods inflict upon one another, for the sake of mortal men? We are all angry with thee, for begetting that truculent Maiden, even Athene, who is ever planning infamous deeds. All the rest of the Immortals obey thy voice; only *her* thou never chidest—this pernicious, headstrong maiden, because she is thy daughter. And now she has moved Tydeides, the haughty Diomedes, to rage against the immortal gods! The Cyprian Queen, even laughter-loving Aphrodite, hath he wounded in the wrist; and me, even *me*, the God of War, he hath attacked and smitten!”

But the Loud-thundering Zeus looked askance at Ares, and said: “Thou shifting recreant! come not whimpering to *me*! Of all the Olympians, I hate *thee* most; for thou lovest strife and war. The spirit of thy mother, too, even Hera, is stubborn and intolerable; and I can hardly con-

trol *her*. Nevertheless, as thou art my son, I will no longer see thee in pain. If any other god but myself had been thy father, thou wouldst have been the lowest of the heavenly gods."

Then Zeus commanded Paieon, the physician of the gods, to heal Ares; and Paieon laid soothing unguents upon his wound, and healed him quickly, for he was not of mortal race. And Hebe, ever young and fair, bathed him, and clad him in a shining robe; and he sat down again by Zeus, rejoicing in his recovered health.

And the twain goddesses, even Hera of Argos and Athene of Alalkomenai (her birthplace in Boiotia), returned to the palace of great Zeus, having stayed the ravages of Ares.

CHAPTER XIII

Now that the gods had left the field, the fortune of battle swayed from side to side, as the Trojans and Achæians hurled their javelins at one another in the plain between Simoëis and Xanthos.

Telamonian Aias," a tower of defence to the Achæians, showed his comrades the way to victory. He smote the foremost warrior of the Thracians, even the mighty Akamas, the goodly son of Eussoros; him the sharp bronze pierced in the forehead, and dark night veiled his eyes. Then loud-shouting Diomedes slew Axylos, son of Teuthramos, a rich man of Ariste, dear to his countrymen, the most hospitable of men; but no one of all his friends was there to save him from dire destruction at the hands of the terrible Diomedes. And the son of Tydeus also slew Axylos' charioteer, Kalesios; and the twain passed down together to Hades. And many others fell, on either side, and bit the dust.

But Menelaos of the loud war-cry took one man captive, even Adrastos. His horses had taken fright, and rushed madly across the plain; and the chariot ran against a tamarind tree and broke the end of the pole; and Adrastos was rolled out on to the ground. And when he saw

the auburn-haired Menelaos coming at him with his long-shafted spear, he clung to his knees and implored him with piteous words: "Take me alive, great son of Atreus! and accept a countless ransom, which my father will gladly give, from his rich treasure—gold and silver and wrought iron—if he hears that I am still alive!"

And Menelaos was moved to pity, and was about to bid his comrades lead Adrastos captive to the ships; when Agamemnon came running to him, and called to him gently: "O my dear Menelaos! why art thou so tender towards our enemies? Have they wrought good things for thee and for thy house? Nay, not one of them must escape from our hands, not even the youngest child."

Then, with changed mind, Menelaos thrust Adrastos from him; and Agamemnon drove his spear into his side, and killed him.

Nestor, with his far-reaching voice, called loudly to the Argives: "Friends and warriors! let no man tarry in the rear to strip the fallen; but press on, to slay your enemies!" And his words stirred the heart of every man. And now would the Argives have chased the Trojans to their city, had not the wise Augur, Helenos, son of royal Priam, drawn near to noble Hektor and goddess-born Aineias, with spirit-stirring words:

"Hektor and Aineias! the burden of the war rests chiefly upon you; for ye are the foremost of the Trojans and Dardans, in war and in counsel. Therefore be steadfast, and stand your ground, and rally the host at the gates, before they flee to

the arms of their wives, and become a mock to the enemy. And when ye have aroused them, we will remain here to meet the Danaoi; but do thou, Hektor, go to our dear mother, Hekabe; and bid her repair, with the aged women, to the temple of the fierce-eyed Athene. And let her lay the most beautiful and graceful garments, which she herself most highly values, on the knees of fair-haired Athene; and let her sacrifice twelve glossy kine of one year old, which have never felt the goad; and let her earnestly implore the mighty daughter of great Zeus to have pity on our wives and little children. Then, perhaps, she will keep back the terrible Tydeides from holy Ilios, who has shown himself to be by far the best of the Achaians; hardly did we fear the great prince Achilles, the son of a goddess, so much! So terrible is he, and none of us can resist him."

Great Hektor did not disregard his brother's counsel. Leaping from his chariot, and brandishing two sharp spears, he reviewed his troops and roused them to the battle. Then they turned and faced the foe; and the Achaians retreated and ceased from fighting; for they thought some god had come down from Heaven to rally the Trojans, so firm a front they showed.

The noble Hektor spake to the Trojans, and said: "Ye high-spirited Trojans and famous allies! be men, my friends, and summon up all your courage! I, meanwhile, will go to holy Ilios, and bid our Councillors and our wives pray to the blessed gods, and vow to them glorious hecatombs."

Now Glaukos, the son of Hippolochos of Xanthos, the Lykian Prince, and the brave Tydeides, met in the space between the two hosts, eager for a fight; and when they had come near one another, Diomedes was the first to speak:

"Who art thou? thou boldest of men! Never have I seen thee before. But thou art the hardiest of the Trojan host, since thou darest to face my long-shafted spear. Wretched are the parents of those who encounter me. But if thou art one of the blessed gods, I fight not with *them*. Not for long did murderous Lykourgos live, who chased the nurses of youthful *Dionysos* (Bacchus) with an ox-goad, through the lovely groves of Nysa; then the terrified god plunged beneath the ocean-wave, and fair-haired Thetis took him to her bosom, and saved him from the raging Lykourgos. And all the gods were angry with him; and Zeus, the Son of Kronos, struck him with blindness, and he did not long survive. So I beware of fighting with the blessed gods, who live at ease. But if thou art a man, and feedest on the fruits of Earth, the grain-giver, then come on, and meet thy doom."

And noble Glaukos, the great Lykian Prince, gave him answer: "Thou mighty son of Tydeus! why askes thou me of my race and lineage? The generations of mortal men are as the leaves of the forest, scattered by the winds of heaven; but the budding trees put forth new foliage in the lovely spring-tide; so one generation of men passeth away, and another followeth.

"In horse-pasturing Argos, there is the city of

Ephyre" (since named Corinth), "where dwelt King Sisyphos, son of Aiolos, the craftiest of mortal men. And he had a son named Glaukos; and the son of Glaukos was the famous hero called Bellerophon, as the slayer of the Corinthian Belleros. He slew also the invincible monster Chimaira, a creature, of divine origin, with the head of a lion, the tail of a serpent, and the mid-body of a goat. Then he defeated the Solymi" (who were the earliest inhabitants of Lykia); "and that, he said, was the greatest of his feats. And thirdly, he conquered the Amazons, the equals of men.

"Now, the wife of Bellerophon bare him three children—Isandros, Hippolochos, and Laodameia, the mother of the godlike Sarpedon. The elder son, Isandros, fell in a battle against the Solymi; and the daughter was slain by the shafts of Artemis of the golden reins. But brave Bellerophon incurred the anger of the gods, and wandered alone in the Eleian plains" (in Cilicia, near the town of Mallos, between Pyramos and Sinaros), "and avoided the converse of men.

"I am the son of Hippolochos, who sent me to Troy, and bade me always to be the best of all men, and not to shame my glorious forefathers, who were of the noblest blood of Ephyre and spacious Lykia. Such is the race and lineage I can boast."

And Diomedes of the loud war-cry heard him gladly, and fixed his spear in the Earth, the grain-giver, and spoke with gentle words to the great chief of the Lykians: "So, then, noble Glaukos!

we are hereditary guest-friends, through my grandfather, Oïneus, who hospitably entertained the mighty Bellerophon for twenty days. Moreover, they exchanged splendid gifts; Oïneus gave a shining purple girdle, and Bellerophon a double cup of gold, which I have left in my house. But of my father, Tydeus, I have no remembrance; for I was but a little one when he went to Thebes, and perished with the Achaian host. Wherefore, we twain are dear guest-friends, thou in Lykia, and I in Mid-Argos. Let us, then, avoid each other's spear! There are Trojans enough for me to slay; and for thee, multitudes of other Achaians, whom thou mayest kill if thou canst! But let us exchange arms, that all men may know that we are hereditary guest-friends."

And, descending from their chariots, they clasped each other's hands in token of good faith. But great Zeus clouded the mind of the noble Glaukos, so that he gave arms of gold, worth a hundred oxen; for arms of bronze, worth only nine!

And now we must speak of Hektor, the noble Trojan Prince, who, after Achilles, was the most famous warrior of the two hostile armies. Achilles, indeed, was the son of a goddess, even silver-footed Thetis; while Hektor's mother, Hekabe, was a mortal woman.

Well knowing the dangers to which he was exposed, and how soon he might fall in battle, Hektor now bethought him of his lovely wife, Andromache, and his little boy, Astyanax. When he came to the Skaian Gate, the Trojan women

came running to him, with eager questions about their husbands, sons, and brothers; and sorrow filled their hearts. Among them came his fond and generous mother, Hekabe, leading by the hand the fairest of her daughters, Laodike, and she called him by his name, and spoke: "Dear Son! why hast thou left the field? Do the Achaians press thee hard? Dost thou come to make prayers to Father Zeus, from the Citadel? But come, I will bring thee honey-sweet wine, that thou mayest pour out a libation to Almighty Zeus, the Son of Kronos, and refresh thyself with a draught."

But Hektor answered her: "Bring me no luscious wine, dear Mother! lest thou rob me of my strength and courage. Nor dare I make a libation to Zeus, with hands unwashen and soiled with blood. But go thou to the Temple of Athene, driver of the spoil; and lay the finest robe, the most precious to thyself, upon her knees; and vow to sacrifice twelve fat kine to her; and beg her to have mercy on the Trojans, and on their wives and little children! So, perhaps, she will hold back the terrible warrior, Tydeides, from sacred Ilios. And I will go and seek out Paris; would that the earth would swallow him up! for Zeus hath cherished him to be the bane of his country, and of his father, Priam."

Then Hekabe went to her ambrosial chamber, and took the finest of her embroidered robes, the work of Sidonian women, which shone like a star; and went, with other aged women, to the Temple

of Athene. And the fair-cheeked Theano, daughter of Kisseus, the priestess, wife of Antenor, opened the temple gates, and took the shining robe, and laid it upon Athene's knees, and prayed to the great daughter of Zeus. But the goddess did not grant her prayer.

• But Hektor went his way to the fair palace of *Alexandros* (Paris), and found him in his chamber, polishing his beautiful armour, and proving his curved bow. Then, when Hektor saw him, he reproached him with bitter words: "O thou strange man! thou dost not well to nurse thy spite against the Trojans, who are now perishing before the city, and all for thy sake! Rise, then, now, lest the city be burned with fire!"

And the goodly *Alexandros* answered: "It is not so much by reason of my wrath against the Trojans, but I would fain indulge my sorrow. My wife, too, hath urged me to the battle. Tarry then awhile, and I will don my armour; or go thou before, and I will follow."

• Then the divine Helen, daughter of great Zeus, came and spoke gently to Hektor, and said: "O Brother! Brother of vile *me*, who am a dog—would that, when my mother bare me, the storm-wind had snatched me away to a mountain, or a billow of the loud-roaring sea had swept me away, before all these evil things had befallen me! Would that I had been mated with a better man than Paris, whose heart is not sound, and never will be. But come, my Brother, and sit by me; for thou verily hast suffered most for me, who am a dog, and for the grievous sin of Paris, upon whom, surely,

Zeus is bringing evil days ; he will be, hereafter, a song of scorn in the mouths of future men, through all time to come."

But noble Hektor answered her : "If thou lovest me, dear Helen, bid me not stay ; for I go to succour my friends, who long for me in my absence. But do thou try and rouse this husband of thine, and bid him overtake me. As for me, I shall first go to my home, and to my wife and my little son ; for who knoweth whether I shall ever return to them again ?"

So spake the glorious Hektor, and went his way to his own well-furnished house ; but he found not Andromache there ; for she had gone to the tower, with her fair-robed nurse and with her boy, all bathed in tears. Hektor asked the servants, whither the white-armed Andromache was gone ; and the busy matron of the house replied : "She is gone to the tower of holy Troy ; for she heard that the Trojans were defeated, and the Achaians victorious." Then Hektor returned, by the same way, down the wide streets, and came to the Skaian Gate.

And his peerless wife, even Andromache, daughter of the high-minded Eëtion, King of Kilikia—she whom he had won by countless gifts—came running to meet him. And with her came the handmaid, the nurse, bearing in her arms Hektor's tender boy, *Astyanax*, beautiful as the morning star. And Hektor smiled, and looked on his darling boy, while Andromache stood beside him, weeping. And she clasped his hand, and called him by his name : "O my dear



Andromache and Astyanax meet Hector prepared for war —
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Lord, thy dauntless courage will destroy thee! Hast thou no pity for thy infant child, and for thy hapless wife, who soon will be a widow? It were far better for me to die, if I lose *thee*; for nevermore can I know comfort, but only pain and sorrow. For I shall be utterly alone. I have neither father nor mother; for Eëtion, my royal sire, was slain by great Achilles. And all my seven brothers went down to Hades on the self-same day! they too were slain by swift-footed Peleides. But my mother was smitten in her father's halls, by the gentle arrows of the archer Artemis. Lo! now, *thou* art all in all to me, father, mother, brother, and dearly loved husband! Come, then, take pity on us, and abide on the tower, and make not thy boy an orphan, and thy wife a widow!"

And the glorious Hektor of the glancing helm answered her, and said: "Dear Wife! I too think of all these things. But how can I shun the battle, like a coward, to be the mock of the Trojans, and of the Trojan dames with trailing robes? I, who have always fought in the van of battle, and won glory for my father and myself? I know that the day will come, when sacred Ilios shall be levelled with the ground, and Priam, and the people of Priam, shall perish. But it is not so much the fate of Priam, and of my mother, Hekabe, and of my brethren, which fills my soul with anguish; but it is *thy* misery, dear one, in the day when some ~~other~~ ^{some} warrior shall bear thee away, weeping, and rob thee of thy freedom. Thou, alas! wilt abide in Argos, and ply the loom,

the slave of another woman ; or bear water from the Hypereian fount, being harshly treated ! And one will say, as he looketh upon thee : ‘ This was the wife of Hektor, the foremost of the horse taming Trojans in the war round Ilios.’ But may the deep earth cover *me*, ere I hear thee crying in the day of thy captivity !”

So spake he, and held out his arms to take his darling boy. But the child shrank, crying, and nestled in the bosom of his well-girdled nurse ; for he feared the horse-hair crest, nodding terribly from the brazen helmet. Then the fond parents laughed ; and Hektor doffed his helmet, and laid it on the ground. And he kissed his dear child, and fondled him, and prayed thus to Zeus :

“ O Zeus ! and all ye Gods ! grant that this, my son, may like me be foremost to fight among the Trojans, and rule as a King in Ilios ; so that men may say : ‘ He is far better than his father ! ’”

Thus speaking, he laid the child in the fragrant bosom of his dear wife Andromache ; and he pitied her, and caressed her with his hand, and called her by her name : “ Dear one ! be not thus utterly cast down. No man can slay me till my hour of destiny is come. But no man, when once he hath been born, can escape his fate, be he a brave man or a coward. Go thou to thy house, to the distaff and the loom, and make thy maidens ply their labours. But *men* shall engage in war, and I the first of all in Troy.”

So spake Hektor of the glancing helmet, and went his way. And his dear wife went to her home, looking back at him as she went, shedding

bitter tears. And she found her maidens there, and with them she bewailed her Lord, while yet he lived; for they feared that he would never again return from battle.

And the goodly Alexandros donned his beautiful armour, and hastened after his brother, whom he overtook, and he made excuse for his long tarrying. And Hektor answered him: "No man can justly speak lightly of thy deeds, for thou art strong; but thou art slack and careless, and I am grieved when I hear shameful things said of thee by the Trojans, who for thee bear so much toil. But let us be going."

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CHAPTER XIV

So the twain brothers, the glorious Hektor and the goodly Paris, went forth to the battle. And Paris slew Menesthios, of Arne, son of Areithoos; and Hektor smote noble Eioneus in the neck, and relaxed his limbs in death. And Glaukos, captain of the Lykian allies, cast his spear at Iphinoos, and pierced his shoulder; and he fell from his chariot, and his limbs were loosened.

But when the fierce-eyed Athene saw the Trojans making havoc of the Achaians, she rushed down from the peaks of Olympos, to sacred Ilios. And Apollo, who favoured the Trojans, saw her from Pergamos, and hastened to meet her; and they met by the beech tree, and Apollo of the Silver Bow addressed her: "Why dost thou come, O Daughter of the Loud-Thunderer? Is it to bring victory to the Danaoi? for thou hast no pity on the Trojans. But hearken unto me, and let us stop the battle for this day—hereafter they shall fight again."

And the fierce-eyed goddess answered him: "Be it so, Far-Darter! for this was my purpose when I came from high Olympos. But how thinkest thou to make the war to cease?"

Then King Apollo spake: "Let us rouse the

valiant spirit of horse-taming Hektor, to challenge one of the Danaoi to deadly single combat." And the fierce-eyed Maid assented to his words.

And the dear son of royal Priam, Helenos, the wise Augur, who knew the counsel of the gods, drew near to Hektor, and spake thus to him : " Dear Brother, who art peer of Zeus in counsel, wouldst thou listen to me ? Make the Trojans and the Achaians sit down ; and do thou challenge the bravest of the Achaians to meet thee in single combat. I hear the voice of the deathless gods, that it is not yet thy lot to die."

And the great Hektor rejoiced at his words ; and going into the throng, he held back the companies of the Trojans with his spear, holding it in the middle, and made them all sit down. And Agamemnon made the well-greaved Achaians sit down. And Athene and Apollo, in the form of vultures, sat on a lofty tree, and watched the hosts. And Hektor stood between the two armies, and spake : " Hear me, ye Trojans and Achaians ! Amongst you are the great Chiefs of the Achaians. Now let one of these be your champion, to fight with me, Hektor ; and I call Zeus to witness, that if he slay me, you shall let him carry off my armour, but give my body to the Trojans, that they may render to me the honour of the funeral pyre. But if the Far-Darter shall grant me glory, that I may slay *him*, then will I strip him of his armour, and hang it in the Temple of Apollo ; but his lifeless body I will give back to the long-haired Achaians, that they may bury him, and build him a barrow by the Hellespont."

Thus spake the glorious Hektor ; but all were silent ; for they were afraid to meet him. Then, at last, Menelaos, groaning deeply, reproached the Achaians, and said : “ O ye women of Achaia, no longer *men* ! surely this will be an everlasting shame to us, if none of the Danaoi dare to fight with the noble Hektor ! But I myself will arm me ; for the issues of victory are with the gods.”

And he began to put on his dazzling armour. And now wouldst thou, Menelaos, have yielded up thy life at the hands of Hektor ; but the great Ruler, Agamemnon, rose up and stayed thee : “ Art thou mad, O foster-son of Zeus ? Draw back, though with grief and pain ; and think not to fight with Hektor, the man-slaying son of Priam ; for he is a far better man than thou ; even godlike Achilles feareth to meet this man in battle. Go then and sit down ; and we will choose another champion.”

And the fair-haired Menelaos obeyed his brother's words, and his henchmen gladly took off his bright armour. And the wise Nestor arose, and upbraided all the Achaian Chiefs : “ Fie on us ! Shame and lamentation have come upon us all. Surely the aged Peleus, the goodly King of the Myrmidons, would deeply groan, if he heard that we are all cowering before great Hektor ; he would pray that his soul might leave his body and go down to Hades. Would to Zeus, and to Athene and Apollo, that I were young, as when the Pylians met the Arcadians in battle, and Ereuthalion, the squire of King Lykourgos of Arcadia, wearing the divine armour

of Areïthoös, of the iron mace, before the walls of Pheia, by the waters of *Iardanos*, challenged all our host ; and they were afraid and trembled. Then I, the youngest of all, stood up and fought with him, and Athene gave me great glory ; for he was the tallest man, and of the greatest bulk, that I have ever slain. Would that I were still so young and strong ! But of you, leaders of the Achaians, not one has heart enough to meet great Hektor."

The wise old man's reproaches filled the Achaian Chiefs with shame ; and nine of them rose up, ready to fight ; namely, Agamemnon, King of men ; and the stalwart Diomedes ; and Idomeneus, and his brother in arms, Meriones, equal in fight to murderous Ares ; and Eurypylos, and Thoas, and the wily Odysseus, and two others. Then Nestor spake again : " Now cast lots for him that shall be champion." Then each man marked his lot, and threw it into Agamemnon's helmet ; and all men prayed that the lot might fall on Aias or Diomedes or the King of rich Mykenai. Then Nestor shook the helmet, and the lot of *Aias* (*Ajax*) leapt out ; and the herald placed it in the hand of mighty Aias, and he was glad ; for he said : " I think that I shall vanquish goodly Hektor." And they all prayed to the Son of Kronos, to give victory to Aias, or to grant unto each of them equal glory and renown.

Then huge Aias donned his bright armour of bronze, and came forth like the War-God Ares when he goeth to battle. The Achaians were glad, but the Trojans trembled ; and even the brave Hektor felt his heart beat quicker in his breast.

But he would not shrink from the combat, seeing that he had himself challenged all the Achaians. And Aias came on, bearing a mighty shield, like a tower, which Tychios, the cunning leather-worker, had made for him, of sevenfold hides of lusty bulls, all overlaid with bronze. And he stood near godlike Hektor, and spake: "Now shalt thou see what manner of men the Danaoi have among them, even now when Achilles, the lion-hearted, hath left us in his wrath. But do thou begin the fight!"

And Hektor answered him: "Great Aias, son of Telamoh, sprung from Zeus! speak not to me as if I were a poor weak boy, or a woman! for I too have knowledge of war and slaughter. I know how to charge into the midst of the chariots, or, at close quarters, to join in the wild dance of Ares." He said, and hurled his long-shafted spear, and struck the sevenfold shield of Aias; it passed through six folds, but was stopped by the seventh.

Then Aias, sprung from Zeus, threw his ponderous lance at the shield of mighty Priam's son. It passed right through the bright shield, and through the well-wrought corslet, and rent his *chiton* (tunic); but he swerved aside, and escaped gloomy death. Then the two fell upon each other, like ravening lions, or wild boars; and Hektor smote the shield of Aias with his spear, but the sharp point was turned by the stout buckler. Then Aias leapt upon him, and drove his spear at Hektor's neck, making a wound from which the dark blood flowed.

But Hektor, undismayed, took up a great stone from the ground, and with it smote the boss of Aias' shield. And Aias heaved up a far bigger stone and threw it on the buckler of Hektor, and it fell on him like a huge millstone, and stretched him on his back ! But Apollo raised him, and set him on his legs again.

Then they would have furiously attacked each other with their swords, had not the Achaian herald, Talthymbios, and the Trojan herald, Idaios, intervened and stopped the fight, holding their staves of office between the god-like warriors ; and Idaios spake to them : " Fight no longer, brave youths ; for Zeus loveth you both ; and we know well what gallant warriors ye are. Night is upon us, whose commands it behoveth us to obey."

And the Telamonian Aias answered : " Let Hektor say those words ; for it was he who challenged us."

And Hektor of the shining helmet said : " Aias, since thou hast received strength and wisdom from the gods, and dost excel all the Achaians in the fight, let us now cease from battle for the day, and hereafter we will fight again, until the gods shall give victory to one of us. Go now, and rejoice thy friends and kinsmen by the ships, and I will gladden the hearts of Trojan men and long-robed dames in the holy city of King Priam. But now let us exchange costly gifts, that Trojans and Achaians may say of us, that we, having met in this heart-gnawing strife, have parted like good friends." He spake, and gave to Aias a silver-studded sword ; and Aias gave him a purple belt.

So they parted, and went their way ; the one to the ships of the Achaians, and the other to the holy city of Troy. And the Trojans rejoiced that Hektor had escaped unhurt from the unapproachable hands of mighty Aias.

And the Achaians brought Aias, rejoicing in his victory, to King Agamemnon, who made sacrifices to the immortal gods, and prepared a rich banquet for the Chiefs. He paid especial honour to Aias by giving him large slices of the *chine* of the ox. And when they had put away the desire of meat and drink, then the aged Nestor, wise in counsel, rose and made harangue : " Since cruel Ares hath spilt the dark blood of many long-haired Achaians, let us make a truce, at the dawn ; and let us kindle a pyre for all the corpses, and build a barrow on the plain, above the pyre. And let us, at the same time, build high towers on the shore, with a wall, around our ships, to be a bulwark for them and for ourselves ; and let us dig a deep trench, near the wall, to hinder the proud Trojans from attacking us."

Meantime, in the lofty city of Ilios, near Priam's gate, there was a great assembly of the Trojans ; and Antenor spake to them and said : " Ye Trojans and Dardans ! ye know that we are fighting wrongfully, having broken the oaths which we made to the Achaians. Then let us give up Argive Helen, and her wealth, as we covenanted to do, if Menelaos should conquer Alexandros."

Then up rose Alexandros, the Lord of fair-haired Helen, and spake in reply : " Antenor !

thy words are not pleasing to me ; and if thou art serious, then surely the gods have taken away thy wits. I too will speak ; and I say that I will *not* give back my wife ; but the wealth I brought from Argos I will willingly restore, and will add to it of mine own."

• And Priam, peer of the gods in counsel, then spake : " Now eat your suppers, every man of you ; and keep watch ; but when the Dawn, the rosy-fingered, shall bring back the light to gods and men, let Idaios bear the words of Alexandros to Agamemnon and Menelaos ; and ask them whether they are willing to refrain from battle until we have buried our dead."

• They all obeyed, and took their supper. In the morning, at dawn, Idaios, the herald, went to the ships of the Achaians, and spoke thus to the two sons of Atreus : " Priam, and all the noble Trojans, bade me deliver to you what Alexandros saith : that he will give back all the wealth he brought to Troy, but the wife of Menelaos he will not give back, although the Trojans bid him do so. Also, they bade me ask, whether ye are willing to make a truce, till we have buried our dead?"

• And they all kept silence. • But at last the loud-voiced Diomedes spake : " Let us in no wise accept the substance of Alexandros, nor even Helen herself ; for surely the doom of destruction hangeth over the perjured Trojans." Then all the Danaoi shouted applause ; and King Agamemnon spake to Idaios : " Of the other part of thy message, thou hearest what they say ; but I

grudge you not the burying of your dead, for it seemeth an evil thing to rob them of their funeral rites. And let Zeus, the Loud-Thunderer, the Lord of Hera, be witness to this."

Then, on either side, the two hosts collected the bodies of the slain, and sought for wood wherewith to burn them on the funeral pyres. And when the glorious sun rose from the waters of the gently-flowing Okeanos, the men of the two armies, in sight of each other, after cleansing their dead from the dust and clotted gore, laid them upon the waggons; but King Priam forbade all loud cries and wailings. So, in mournful silence, the Trojans burned their dead, and returned to holy Troy. ••The Achaians made a barrow over the pyre on which their dead were burned, and then built a wall to protect their ships, and dug a deep fosse beside it.

But the mighty Shaker of the Earth, *Poseidon* (Neptune), was greatly moved in spirit, when he beheld these works of the Achaians. He spake to Father Zeus: "Seest thou what a mighty wall those proud Achaians have erected around their ships, and have offered no holy hecatomb to the gods? The fame thereof will spread far and wide as the light of Dawn, the rosy-fingered, reacheth. And the walls of Troy, which I and Phoibos Apollo built round the city for King Laomedon, will be utterly forgotten."

And Zeus, the Cloud-Gatherer, rebuked him, and said: "O Mighty Earth-Shaker! a feeblèr god than thou might' fear this work of the Achaians; but thine is the widespread fame; and

when the long-haired Danaoi have sailed home in their ships, then do thou rend the great wall asunder, and wash it, this way and that, into the sea, and cover the beach again with sand ! ”

Now, the Achaians, having finished all the bulwarks of their ships, slaughtered oxen by their tents and took their supper. And Jason's son, Euneos, sent ships from Lemnos, freighted with a thousand measures of wine ; and the long-haired Achaians bought the wine for bronze and iron, kine and hides and captives. And all night long the Danaoi feasted ; and, in the city, the horse-taming Trojans. But Zeus, the Lord of Wise Counsel, foreboded evil to them, with loud and fearful thunderings. Then, pale with fear, they poured wine on the ground, and did not dare to drink till they had made libation to great Kronion. And now great Zeus remembered his promise to Thetis, to avenge Achilles on Agamemnon, which he seemed to have forgotten.

CHAPTER XV

AND when the saffron-robed Dawn had arisen from the streams of Okeanos, and brought light to gods and men, then the Loud-thundering Zeus called an assembly of the gods on the heights of many-ridged Olympos.

"Hear me!" he said, "ye Gods and Goddesses! and I will reveal my purposes; and let no one dare to thwart me! That god or goddess whom I shall see bringing succour to the Trojans or to the Danaoi shall never return to high Olympos: I will hurl him or her down to the deepest gulf beneath the earth, as far below Hades as Heaven is above the Earth! Then will ye know that I am far mightier than all the other gods together. Or come! make trial of me! Let fall a golden rope from Heaven; and let all the gods and goddesses lay hold of it, and try to drag me down to Earth! Yet could ye not prevail! But if I were so minded, could draw *you* up, with Earth and Ocean. Then would I bind the rope about the top of Olympos, and leave you all, with earth and ocean, suspended in the air."

So saying, Zeus mounted his chariot, to which were yoked his bronze-shod horses with their

flowing manes ; and he clothed himself with gold, and took his well-wrought golden whip, and lashed his proud steeds, to start them ; and they sped on, between heaven and earth. And he fared straight to Ida with its many springs, the nurse of wild beasts, and to Gargaros, where he hath a sacred precinct and a fragrant altar. There Zeus sat on the mountain top, and viewed the city of the Trojans, and the black hollow ships of the Achaians.

Meantime, the Achaians took their meat in haste, and armed for the fight. The Trojans, too, though small in number, armed themselves in the city, eager to fight for their wives and children. Then the two hosts met ; and spear clashed against targe, and shield pressed on shield, and loud rose the din of battle ; then one might hear the groans of the wounded and the dying ; and the ground was drenched with blood.

• So, all the morning, the arrows flew, on either side, and the people fell. But at mid-day, when the golden sun was high in the heavens, Father Zeus took his golden scales, and weighed the fates of the mail-clad Achaians and the horse-taming Trojans, against one another. And the scale of the Achaians sank to earth, and that of the Trojans rose towards the wide heaven. And the King of Gods and Men thundered terribly from Mount Ida, and sent his lightning into the midst of the Achaians ; and they were greatly troubled : pale terror filled their hearts.

And the valiant Idomeneus, and lordly Agamemnon, and the twain Aiantes no longer stood

their ground; Nestor of Gerenia alone stood firm, but he too was in grievous straits; his horse was fordone, for Alexandros, Lord of fair Helen, had smitten it with an arrow in the skull, and thrown the other steeds into confusion. But while the godlike old man was trying to cut the traces with his sword, the chariot of Hektor came thundering through the tumult. Then surely would the old man have been slain; but the loud-shouting Diomedes saw his peril, and called aloud to Odysseus, the man of many devices: "Thou Heaven-born son of Laertes! why fleest thou like a coward? Stay till we drive back the furious foe!" But the patient Odysseus gave no heed, and hastened to the hollow ships.

But Diomedes, though deserted by his fellow Chiefs, would not leave the aged Nestor in the lurch; but bravely stood before his horses, and spake: "Old man! thou art hard beset by many younger warriors, and thy age is feeble, and thy steeds are slow. Come up, then, into my chariot, and see the fleet horses which I took from Aineias, the wise counsellor in war! And we will go together straight against the Trejans; that Hektor himself may know how I, too, can hurl my spear."

And the wise Nestor obeyed his word; and mounting the chariot of Tydeides, he took the reins, and lashed the noble steeds, and they drew near to Hektor. And Tydeides hurled his heavy spear, missing Hektor, but striking his charioteer, Eniopeus, son of Thebaios. Then Hektor, though sorely grieved by the death of his faithful squire, was compelled to leave him there, and to look for

another bold charioteer; and he found Archemptolemos, the son of Iphitos, and gave him the shining reins.

But the great Thunderer, the Father of Gods and Men, saw the mad onset of Tydeides, and was angry. And he thundered awfully, and hurled lightning and a sulphurous flame before the horses of Diomedes; and they were greatly terrified. And the aged Nestor, in his terror, dropped the shining reins from his hands, and spake to Diomedes: "Come now, Tydeides, quickly turn thy horses, with the uncloven hooves, to flight; dost thou not see that the Son of Kronos is giving glory to Hektor? Hereafter, perhaps, he will give honour to us; but no one, however brave, can fight against Zeus; for he is the mightiest, by far."

And Tydeides of the loud war-cry answered him: "All that thou sayest, old man, is just and true; but sore grief taketh hold of my heart. For Hektor one day may say: 'Tydeides fled before me to the ships.' Thus may he boast, and then, may the wide earth open and swallow me!"

Nestor comforted him and said: "Be not afraid of that, thou son of wise Tydeus; though Hektor should call thee a coward, for we will not listen to him; nor the Trojan dames, whose husbands thou hast made to bite the dust." He spake, and turned the noble steeds to flight; and the Trojans rushed after them, hurling their deadly darts. And great Hektor of the glittering helm shouted after him, and mocked

him : "Once, O Diomedes, did the Danaoi set thee in the highest place, with plenty of meat and wine ; but now they will despise thee, for thou art but a woman, after all ! Away, slight girl ! never shalt thou climb our towers or carry off our wives !"

The proud soul of Tydeides was filled with doubt and anguish, as he heard these words ; thrice was he minded to turn his chariot and meet his exulting foe ; and thrice the great Zeus, Lord of the Storm-Cloud, thundered from Mount Ida, and gave a sign of victory to the Trojans. And Hektor shouted aloud to his warriors : "Trojans and Dardans and Lykians, who love to fight hand to hand ! show yourselves to be men ! for I see that the Son of Kronos will now grant me great glory, and hurl destruction on the Danaoi. Their walls are low and weak : our coursers will easily jump the fosse which they have digged around them. When once I am in the midst of the hollow ships, then will I burn them, and make havoc of the men."

Then he called to his divine horses ; "Xanthos, and thou, Aithon, and goodly Lampos ! see that ye pay me back for your keep ; and for all the honey-sweet corn which Andromache, the daughter of high-minded Ektion, hath set before you ; and for the wine, which she mingled for you, even sooner than for me, her lusty spouse ! Now put forth your utmost speed, that I may seize the famous golden shield of Nestor, and strip from Diomedes' shoulders the rich corslet which Hephaistos wrought ! With these spoils, I might hope, this

very night, to send the Achaians in their black ships home."

But the goddess Hera heard his boasting, and moved uneasily upon her throne, and made Olympus shake. And she spake thus to Poseidon, the great Ruler of the Sea: "How now, thou Shaker of the Earth? hast thou no pity on the Danaoi, who make rich offerings to thee, in Helike" (on the north coast of the Peloponnesus) "and at Argai" (in Achaia)? "We gods who are friends of the Danaoi, if we had the will, could drive back the Trojans, and leave great Zeus alone on Ida's height." But the great Earth-Shaker, Poseidon, answered her: "O Hera! rash in speech, what words are these? Never may I see us in strife with Zeus! for he is stronger far than all of us together!" Thus communed the twain mighty gods with one another.

In the meantime, great Hektor, peer of Ares, to whom Zeus gave glory, had driven the Achaians beyond their wall; and the space between it and the ships was filled with the horses and the warriors of the Achaian host. Then Hera, anxious for her beloved Greeks, stirred the heart of Agamemnon to try and revive the courage of the Achaians. Carrying a purple cloak in his strong hand, he went to Odysseus' strong black ship, which was in the midst of the fleet; and standing there, he cried aloud to the trembling Achaians, and was heard in all the other ships along the strand.

"Out upon you, ye Argives! base cowards, brave in semblance only! Where are now the boasts ye uttered in Lemnos, when ye were full of

the flesh of oxen, and drank dark wine from golden goblets? *Then* ye boasted, that each of you would face twenty, or a hundred, Trojans; and now ye flee before one man, even Hektor, who threatens to burn our ships with fire!" Then he prayed aloud to Father Zeus: "O Zeus! didst thou ever before visit a mighty king with such blindness, and take away his glory? Yet I never passed an altar of thine, on my way hither, without sacrificing a victim thereon. Pity us, and at least allow us to escape!"

And Zeus, the Thunderer, heard this piteous appeal, and had pity on him; and sent an eagle, holding a young fawn in his claws; and the bird of Zeus let fall the fawn, near the beautiful altar of Zeus the Lord of Oracles; and when the Achaians saw that the eagle had come from Zeus, they took courage, and longed once more for the joy of battle.

And no one could say that he went into the fight before Tydeides, who was the first to drive his fleet horses across the trench. He first slew a Trojan warrior, even Agelaos, the son of Phradmon, plunging his strong spear into his back, as he turned in flight. Next to mighty Diomedes came the sons of Atreus, Menelaos and Agamemnon; then the valiant twain Aiantes; then Idomeneus and his faithful brother in arms, Meriones, peer of the murderous Ares; and then Eurypylos, son of Euaimon.

After these came the famous Cretan archer Teukros, son of Telamon and Hesione. He stood with his stretched bow behind the broad

shield of the great Aias ; and when he had discharged his bow, he would hide beneath the shield, like a child in the lap of its mother ; so Teukros slew many of the foremost Trojans with his deadly arrows. When Agamemnon saw him thus making havoc of the foe, he rejoiced, and went to him, and said : “ Dear Teukros, shoot ever thus, so that thou mayest save the Danaoi, and bring glory to thy father Telamon ! If Ægis-bearing Zeus and Athene grant me to destroy the rich city of Troy, then will I give thee a meed of honour, a tripod or a chariot, or a woman to be thy wife.” And Teukros answered him : “ I need no urging, noble Agamemnon, being myself most eager to slay. Eight barbed arrows have I sent off, and all are buried in the flesh of young Trojan warriors ; only that mad dog, Hektor, I cannot hit.” So saying, he discharged another arrow straight at Hektor ; him indeed he missed, but struck another son of Priam, the noble Gorgythion, whose mother was Kastianeira, in beauty like a goddess ; and his head drooped like a poppy-flower in a garden, heavy with the showers of spring. Then Teukros sent another arrow at Hektor ; but Apollo turned it away, and it struck Archeptolomos, Hektor’s charioteer, who fell and yielded up his life. Hektor, though sorely grieved at heart, was forced to leave the body of Archeptolomos there ; and called to Kebriones, his own brother, to take the reins. Then Hektor leapt down from his splendid car, and, with a fearful shout, hurled a great stone at Teukros, just as he was laying an arrow on the bow-string ; and the rugged stone

struck Teukros on the collar-bone, and he fell on his knees, and the bow dropped from his hand. But Aias, seeing his brother Teukros fall, ran to him and covered him with his mighty shield, till his companions bore away the wounded archer to the ships.

And now great Zeus, mindful of his oath to Thetis, gave fresh courage to the Trojans; and they drove the terrified Achaians back to the deep fosse. And great Hektor strode in their midst, glorying in his strength; and like a fleet hound, which chaseth a lion or a wild boar, so Hektor pressed hard on the Achaians, slaying the kindmost as they fled. But when they had retreated behind the palisade and ditch, they halted by their swift ships, and called to one another, and prayed earnestly to Zeus.

Then the white-armed goddess, Høra, was moved with compassion for her darling Achaians, and spake winged words to Athene: "Alas, alas! Child of Ægis-bearing Zeus! are we twain to allow the Danaoi to perish at the hands of one man, this furious madman Hektor, who hath wrought us so many evils?"

And the fierce-eyed goddess Athene answered her: "Would that this fellow might yield up his life to the Argives in this, his native land! But my own father, even Zeus, is full of wrath, and obstinate; and he it is who continually thwarts my purposes. And yet, how often did I save his son, even *Herakles* (Hercules), sore wearied with the labours set him by Eurysthenes! Had I but known all this, when he was sent to Hades to

bring away fell Kerberos, the three-headed hound of Hell, he would never have escaped from the black waters of the Styx. But now Zeus hateth me, and fulfilleth the wishes of Thetis, who kissed his knees and touched his beard, and persuaded him to honour her son, Achilles. Yet the day will come when he will once more call me his own dear bright-eyed Maid. Now I will go to the house of Zeus, and don my armour; and do thou prepare the chariot, and we will see if Hektor of the shining helm will rejoice at the appearance of us twain in the field of battle."

She spake, and the white-armed Hera assented thereto. And the great daughter of Kronos, even Hera, with her own hands harnessed the steeds with the golden frontlets; and Athene, the great daughter of Loud-thundering Zeus, threw off her many-coloured woven vesture, the work of her own hands, and donned the tunic of great Zeus, and put on bright armour for the fight. Then she mounted the fiery chariot, and seized the heavy spear with which she vanquisheth the heroes who excite her wrath. Then Hera started the divine horses with her whip; and they passed through the Gates of Heaven; these open of themselves, and are guarded by the Hours, the beautiful goddesses, to whom the care of Heaven and Olympus is committed.

But when Father Zeus saw them issuing from the gates he was wroth, and called Iris, his golden-winged Messenger. "Go, swift Iris, and send them back! It were not good for them, if they and I were to engage in fight. But if they

obey not, then will I lame their horses, and hurl them from their chariot, and shatter it; and not even ten years shall heal the wounds which I will tear open with my thunderbolts. The grey-eyed one shall learn what it is to contend with her own father! But as for Hera, I am not surprised at *her*, nor so angry; for she always loveth to oppose me, whatever I decree."

So spake the Thunderer; and swift Iris sped from Ida to Olympus with his message. "Whither are ye going, and why doth wrath thus fill your hearts? The Son of Kronos straitly chargeth you to give no succour to the Achaians. And if ye obey not, he will dash your chariot in pieces, and inflict sore wounds upon you, which ten years shall hardly heal."

Thus spake swift Iris, and departed; and Hera said to Athene: "Alas! no longer can we contend with Zeus, for the sake of mortals. Let them live or die, as Fate ordaineth; and let *him* decide between the Danaoi and the Trojans, as seemeth him good." Then the goddesses turned back to Olympus; and the Hours unyoked the horses with flowing manes, and tied them to their ambrosial managers. And the great goddesses went up and sat on their golden thrones, sore grieved at heart. Zeus returned from Ida in his flaming chariot, and came to the meeting of the gods. And Poseidon, the Earth-Shaker, unyoked the divine horses, and spread a cover over the chariot. And far-seeing Zeus sat upon his golden throne, and great Olympus shook. But Hera and Athene kept silence, till Zeus observed them, and spake:

“Are ye not weary of slaying the Trojans, whom ye hate so bitterly? But my hands are so invincible, that not all the gods combined could turn me from my purpose. And if now I had hurled my thunderbolt against you twain, ye would never have returned to high Olympos.”

And Athene held her peace, though furious with her father Zeus. But Hera could not restrain her anger. “O Son of Kronos, what a word hast thou spoken! We know how great is thy might; but we have pity on the Danaoi, who are suffering a grievous fate.”

And the great Cloud-Gatherer answered her: “My ox-eyed Queen! to-morrow, since thou wilt have it so, thou shalt see me, making still greater havoc of the Achaians; for I will not keep back impetuous Hektor from the battle. No, not until the son of Peleus, the swift-footed Achilles, shall arise again, when the Achaians are already in grievous flight amidst the prows of their ships, around the body of Patroklos. I care not for thy anger, not even if thou shouldst go to the lowest boundary between earth and sea, where dwell Iapetos and Kronos, in deepest Tartaros; they have no joy in the light of Hyperion, the Sun God, or in the refreshing breezes. I care not whither thou goest, or what thou doest; for there is not a more shameless thing than thou art.”

And Hera answered not a word.

Meanwhile, the glorious sun sank beneath the ocean, and night drew a black veil across the earth, to the grief of the victorious Trojans, and

to the relief of the hard-pressed Argives. And great Hektor, dear to Zeus, summoned an assembly in an open space, near to the flowing river, away from the ships and the unburied dead. He held a mighty spear, full eleven cubits long, in his hand, and spoke thus to the Trojans, the Dardans, and allies :

“I had hoped to make still greater havoc of the Achaians ; but murky Night has come too soon for us, but as a safeguard for the Argives and their ships. But now let us feed our horses and prepare our supper ; and let oxen and sheep be brought from the city, and sweet wine and corn from your houses. And keep many fires burning, all night long, in our camp and in the city ; lest the Achaians steal away, in the darkness, over the broad-backed sea. I pray to Zeus and all the gods, to drive away these dogs, whom the gloomy Fates have sent for our destruction. For this night let us keep careful watch, and to-morrow we will renew the fight. Then shall I learn whether the strong Tydeides will drive me back from the ships, or I shall slay him and bear away his gory spoils.”

And all the Trojans shouted applause. They unyoked their sweating steeds, and feasted on the oxen and sheep from the city, and the corn and the honey-sweet wine from their houses, and sacrificed a pure hecatomb to the deathless gods. The rich savour and odour thereof rose to Heaven ; but some of the immortals would not receive it ; for they hated sacred Ilios, and Priam, and all his people.

A thousand fires blazed on the plain; and in the glow sat the watchful guards. And the horses munched the white barley; and they all awaited for the coming of the golden-throned, rosy-fingered Dawn.

CHAPTER XVI

THE Trojans kept watch all night, full of high hopes for the morrow. But dire panic and palsied fear filled the hearts of the Achæians. And the son of Atreus, King Agamemnon, was stricken to the heart with sorrow; he sent through the ranks and bade the heralds summon each Chief by name to an assembly, but not to cry aloud.

And when they had met together, Atreides rose up, weeping like a fountain which pours down a dark stream of water from an overhanging rock; and spake to his sorrowing friends: "Ye Leaders and Chiefs! hard-hearted and deceitful is the Son of Kronos; for once he promised that I should not return home till I had laid waste the well-built Ilios; but now he biddeth me return to Argos, defeated and dishonoured, with the loss of many of my people. This is the pleasure of the mighty Zeus! Let us then obey his will, and depart to our dear native land—for we shall never take the well-built city of the Trojans."

Thus spake he, weeping; and all kept silence, being dumb with grief. But Diomedes, good at shouting, rose and said: "Agamemnon! it is just that I should answer thy foolish words, here in this assembly; wherefore, be not wroth with

me ! Thou didst declare that I was not warlike, but a coward ; how truly, all the Argives know. The great Zeus hath, indeed, given to thee a sceptre of rule above all others ; but he hath *not* given thee courage, in which lieth the highest power. Dost thou really think that the sons of the Achæans are cowards ? If thy heart so inclineth thee, *depart* ; go thy way, for thou hast many ships from royal Mykenai ; but all the other Argives will remain here, until we sack the holy Ilios. • Or if they too will flee, then we twain, I and Sthenelos, will remain ; for we came by order of the gods.”

And all the Achæians shouted applause. Then Nestor, wisest of men, arose and spoke to them : “ Tydeides, thou art mighty in council and in war ; and no one will gainsay thy words. Though so young a man, thou givest sound advice. But I, who am far older, will declare my mind ; and *not* even the Lord Agamemnon will despise my counsel. But now let us prepare the evening meal, and place sentinels along the fosse, outside the wall. • Lead the way, great Agamemnon ! and make ready a feast for the Councillors—that is thy place and thy duty, for thy tents are full of wine, which the ships bring from distant Thrace. And, in the Assembly, thou shalt listen to him who giveth the wisest counsel. This night will destroy or save us.”

Thus spake Nestor, and they willingly obeyed. And the sentinels, in their armour, went forth ; even Thrasymedes, Nestor’s son, and the warlike Askalapios, and Ialmenos, and Meriones, and

Aphareus, and Deïpyros, and Lykomedes, son of Kreion. These seven chiefs led each five score young men, bearing long spears, and took their posts, between the fosse and the wall.

And great Atreides led the Councillors to his tent, and feasted them abundantly ; and when they had put away the desire of meat and drink, Nestor, weaver of wise counsel, again made harangue, saying :

“Most noble Atreides, King of men ! thee it behoveth to hear wise counsel from another, and to carry it out ; for where thou leadest, all shall follow. But I think no man will have a better plan than that which I have long revolved in my mind, since that fatal day when thou didst dishonour a man whom even the deathless gods admire, and didst take away his prize, the fair-cheeked Briseis. But, even now, let us think how we may appease his wrath, by rich gifts and kindly words.”

And Agamemnon, King of men, replied : “Rightly and justly hast thou rebuked me for my folly ! Fool that I was, to offend one whom Zeus loveth ! for a friend of Zeus is worth a multitude of other men. It is for his sake, I know, that the Achaians are perishing. But I will now pay an ample recompense, by costly gifts beyond all telling ; and these I will name to you all. I will give him seven tripods, untouched by fire, and twelve bright caldrons ; twelve swift noble horses, the winners of rich prizes ; and seven Lesbian women, skilled in handiwork, and beautiful, whom I chose from the spoils which Achilles himself

captured in the lovely isle of Lesbos. And I will return to him the fair-cheeked daughter of Briseus, pure and untouched, as when I first received her. These things I offer him *at once*; and if, by the favour of the gods, we take the great city of Priam, then we will load his ship with bronze and gold; and let him choose twenty Trojan women, the most beautiful of all except the lovely Helen of Argos, the daughter of Zeus. And if we reach the wealthy city of Argos, I will honour him as my son, even as my boy, Orestes. Three daughters of mine dwell in my fair halls; even Chrysothemis, Laodike, and Iphianassa. Let him choose whichever he will, without gift of wooing; and as a dower, I will give him seven populous cities, Kardamyle, and Enope, grassy Hire, sacred Pherai, Antheia, rich in grass, fair Aipeia, and Pedasos, famed for vines; these are near the sea, on the confines of sandy Pylos; and there dwell men rich in cattle, who will honour him as a god. Let him then lay aside his anger, and be ruled by me, seeing that I am of higher rank, and older in years."

Then Nestor, the brave knight of Gerenia, arose, well pleased, and spake: "By no means worthless, O noble son of Atreus, are the gifts which thou wilt offer to Achilles. Come then, and let us, with all speed, send chosen men to Achilles' tent, whom I will now appoint. Let Phoinix, dear to Zeus, be the chief; and let mighty Aias, and cunning Odysseus, follow him; and for heralds I name Odios and Eurybates. And let us all keep silence, that we may pray to Zeus to have mercy upon us."

Then the heralds poured water on their hands, and the young men filled the goblets brimming high with wine, and offered a libation and distributed a portion to each man, in the cups; and when they had drunk to their hearts' content, they came forth from Agamemnon's tent; and the Gerenian Nestor gave a charge to each, but chiefly to Odysseus, how they might best prevail on the noble son of Peleus.

So they moved along the shore of the loud-resounding sea, praying to the great Earth-Shaker, that they might persuade the mind of noble *Aiakides* (Achilles). And they soon came to the camp of the Myrmidons, and found their great leader, playing on the curiously wrought *phorminx* with a silver band, which he had taken from Eëtion's city; and he sang to it of the glorious deeds of ancient heroes. And near him sat Patroklos, in silence. And Aias and Odysseus came forward, and stood in the presence of the noble Peleides. And the swift-footed Achilles rose quickly, with the lyre in his hand, and greeted them kindly, and said: "I bid you welcome; for ye are friends, the dearest to me of all the Achaians; dear are ye to me even in my wrath." And he made them sit on chairs, with purple carpets, and cried aloud to Patroklos: "Bring larger goblets and stronger wine, and give each man a cup; for they are the dearest of men to me."

And Patroklos obeyed; and on the slaughter-bench he laid the back of a sheep, and a fat goat, and the chine of a hog, rich in fat; and he sliced the meat, and roasted it on spits, and served it on

platters ; and Patroklos laid bread on the table, in beautiful baskets. And great Achilles served his guests with meat ; and afterwards sat down opposite to goodly Odysseus. And when the desire of meat and drink had passed from them, Aias made a sign to Phoenix ; and the goodly Odysseus observed it ; and, rising with a cup in his hand, he pledged Achilles, and spake :

“ Neither here, nor in the tent of Agamemnon, do we lack abundant provision for glad feasts. But now, our hearts are set on other things, and not on dainty food ; for sore destruction lies before us. We are in dire anxiety, and in doubt whether we can even save our black ships without thy help, O thou beloved of Zeus ! Close to our wall, the high-hearted Trojans have pitched their camp ; and the Son of Kronos favours them by signs of good omen ; and Hektor, trusting in Zeus, rageth furiously, and feareth neither god nor man. He is praying for the speedy coming of the golden-throned Dawn, the rosy-fingered ; and hath threatened to burn our ships with devouring flames, and to make havoc of the Achaians. Arise, then, O mighty son of Peleus, and save us from the war-cry of the Trojans ! Thou wouldst thyself be sorry, if Hektor should make good his boast, and we should perish here, far away from our dear native land. Remember the command of thy father, Peleus, when he sent thee forth from Phthia : ‘ My son, Hera and Athene will give thee strength ; but do thou curb thy proud soul ; for gentleness is better than violence ; and avoid contentious strife, that the Argives may honour

thee the more.' Hast thou forgotten the old man's charge? Come, now, and at last put away thine anger, and save us! Agamemnon offereth thee the richest gifts, as recompense; and will give thee his own daughter in marriage; and will restore Briseis, unharmed and pure; and make thee lord of seven rich and populous cities, on the borders of sandy Pylos, where men will honour thee as a god. But even if thou hatest Agamemnon too much, yet have pity on the Achaians, and win from them exceeding glory! Surely thou mayest slay this Hektor; for he will come near to thee, because he thinketh that no one is equal to himself in might."

Then the swift-footed Achilles answered him and said: "O Zeus-sprung son of Laertes, wily Odysseus, I will speak openly to thee; for I hate that man, like Hell, who hath one thought in his heart and uttereth another! Not *me* shall the son of Atreus persuade, since we get no thanks for our endless toil in the battlefield; equal honour is given to the coward and to the brave man, and death cometh alike to the sluggard and the zealous worker. Nor have I any profit from ever risking my life in battle. As the mother hen bringeth to her brood each mouthful that she findeth, suffering want herself, so I have watched through many a sleepless night, fighting daily. I have destroyed twelve towns from my ships, and eleven from the land, and have found much treasure, and many women in them all; but I gave all to Atreides, who was abiding idle in his tents. And he would give some little to the other Princes, and let them keep their prizes; but he kept almost all for

himself. And from *me*, of all the Achaïans, he hath taken away my darling maiden, and keepeth her. Why is it that we make war on the Trojans? Is it not for the sake of fair Helen, the wife of Menelaos? Are, then, the sons of Atreus the only men who love their wives? Surely, every sound-minded man will love and cherish his own; and I, too, loved Briseis with all my heart, though she was but my captive and my slave.

“Let Agamemnon, then, who hath robbed me and deceived me—let him not think to prevail over me by gifts. Let him take counsel with thee and the other Chiefs, how best to save the ships from fire. Agamemnon hath done many things without my help; he hath built a wall, and dug a deep ditch; but he will not keep out the man slaying Hektor. When I was with the Achaïans, Hektor would hardly come to the Skaian Gate and the beech tree; and once, when he met me alone, he narrowly escaped. But now, I have no wish to fight with noble Hektor. For to-morrow I will launch my black ships, and thou shalt see me sailing over the Hellespont; and if it be the good pleasure of the Earth-Shaker, Poseidon, in three days I shall reach fertile Phthia, where are my rich possessions. And I shall bear more with me—red gold, and bronze, and grey iron, and fair women, and all that I have gained by lot. Only my most cherished prize, the fair-checked Briseis, shall I leave behind me, whom Agamemnon, in his insolence, hath taken from me!

“I charge you to tell him, truly, what I say; that the Achaïans may be angry with him, if he

dares to despoil another man among them, as he hath done me. Verily, he could not look me in the face, though he has the forehead of a dog. I will take no counsel with him, for he hath cheated me most wickedly; never again shall he beguile and cozen me. Let him go; for Zeus hath deprived him of his wits. I despise his gifts, and value him less than a hair. If he would give me twenty times all his possessions, and all the revenues of rich Orchomenos, or Egyptian Thebes of the hundred gates, and other gifts as numerous as the grains of sand on the sea-shore, never should he prevail upon me, until I have avenged myself for all his injuries. I would not wed the daughter of Atreides, even were she as beautiful as golden Aphrodite, and skilled in handiwork as bright-eyed Athene. For if, by the favour of the gods, I reach my home in safety, Peleus my father will give me a wife, one of the daughters of the Princes of Hellas and Phthia; of them I will take to wife, whomsoever I please. She shall be my helpmeet, and may, one day, enjoy with me the possessions of the aged Peleus. Life is of more worth than all the wealth of well-built Troy, than all the treasures of Phoibos Apollo's shrine in rocky Pytho! For cattle, or flocks of sheep, may be gained by a foray; and chestnut horses may be bought; but nought can bring back a man's life, when once the vital breath hath passed his lips!

"As for *me*, my goddess-mother, silver-footed Thetis, hath placed before me twain fates. If I remain here, fighting against the Trojans, then I may never return to my dear native land, but I

shall gain immortal glory. But if I now go home, I lose my high renown, but my life will long continue. But *you* I advise to sail homeward! For ye will never take steep Ilios, seeing that the hand of Zeus is over the city, and the people are brave. Go ye, then, and bear my answer to the Achaians; and let them devise some better counsel, whereby to save their ships and folk. But let Phoinix abide with me, and, if he be willing, return with me to-morrow to our dear native land."

Thus spake Achilles; and for awhile, they all kept silence, being greatly astonished by his stern refusal. At last, the old knight Phoinix answered him, bursting into tears: "If, indeed, thy mind be set upon returning home, how can I be left here alone? The aged Peleus sent me to thee from Phthia, when thou wert an inexperienced youth, unskilled in war and in debate. He sent me to thee, dear son, to teach thee all these things, and to guide thy words and actions. When I fled from the wrath of my father, Amyntor, and passed through the wide plain of Hellas, and came to fertile Phthia, the mother of sheep, King Peleus received me as a son. He also gave me much wealth, and made me ruler of the Dolopes. It was I that reared thee to thy present glory; and thou didst honour and love me as thy chosen companion. As the blessed gods gave me no children, I made thee my son, O godlike Achilles, that thou mightest save me from dire destruction. Therefore, curb now thy proud heart; for even the gods will yield, when men approach them reverently, with incense and prayer, with drink-offering

and burnt-offering for sin. The prayers of the penitent are the daughters of Holy Zeus, and they follow the steps of fleet-footed Sin, to heal the mischief. See then, O godlike Achilles, that thou reverence the daughters of Zeus, who bend the hearts of the pious. If King Atreides still nourished his wrath against thee, and offered thee no splendid gifts, I would not ask thee to forgive him and save the Argives. But now, he offereth much treasure, and sendeth to thee *us*, the best of the Achaians, who are dearest of all to thyself. Therefore do not thou dishonour us, though at first thou hadst good reason to be wroth. Come, now! accept the gifts! and the Achaians will honour thee as a god!"

But Achilles answered him and said: "Phoinix, my second father, beloved of Zeus! I need no such honour as thou offerest. Zeus will honour me, so long as I still draw breath and my limbs are strong. Trouble me not by tears and lamentations; neither ask me to do the will of the King Atreides! And do not thou cherish *him*, my enemy, lest thou, too, be hated by me. Stay thou here, and be as a king with me; and these others shall bear my answer to the Achaians. Tomorrow I will consider whether to remain or to depart."

Then the godlike Achilles kept silence, but nodded to his dear friend Patroklos to prepare a couch for Phoinix, that the others might depart. Aias saw the nod, and understood it. He turned to the wily Odysseus, and said to him: "Heaven-born Odysseus, now let us depart, and tell the bad

news to the Danaoi, who are anxiously awaiting our return; since we can in no way accomplish our purpose. Achilles hath roused his proud soul to fury—hard-hearted man! Little careth he for the love of his comrades, who worshipped him above all other men! A man will take a recompense for the death of a brother or a son, and for a great price will let the slayer remain safely in his own country. But thy wrath, Achilles! is implacable on account of one damsel, though we offer thee seven of the fairest maidens, and boundless other gifts! Meet us, then, in a kindly spirit; for, lo! we are thy guests, sent by all the Danaoi, who would fain be nearest to thy heart.”

And Achilles answered: “O Heaven-born son of Telamon, thou great prince of the people, all that thou sayest cometh almost from mine own heart. But wrath seizeth me, when I remember how insolently *he* treated me before the Argives, as if I were some vile vagabond. But bear my message to Atreides, and tell him that I will take no part in bloody war until the noble Hektor, the son of wise Priam, come to *my* tents, even the tents of my people, the Myrmidons, slaughtering the Argives, and blackening the ships in the fire. And I think that even Hektor will pause before *my* tents.”

Thus he spake; and having poured out a libation, the envoys went along the shore, and great Odysseus led the way.

Patroklos, meantime, had bidden the handmaidens to prepare a warm couch for Phoinix; and great Achilles slept in the recess on one side

of his well-built hut ; and on the other side, his friend Patroklos.

And when the envoys Aias and Odysseus, came to the camp of Atreides, where the Achaians were assembled, Agamemnon, King of men, eagerly questioned them ; and Odysseus told him the answer that Achilles had sent. Then were the Achaians long dumb with sorrow, till great Diomedes said to the King Agamemnon : " I would that thou hadst never sent offers of gifts to the haughty son of Pélus ; for now he will be more arrogant than ever. But let him go or stay, fight or refrain from battle, as his heart shall bid him. In the morning, do thou, Agamemnon, draw up the forces of thy people, horsemen and foot, and urge them to the battle ; and do thou, thyself, fight in the front rank ! "

CHAPTER XVII

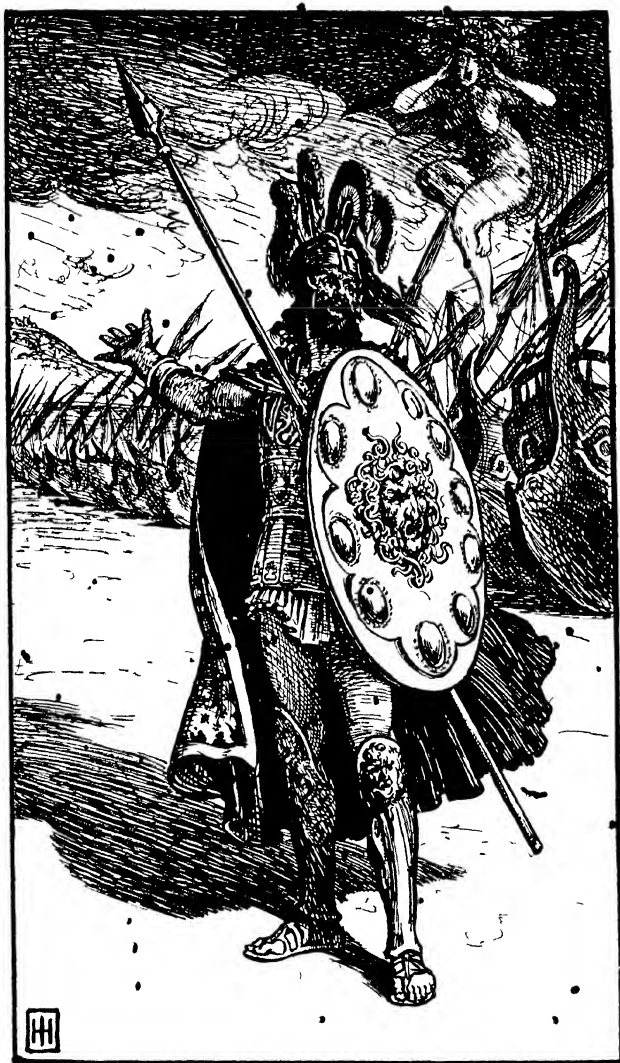
Now, all the other Chiefs of the Achaians were holden all night by gentle sleep ; but Agamemnon the great Shepherd of the People, slept not, but lay wakeful, pondering many things in his mind and his spirit trembled within him. He looked over the wide plain of Troy, and saw the fires blazing before Ilios, and heard the sound of flute and pipe, and the din of many men. And he turned his eyes again to the ships and the host of the Achaians. Then, in despair, he tore out great locks of his hair, and offered them to Zeus, and groaned in his noble heart.

And Dawn, the rosy-fingered, left her couch beside Tithonos—on whom she had conferred eternal life, but not eternal youth—and brought back sweet light to gods and men.

And Zeus sent forth the fell Goddess of Discord to the camp of the Achaians, with the dread ægis the sign of bloody war, in her hands ; and she took her stand on the ship of Odysseus, which lay in the centre of the long array of vessels. And she cried aloud with her shrill and horrible voice, and steeled the heart of each of the Achaians with mighty strength ; so that war seemed sweeter to them than a return to their own dear country.

And the mighty son of Átreus shouted his commands to the host to arm themselves ; and he too put on his bright armour of shining bronze. On his broad chest he put a flashing breastplate, the gift of Cinyras, Apollo's son, priest of the Paphian Aphrodite ; in it were wrought ten courses of black kyanos (*Lapis lazuli*), twelve of gold, and twenty of tin ; and dark blue-black serpents writhed up to the neck. His mighty gold-studded sword, in a silver scabbard, was suspended by chains of gold. Around his wide shield, which covered the whole man, were ten circles of bronze, with bosses of white tin and one of kyanos ; and on the shield was the awful Gorgon's head, glaring frightfully, with Fear and Terror by her side. A silver baldric, attached to the shield, had upon it, coiled up, a three-headed snake, of kyanos. Agamemnon's helmet was surmounted by four crests, with nodding plumes of horse-hair. In his hand was his bronze-headed spear. Hera and Athene sent a thunder-clap to honour the coming forth of the rich King of Mykenai.

The Chiefs gave orders to their charioteers to keep near the fosse, along which they ranged themselves a little in front of the chariots and horses. Loud-thundering Zeus, the Son of Kronos, aroused confusion, and sent down rain like drops of blood, for a sign that many strong men were to go down to Hades. Meanwhile, the Trojans, on the high ground of the plain, gathered around great Hektor ; among them were noble Polydamas and godlike Aineias, and the three sons



Agamemnon in his armour and Goddess of Discord —Page

of Antenor, namely, Polybos, Agenor, and the fair young warrior Akamas, divinely beautiful. And, in the front rank, the godlike Hektor carried his round shield; and as a baneful star, which now shineth between the clouds, and now again is hidden by them, so he was now foremost, and then turned to give his commands to those in the rear. His bright bronze armour shone as the lightning of Ægis-bearing Zeus.

And as two bands of reapers, from opposite sides, mow down the wheat or barley in a rich man's field, and draw nearer and nearer to each other; so the Trojans and Achæians advanced; then they rushed upon each other like ravening wolves, without a thought of recreant flight. The sight was well-pleasing to the baleful *Eris* (Discord), who alone was present to behold it, for all the other gods sat peacefully in their palaces, or in the dells of Olympus; and they all blamed the cloud-girt Son of Kronos, because he gave great glory to the Trojans.

But about the mid-day hour, when the woodman, weary of felling great trees, taketh his sweet food, the valiant Danaoi broke through the enemy's battalions. Agamemnon rushed through first, and slew Bienor and his charioteer, Oïleus; the latter, quitting his chariot, had bravely faced Atreides, but the King's spear pierced his forehead, and scattered his brains upon the ground. Agamemnon stripped these two of their corslets, and left their bodies there. He then hastened on to kill Isos and Antiphos, two sons of Priam; Isos held the reins, and Antiphos fought by his side. Aga-

memnon, well knowing who they were—for great Achilles had once brought them as prisoners from Ida to the ships—struck Isos in the breast, and dashed Antiphos from his chariot, smiting him close to the ear. None of the Trojans were able to save them, but themselves fled before the Argives.

Many others did the mighty Agamemnon slay. And as the woods fall when a fire seizeth upon them, so did the fleeing Trojans fall; and many chariots rattled away without their drivers; for these lay on the earth, dearer to the vultures than to their wives.

But Zeus was wroth, when he saw the havoc which lordly Agamemnon was making of the Trojans; and he drew away Hektor from the storm of darts and the dust of the fight. Yet the son of Atreus pursued, ever slaying the hindmost of the flying Trojans; but, when he came to the steep wall of the city, the Great Father of Gods and Men descended from Heaven, and sat upon the crests of Ida, with a thunderbolt in his hand. And he called to golden-winged Iris, and sent her with a message to Hektor: "Tell him that so long as he seeth Atreides raging in the front rank, he must hold himself aloof from the fight; but when Agamemnon is wounded, with spear or arrow, and mounteth his chariot, then shall Hektor slay the Argives, till he cometh to the well-built ships, and the sun goeth down."

And Iris sped swiftly, and delivered her message; and Hektor leapt down from his chariot, shaking his two spears, and roused his men

to fight ; and they turned and faced the Achaïans ; but Agamemnon rushed on, eager to slay yet more.

Tell me, ye heavenly Muses, who inhabit the palaces of Olympos ! who first dared to meet the man-slaying Agamemnon ? It was Iphidamas, son of great Antenor, who was reared in rich Thrace, the mother of sheep, by his grandfather Kisseus, the father of the fair Theano. Kisseus, indeed, tried to keep him in his halls, and gave him his beautiful daughter in marriage ; but when Iphidamas heard of the arrival of the Achaïans, he went to Troy by land. He it was who met the great Atreides face to face. And Atreides hurled his spear, but missed ; and Iphidamas thrust his spear into the girdle of Agamemnon, but the point of the spear was turned. Then Agamemnon tore the spear from the hand of Iphidamas, and smote him on the neck with his sword. And he fell, and slept the sleep of death, far from his people and his newly wedded wife, for whom he had given a hundred oxen, and promised a thousand goats and sheep.

And the eldest son of Antenor, Koön, who saw his dear brother fall, covered his eyes for sorrow. He stood on one side, and thrust his spear into the arm of Atreides, beneath the elbow. Agamemnon shuddered, but still rushed on, and wounded Koön, and cut off his head. But when the wound of Agamemnon grew dry, and the blood ceased to flow, keen anguish came upon him. He mounted his chariot, and ordered his charioteer to drive to the hollow ships, being sore stricken at

heart. And he cried with a loud voice to the Danaoi: "My friends, great Chiefs of the Argives! do ye save the ships from the fire!" For the Great Counsellor, Zeus, suffereth me no longer to fight the Trojans."

And when Hektor saw that Agamemnon had left the field, he cried aloud to his followers: "Ye Trojans, Lyxians, and Dardans! the best man of the enemy hath departed; and Zeus hath granted me great glory. Therefore, my friends, remember your former valour, and drive the single-hooved horses against the Argives, that ye may win the greater glory!" Thus spake he, and roused their spirit to fight with might and main. As when a hunter setteth on his white-teethed hounds against a boar or lion, so did mighty Hektor set on the high-spirited Trojans against the Danaoi. He himself rushed into the fight, like the roaring wind, when it stirreth up the purple sea; and first he slew Assaios, then Autonods, Opites, Opheltios, and Dolops, son of Klytios, and Agelaos, Oros, and Hipponoos, the stalwart in battle; all these Chiefs he slew; then he smote the common herd, and scattered them, as the west wind scattereth the spray of ocean.

And now would all the Achaïans have fled to the hollow ships, and their ruin would have begun, had not Odysseus cried to the valiant son of Tydeus: "O great Diomedes! how is it that we have forgotten our former valour? Come, my friend, and stand by me; shameful were it if Hektor of the glancing helmet were to burn our ships!" Then Tydeides answered him: "I will

indeed stand my ground, but small will be our profit ; for Zeus of the Storm-Cloud loveth to give victory to the Trojans, and not to us."

Having spoken thus, he struck Thymbraios in the breast with his heavy spear, and hurled him from his chariot ; and Odysseus slew his brave companion, Molion ; then they rushed on, fierce as two wild boars. Having stayed the flight of the Achaians, they slew, in one chariot, the two sons of Merops, the skilful soothsayer of Perkote, who had tried to keep them from the war, but they would not obey him.

Zeus, looking down from Ida, held level the scales of the opposing hosts, and made them more nearly equal to each other. Hektor, when he observed Diomedes and Odysseus making havoc of his men, rushed forward, shouting loudly, and the Trojans followed him. Diomedes, shuddering at the sight, said to Odysseus : "Lo ! here is mighty Hektor, rolling like Ruin upon us ; but let us stand our ground, and ward off his onslaught." Thus saying, he hurled his long-shafted spear at Hektor's head ; it struck the top of his crest, but the point was turned aside by the three-fold helmet, a gift of Phoibos Apollo. Great Hektor sprang back, and for the moment was stunned ; he sank, leaning on one hand, and darkness came over his eyes.

But Tydeides, looking at the flight of his spear beyond, saw it fix itself in the ground, while Hektor, recovering his breath, arose and got into his chariot, and escaped black fate. Then mighty Tydeides followed him, mocking him and shout-

ing : "Thou dog ! once more hast thou fled from death by the help of Phoibos Apollo, the bright Archer, to whom thou prayest !"

But Alexandros (Paris), Lord of the fair Helen, leaning against a pillar, aimed an arrow at great Diomedes, while he was stripping off the armour of Agastrophos ; and the arrow went through the right foot of Tydeides, and pinned it to the ground. And Paris, sweetly laughing ; mocked him : "I have hit thee—the dart flew not in vain ! I would thāt it had pierced thy belly, and taken thy life away." And brave Diomedes, undismayed, made answer :

"Thou wretched archer ! proud of thy bow—reviler and slanderer—thou ogler of girls ! never wouldst thou dare to meet a man, face to face, in full armour ! Thou hast grazed my foot ; but I care no more than if a woman, or a feeble boy, had struck me ; for vain is the arrow of a worthless coward."

Then the far-famed warrior Odysseus came to Diomedes, and stood before him, while he pulled the sharp arrow from his foot. And he mounted his chariot, and ordered the charioteer to take him back to the ships ; for he was sick at heart. So Odysseus was left alone ; not one of the Achaians dared to stay with him ; and he communed thus with his dear soul : "Alas for me ! what will become of me ? It is an evil thing to flee ; and still worse if I am caught here all alone, for Zeus hath put to flight all the other Argives. But well I know that only cowards fear to fight, but the hero stands his ground, whether to kill or to be killed."

Meanwhile, the Trojans gathered round him, like young men and dogs, hunting, round a boar, as he whetteth his white tusks, and they await his terrible onslaught. And first, Odysseus wounded the noble Deiopites in the shoulder; next, he slew Thoön, and Ennomos, and Chersidamas; and wounded Charops, son of Hippasos, brother of noble Sokos. And godlike Sokos came near, to help his brother, and spake: "O famous Odysseus, unwearied in guile and toil! to-day shalt thou either boast of having killed two worthy sons of Hippasos, or fall beneath my spear!"

So saying, he hurled his great spear, and struck the round shield of Odysseus; and the keen spear passed through the shield and corslet, and tore the flesh upon his ribs; but Athene stopped it from piercing his bowels, and he knew that his end was not yet come. Then he cried aloud to Sokos: "Wretched man that thou art! black fate is come upon thee; and thou wilt give glory to me, when thou fallest beneath my spear, and thy soul goeth down to Hades."

And Sokos turned to flight; but Odysseus drove his spear right through his back, and he fell with a mighty crash.

Then he drew the spear of Sokos from his side, and the blood spouted from the wound, and it grieved his spirit. The Trojans, when they saw him bleeding, thronged close about him. But he retreated, and thrice he called aloud to his companions. And Menelaos heard him, and spake to Aias: "O Aias, Zeus-nurtured son of Telamon! I hear the shout of the stout-hearted Odysseus. I

fear that he is cut off by the Trojans, being alone, and is suffering some evil, brave as he is. Let us hasten into the throng of battle ; for it is better to save him."

So saying, he led the way, and they found Odysseus close beset by the Trojans, like a wounded stag beset by bloodthirsty jackals. He fleeth till his blood is spent, and then the jackals tear him, in a dense mountain forest ; but when the god bringeth thither a fierce lion, the jackals flee, or the lion readeth them. In like manner were the Trojans gathered round Odysseus, but he held them at bay with his strong spear ; and when Aias appeared on the ground, bearing his mighty shield like a tower, the Trojans fled in terror, in all directions ; and warlike Menelaos took Odysseus by the hand, and the charioteer drove up the horses.

Of all this, great Hektor knew nothing at all ; for he was fighting on the left, near the river Skamandros, where the slaughter was greatest. And a ceaseless cry arose around wise Nestor and the warlike Idomeneus. And Hektor wrought terrible havoc with his spear, and dealt dire destruction upon the ranks of the young warriors. But the noble Achaians would not have given way, had not Alexandros, Lord of the beautiful Helen, with a three-barbed arrow from his bow, checked Machaon, the son of Asklepios, in his onset, by wounding him in the shoulder.

Then Idomeneus cried to the wise Nestor : " O Nestor, pride of the Achaians ! take Machaon in thy chariot, and drive him to the ships ;

for a physician or surgeon is better than other men to cut out arrows, and to apply the healing unguents." And the good Gerenian knight mounted his chariot, with Machaon, and lashed the willing horses, which sped to the hollow ships, where they longed to be.

And Kebriones, Hektor's brave charioteer, saw the Trojans fleeing on the other side, and said: "O Hektor! here indeed we face the Danaoi; but on the other side of the field I see that Telamonian Aias is driving off the Trojans in confusion, both men and horses. I know him by the broad shield over his shoulders. Let us then drive our chariot thither into the thickest of the fight, where the battle cry is loud and ceaseless."

But now Zeus, from his lofty throne, struck terror into the heart of Aias; and he turned his sevenfold shield of bull-hide round upon his back, and looked fearfully upon the throng before him. He turned himself about like a wild beast, slowly giving ground; and as when men and dogs chase the tawny lion from the fold, nor suffer him to seize the fattest of the herd, so Aias unwillingly retreated, sore afraid for the ships of the Achaians. And now he would remember his impetuous valour, and turn upon the pursuing Trojans; and then, again, he would retire before them; but he stopped them from reaching the fleet ships, while their spears stuck in his broad shield and in the earth, longing to surfeit themselves with his blood.

When Eurypylos, the illustrious son of Euaimon, saw Aias thus oppressed by the spears and the cloud of arrows, he went to his aid. He cast his

bright spear at the leader, Apisaon, son of Phausios, and slew him. But the archer Alexandros saw Eurypylos stripping this man of his armour, and shot an arrow, which hit him in the right thigh. Then Eurypylos went back to his comrades, and shouted loudly to them : "O ye leaders of the Argives ! stand here, and defend the son of Telamon, for he is sore pressed with darts !" Thus spake the wounded Eurypylos ; and they closed around him, and held up their sloping shields above their heads ; and Aias came to meet them ; then the opposing ranks fought like raging fires.

CHAPTER XVIII

MEANTIME, the chariot had borne wise Nestor and the wounded Machaon out of the battle. And Achilles, standing by the stern of his great ship, for he was watching the rout of the Argives, saw them coming, and called to him Patroklos, his chosen friend. Patroklos came out from the tent, and asked Achilles : "For what reason dost thou call me?" Achilles answered him : "O son of Menoitios, my dearest friend ! now I think that the Achaians will gather round my knees, with prayers ; for intolerable stress hath come upon them. But go thou, and ask Nestor whom he is bringing wounded from the battle ; his back is like that of Machaon, the wise physician ; but I could not see his eyes, for the horses sped so quickly past." "

Then Patroklos ran past the ships, and came to Nestor's tent. Here the charioteer, Eurymedon, had unyoked the horses, and the men were drying the sweat from their doublets, standing before the breeze on the shore. The twain entered the tent and sat down ; and the fair Hekamede, whom Achilles had captured in Tenedos, and who had been given as a prize to Nestor, set a table, and placed on it a bronze vessel, with onions as a relish to the

wine, and sweet honey, and sacred barley. And she brought a four-handed cup of embossed gold, with golden figures of two doves feeding, which, when it was full, most men would hardly lift, but old Nestor raised it easily ; in this she mixed Pramnian wine with grated goat's milk cheese, and white barley.

When they had quenched their thirst, they discoursed pleasantly with one another. Patroklos stood at the entrance of the tent ; and Nestor, when he saw him, took him by the hand, and bade him sit down. But Patroklos refused, saying : " No time have I, noble old man, for sitting down ; for one who is much to be feared hath sent me. I come to ask, who is the wounded man whom thou bringest home ; but I see myself that it is Machaon. Now, I will return and tell Achilles, for well thou knowest what a terrible man he is ; for often he blameth even the innocent." Then the Gerenian knight spake again : " Why should Achilles pretend to be sorry for the wounded Achaians ? Wounded are strong Diomedes, and Odysseus, and Agamemnon, and Eurypylos ; and now I have brought this other, Machaon, wounded by an arrow. But Achilles, valiant as he is, hath neither care nor pity for the Danaoi. Is he waiting till our ships are burnt, and we all lie dead, one upon another ? Would that I were still in the full strength of my youth, as in the war between the Pylans and the Eleians ! "

Then old Nestor related some of his own deeds of prowess many years before, adding, " Such a man was I. But, O my friend, do thou now

remember the command of thy father Menoitios, when he sent thee from Phthia. The goodly Odysseus and I were then in the house, and the aged Peleus was sacrificing to Zeus. We stood at the door, and heard all ; but Achilles sprang up, brought us in, and seated us on chairs. Peleus gave counsel to his son ; and Menoitios, thy father, said to thee, Patroklos, at thy parting : ‘ Achilles is of loftier lineage than thou ; thou art older, but remember that he is far mightier and higher in rank.’ Dost thou think of that ? But now I bid thee speak to Achilles, reasonably and gently, and he will perhaps listen to thy words. If he is held back by some oracle of a god, or if his goddess-mother has brought him some message of Zeus, let him, at any rate, send thee forth, with the rest of the Myrmidons, and lend thee his beautiful armour to wear in the battle, so that the Trojans may perhaps take thee for Achilles ! ”

And Patroklos, being young and of a noble spirit, felt his heart stirred by this proposal, hoping thereby to earn for himself much glory. He ran back past the ships to speak to Achilles ; but on his way met Eurypylos, limping from his cruel wound. Patroklos pitied him, and said : “ Ah, ye wretched Chiefs of the Danaoi ! doomed are ye to feed the swift dogs of Troy ! Tell me, Eurypylos, will the Achaians be able to drive back noble Hektor ? or will they fall beneath his spear ? ”

Eurypylos answered : “ The Danaoi can make no defence, but will perish in the midst of their

black ships. ' All the bravest are lying wounded in the ships and tents ; and the strength of the Trojans is continually waxing. But do thou help me now, and take me to my ship ; and cut the arrow from my thigh, and lave it with warm water. Thou hast learnt the art of medicine from Achilles, who was taught by the righteous Centaur, Cheiron."

And Patroklos, though eager to carry the message of Gerenian Nestor to Achilles, would not desert the wounded Eurypylos ; but, putting one arm round his waist, supported him to the tent. Then he cut out the arrow, and washed the wound, and laid upon it the root of a bitter herb, which soothed his pain ; and the wound began to dry, and the blood no longer flowed.

CHAPTER XIX

MEANTIME, the Trojans and Achaians had fought confusedly about the rampart and the fosse, which would not long protect the ships, as they had been built in spite of the immortal gods, and no costly hecatombs had been offered upon account of them. But so long as Hektor lived, and while Achilles refrained from battle, and Troy was not yet captured and sacked, so long were the wall and fosse made by the Danaoi to stand firm on the sea-shore.

Their destruction was to come in the after-time ; but now, the Argives were closely pent behind the fosse and wall, in fear of Hektor ; for he was rushing around, like a furious raging wind. He urged his followers to cross the dyke ; but their horses were afraid, and stood at its edge, loudly neighing ; for sharp stakes were fixed in its sides and bottom, and it was hard to leap over. Polydamas therefore advised Hektor to lead the men across on foot ; this counsel pleased Hektor, who, in full armour, leapt from his chariot, and the other Trojan Chiefs did likewise. Hektor divided his force into five companies ; he and Polydamas, with Kebfiones, commanded the first, which was the largest and best ; the second was led by Paris, Alkathoos, and Agenor ; Helenos and

Deiphobos, sons of Priam, with Asios led the third, and Aineias, son of Anchises, with Archelochos and Akamas, two sons of Antenor, commanded the fourth. Sarpedon, son of Zeus, with Glaukos and Asteropaios, led the Lykian allies. The Chiefs all went on foot, except Asios, who refused to leave his horses and chariot, and drove by the left flank to a gate, which the Achaians had left open to receive any of their comrades flying from the battle.

Here Asios and his followers, Isménos, Orestes, Adamas, son of Axios, Thoön, and Oinomaos, burst through, thinking to reach the ships. But they found their way barred by two of the bravest men, even strong Polypoites, son of Peirithoos, and Leonteus, peer of baleful Ares. When these brave warriors saw the Trojans attacking the wall, and the Danaoi crying out and fleeing, they sallied forth, and fought in front of the gates most fiercely; while the Danaoi, on the wall, and on the strong towers, were hurling down stones, which fell in multitude like snow-flakes, upon the heads of the assailing Trojans. And Asios, son of Hyrtakos, groaned aloud, and uttered harsh complaints against Zeus. "O Father Zeus," he cried: "thou surely lovest a lie; for I thought that the Achaian heroes could in no way stand against us; but now they are like the swarms of nimble wasps or busy bees, which abide at the entrance to their hollow nests, and drive away those who come near them, defending their offspring." The two Danaian Chiefs, indeed, fought stoutly; Polypoites drove his spear through the helmet of Damastos, piercing his head and scattering his brain

on the ground ; and Leonteus cut down several others, even Hippomachus, Antiphates, Menon, and Orestes.

But the bravest of the young warriors who followed Hektor and Polydamas, and were most eager to force the wall and burn the ships, were stopped by a portent from Zeus, and stood hesitating at the edge of the fosse. For a mighty Eagle appeared on their left hand, high up in the air, holding in his claws a monstrous blood-red Snake, still struggling. And the Snake writhed, and bit the Eagle in the breast, near the neck ; and the bird, in sore pain, dropped the Snake among the Trojans, and flew away down the wind. And the frightened Trojans shuddered, when they saw the glossy, shimmering scales of the Snake in the midst of them ; for they knew that it was an evil omen from Ægis-bearing Zeus.

Then the prudent Polydamas stood by Hektor, and said : “ O Hektor ! thou art ever rebuking me in the Assembly, though I counsel wisely ; and though none may oppose thee in council or in war, yet I will speak my mind. Let us not go forward and fight at the ships ; for when we were eager to cross the moat, this eagle appeared to us on the left hand, bearing a monstrous snake, and the snake hurt him in the breast ; and the eagle did not carry it home to his nest. And so we, though we break through the wall, shall return in disorder and confusion, leaving many of the Trojans behind us.”

And Hektor of the bright helmet was angry, and looked askance at him, and said : “ If thou

speakest seriously, then the deathless gods themselves have disturbed thy wits. Dost thou forget the promises of Loud-thundering Zeus, when he nodded with his mighty head? For me, I care not for birds, long of wing, whether they fly to the right, to the rosy-fingered Dawn and the Sun, or to the left, to misty darkness. Let us trust Almighty Zeus, the Father of Gods and Men! *The Best of Omens is to Fight for our Country!* Thou needst have no fears; for if all of us perish, thou wilt remain, for thy heart is unwarlike; but mark my words, if thou avoidest the battle, or persuadest others to refrain from it, thy blood shall flow around my spear."

So saying, Hektor led them on, and they followed with a mighty roar. And Loud-thundering Zeus sent a blast from Ida, which blew the dust against the ships, and damped the courage of the Achaians, and gave glory to Hektor and the Trojans. These, confiding in the favour of Zeus and in their own strength, now attacked the wall and the supports of the towers. They dragged down the pinnacles and the sheltering parapets, and prized up the buttresses; yet the Achaians did not retreat, but tried to close up the breaches with their shields of bull-hide, and hurled down darts and stones on the Trojans below.'

But the two Aiantes like towers moved incessantly along the wall, and spake to the Achaians, inspiring courage. The Chiefs they addressed with soft words, but others with bitter taunts: "O Friends!" they said, "we cannot be all equal in war; but now there is work for all, and for men

of every degree. Let no man retreat to the ships, or listen to him who suggesteth flight; but go forward, and encourage others; and perhaps Olympian Zeus will grant us to drive back the foe to their city."

Thus did these two rouse the spirit of the Achaians, and urge them to fight. And as in the winter, when Zeus the Counsellor fulleth the winds and sendeth forth his snow without ceasing, until he hath covered hill and plain, the grassy meadows and the rich ploughed lands, and only the rolling waves of the sea keep off the snow—so flew the stones and darts from the Trojans to the Achaians, and from the Achaians to the Trojans.

But never would even glorious Hektor have broken through the wall or gates, had not the great Counsellor, Zeus, sent forth his noble son, Sarpedon, against the Argives, like a lion against oxen with crumpled horns. The princely Lykian hero carried a round shield of well-hammered bronze, on which many bulls-hides were fastened by golden studs. Shaking two spears, he sped on his way like the lion of the mountains coming to attack the sheep and the homestead of the shepherds. So did godlike Sarpedon attack the wall, and break through the battlements; and he spake to Glaukos, son of Hippolochos: "Why are the highest honours bestowed on *us* twain—the most honourable seats in the Council, and the richest meals and the fullest cups of wine, in Lykia? and why do all men look on *us* as gods? Why have *we* large domains on the river

Xanthos, with orchards and cornfields? Ought we not, therefore, to fight in the front ranks of the Lykians, that they may say, 'Our Kings are no inglorious men! they eat, indeed, fat sheep, and drink the choicest of honey-sweet wines, but they are also men of might, and encounter fierce battle, standing in the front rank?' O my Friend! if, after this battle, we could be unfading and immortal, I would not be foremost in the fight, nor urge thee on! But now we are compassed about by a thousand forms of death, which no mortal can avoid. Come, then, let us go forward, and prove whether we shall give glory to our foes, or they to us!"

And Glaukos obeyed his words; and these twain advanced, leading the strong Lykian host. But Menestheus, son of Peteos, trembled when he saw these warriors coming against his tower, carrying destruction in their course. He looked along the line of the Achaian wall, for some leader who might ward off the peril from him; and he saw the two Aiantes, greedy of war, and Teukros lately come from his tent. But Menestheus could not make them hear his voice, so great was the din of clashing shields and spears and swords, and the noise of closing gates, which were being shut to keep out the Trojans. So he sent the herald Thoötes, to call Aias, son of Telamön, or still better, the twain Aiantes, to stave off the impending ruin. "But if the twain," he said, "are too much oppressed by war and toil, at least let one of them come, the son of Telamon, and with him Teukros, the skilful archer." And Thoötes ran

to the Aiantes, and said : " Menestheus, the son of Peteos, biddeth you go to him, if only for a little while, to help him ; for the leaders of the Lykians, fierce of old in battle, are pressing him very sore." Then Aias, the son of Telamon, with Teukros, leaving the son of Oïleus, the Lokrian Aias, at his post with Lykomedes, went to the high tower where Menestheus and those with him were opposing the Lykians, who were already climbing up the battlements of the wall. They rushed against each other, on each side, like a whirlwind, and fought over the wall. Aias killed Epikles with a huge jagged stone, which he hurled from above, crushing the bones of his head ; Teukros, with an arrow from his bow, wounded Glaukos in the shoulder, who withdrew himself quietly, that the enemy might not boast over him ; Sarpedon, though much grieved, forgot not the joy of battle.

Sarpedon hurled his spear at Alkmaon, son of Thestor, who fell headlong, his bright armour rattling upon him ; and then he seized the battlement, and with his strong hands tore it down, opening a way for the Lykians to follow him. But Aias and Teukros met him. Teukros shot an arrow at him, which hit the shining baldric of his shield ; but Zeus warded off the fate of death from his dear son ; and when Aias' spear struck his shield, it did not pass through, yet Sarpedon was roughly shaken by it and fell back a little, hoping still to win much glory. Then, running to and fro among his Lykians, he shouted to them : " O Lykians, why is your impetuous valour thus relaxed ? It is hard for me, though

I be brave, to break through the wall alone and lay open a way to the ships. Press on, then, close behind me ; for better is the work of many men than of one man only." And they, fearing his reproaches, pressed more vigorously behind their King.

On the other side, the Argives had once more strengthened the battlement, and a terrible struggle began ; for the gallant Lykians could not burst through the wall, nor could the Danaoi drive them back. Neither side would give way ; and of such as turned aside, many were wounded as they left their backs exposed. And as a faithful workwoman maketh even her wool and the weight, in her scales, and balanceth them, when she would earn a poor wage to feed her little children, so even were the forces in this battle, until Zeus gave still greater glory to Hektor, the son of Priam. He now, with a mighty voice, cried aloud : " Up, ye horse-taming Trojans ! Break through the wall ! Rush on, and cast divinely kindled fire into the ships ! " They heard him, and rushed straightway against the wall, and climbed up to the battlements and to the towers.

Then noble Hektor took up a huge stone, thick below but pointed above—a stone such as no two of the best men, as they now are, could easily raise up with a lever, into a waggon—and wielded it alone. And he bare it to the high double gate ; and, planting himself firmly with his legs apart, he struck the gate in the middle. And the stone fell inside, by reason of its weight, and the locks and hinges

gave way, and the mighty portal was burst asunder !
The noble Hektor leapt in, with a face like sudden darkness, but clothed in his shining mail, and holding two spears in his hands. And no one but a god could have stopped him, when once he was within the walls, for his eyes blazed with fire.

CHAPTER XX

THE Loud-thundering Zeus, having brought Hektor and the Trojans close to the ships, left them to endless toil and strife. He himself turned his flaming eyes from Troy to the lands of the horse-dealing Thrakians, and the Mysians, famous in close fight, and the Hippomolgoi, who drink mares' milk, and the Abioi, justest of the human race. He no longer regarded holy Troy; for he thought that none of the gods would dare to help the Trojans or the Danaoi.

But the wide-ruling Poseidon, the Earth-Shaker, kept no careless watch, as he sat on the highest crest of woody Samothrake, from which he could look over the plain and city of Troy, and the ships of the Achæians. He pitied the Achæians, whom the Trojans were slaying, and he was wroth with Zeus for giving glory to Hektor. So he went down the rocky hill, and it shook, and the woodland trembled beneath his footsteps. In four long strides he reached his bright golden palace beneath the lake in Aigai, in Boiotia, where he ordered his servants to yoke his swift bronze-shod horses with golden manes. And he himself donned his raiment of

gold, and grasped his well-made golden whip, and mounted his chariot, and drave over the waves. The sea-monsters played around him on all sides, for they knew their Lord; and the waves divided gladly, and the axle of the chariot was not wetted as the divine horses ran swiftly and bare him on towards the ships of the Achaians.

Now between Tenedos and craggy Imbros, there is a vast cave in the depths of the sea. There he stayed his chariot, and unyoked the horses, and gave them ambrosial food, and tethered their feet with golden fetters which cannot be broken; and then he went to the Achaian camp.

The Trojans, meantime, were following Hektor, raging like flame or storm, crying aloud, and hoping to burn the ships and slay the bravest of the Achaians. But Poseidon, Girdler of the Earth, came forth from the deep salt sea, in form and voice like Kalchas, the famous Seer; and he spake to the twain Aiantes: "Ye Aiantes, ever eager for battle! ye twain can save the Achaians, if ye cast off chilly fear and remember your ancient valour. I myself have no dread of the unapproachable arms of the Trojans, although they have swarmed over your great wall. One thing alone I fear: that some evil may befall us from Hektor, who rages like a destroying fire, and boasts as if he were the son of Zeus. O may some god inspire you to hold your ground, yourselves, and to make others do so! thus would ye drive him back from the ships, even though Olympian Zeus roused him to the fight." Then Poseidon struck them both with his wand,

and infused great valour into their hearts, and made their limbs strong and active; he then sped away, like a hawk which swoops from above a rock, in chase of some other bird. It was the son of Oileus who first knew the 'god,' and said to the other Aias, the son of Telamon: "Aias! that was not Kalchas, but one of the deathless Olympian gods! I knew him by his feet and knees, as he turned away. 'And now I am more eager for battle than ever.'" And Telamonian Aias answered him and said: "My hands, too, are eagerly grasping the spear, and my heart is full of wrath, longing to fight; I would gladly meet even Hektor himself in single combat."

But the limbs of the Achaians were weakened and relaxed by their long toil; and their souls were sorely grieved by the sight of the Trojans climbing over the walls. Gazing upon them, they shed big tears, thinking that now they could not escape sad death. Then Poseidon, coming among them, called to him the heroes Leitos and Peneleos, the Boiotians, Thoas the Aitolian, Deïpyros, and Meriones, and Antilochos, son of Nestor, and reproached them with winged words: "Shame on you, Achaian youths! to you I trusted to save the ships. A monstrous and unheard-of thing it is, that the Trojans come against our walls. Hitherto, they fled before us like hinds, weak and timid, before wolves; they knew not the joy of battle. But now, they are fighting far from their city near the hollow ships, through the fault of our leader and the slackness of our people. It may be that wide-ruling Agamemnon

is the 'cause of all this evil, in that he disgraced the fleet son of silver-footed Thetis. Yet we must not, on that account, refrain from battle. If ye were timid weaklings, I would not blame you for holding back ; but the best Chiefs of the Achaian host are with you ; therefore I am indeed wroth with you. Then let each man feel shame in his own heart ; for terrible is the struggle which lieth before us."

Thus did the great Earth-Shaker, speaking as one of themselves, urge on the Achaian Chiefs. And they gathered round the two Aiantes, forming a band that neither the murderous Ares, nor Athene, Rouser of the Nation, would despise. They were the choicest warriors who stood against Hektor, in close array, spear by spear, and shield by shield, and helmet by helmet, and man by man. So close were they to one another, that the horse-hair crests touched as they nodded, and their spears crossed each other. And both sides had joy in the battle.

For Hektor also led his Trojans on in close order, like a huge stone thrust from the crest of a hill by the winter's flood ; unchecked it rolls, till it reacheth the plain, and then it rolls no more. So Hektor seemed to be easily winning his way through the tents and ships, with much slaughter of the Achaians. But when he met the close battalion, in which were the two Aiantes, he was checked and driven back. Then he cried aloud : "O ye Trojans and Lykians and Dardans, who fight at close quarters, stand your ground ! for the Danaoi will not long resist ; quickly will they

flee before my spear, if indeed the King of Gods and Men, the Loud-thundering Lord of Olympos, hath roused me to fight."

Thus he inspired courage afresh into the hearts of all. And his brother Deiphobos, son of Priam, proudly strode among them, intent on valorous deeds. Meriones attacked him, striking the circle of his bull's-hide shield, but did not pierce it, for the long shaft snapped at the ring. Deiphobos had feared that thrust, but Meriones drew back among his comrades, wrath at missing, and at losing his spear; he went back to the tents for another spear, which he had left there.

Meanwhile, the others fought at close quarters, and there was an incessant din of conflict. Teukros first slew Imbrios, the son of rich Mentor, whose wife, Medesikaste, was a daughter of King Priam. Imbrios fell to the ground like a tall ash tree, on the crest of a hill, hewn down by the bronze axe; and his armour rang with a loud sound, as he fell. Then Hektor aimed a lance at Teukros, which missed him, but struck Amphi-machos in the breast. When Hektor rushed forward to strip Amphi-machos of his helmet, Aias aimed his spear at Hektor; it did not pierce his body, but struck the boss of his shield with such tremendous force as to throw him back. Then the Athenians, Stichios and goodly Menestheus, bare the dead body of Amphi-machos from the field; but the two Aiantes raised up that of Imbrios, and stripped it of his armour; and the son of Oileus cut off the head, and rolled it like a ball, through the throng, till it came to the feet of Hektor.

Now, Amphimachos was the grandson of Poseidon, who was exceedingly wroth when he saw him slain by Hektor. So the angry god urged on the Danaoi still more, and prepared fresh sorrows for the Trojans. He came to the tent of Idomeneus, in the likeness of Thoas, King of the Aitolians, and thus addressed him: "O thou, Counsellor of the Cretans! what hath become of the Achaian threats against Troy?" And Idomeneus answered: "No man among us is to blame; none yield to chilly fear; but it seemeth good to mighty Kronion that we should perish here, far away from our dear homes. Still do thou, O Thoas, as thou wert always staunch and true, call on the Achaian warriors to stand firm: cry aloud to them all."

And Poseidon answered: "May that man never depart from Troy, but lie here to be the sport of dogs and birds, who this day shirks the battle! Come then, take up thine arms, and we, though we are but twain, may gain some advantage. For the union of men, going in company together, giveth courage even to the timid and the weak."

Then the god, Poseidon, went to where was the thick of the fighting; while Idomeneus, returning to his own tent, put on his brilliant armour, grasped two heavy spears, and came forth again to the battlefield. And as he went he met his good comrade Meriones, and said to him: "O dearest of my companions, why hast thou left the battle?" And Meriones answered: "I am going to fetch a spear from thy tent, for my own I have broken on the shield of proud Deïphobos."

And Idomeneus, the mighty leader of the Cretans, answered: "Spears thou wilt find, one or even twenty, many of which I have taken from the Trojans." Meriones said to him: "I will not forget my ancient valour, but will stand forth among the foremost. And I know that though the other mail-clad Achaians may forget my valorous deeds, thou knowest them well."

And the great leader of the Cretans answered him: "Well do I know thy valour! For if the best men of the Achaians were chosen for an ambush, in which the brave man and the coward are plainly seen—the colour of the brave man never changeth, but that of the coward changeth often, and he kneeleth, now on one knee, and now on the other, and his heart beateth loudly in his breast—if, I say, such a choice were made, no one would think lightly of *thee*! And in battle no weapon would strike on the nape of thy neck, or on thy back, but in thy breast or thy belly. But let us no longer loiter here, talking like children; but do thou go and fetch a strong spear!" And Meriones obeyed his word.

And even as baleful Ares, and his dear son and charioteer, Terror, go forth from Thrace to fight the Ephyri or the high-minded Phlegyans, so did Idomeneus and Meriones rush to the battle. But first Meriones asked: "Son of Deukalion! into what part of the throng shall we make our charge?" Then Idomeneus answered him: "There are others to direct the centre—the twain Aiantes and Teukros the best of archers, valiant too at close quarters. They will give

great Hektor trouble enough, however keen he be; he will not easily overcome those three, or burn the ships, unless Zeus himself send down a burning torch upon them! For the great Telamonian Aias would yield to no mortal man who eateth of Demeter's" (Ceres') "corn. Not even to Achilles would he yield in close fight, though no one could in swiftness of foot compare with him. Let us then go to the left of the army, that we may quickly know whether we shall gain glory from our foes, or they from us."

And when the Trojans saw Idomeneus, in his glorious bright armour—like the blazing fire of Hephaistos or the lightning which Zeus shoots from Olympos, coming on—they shouted, and pressed towards him, and the battle was renewed most fiercely.

Hard-hearted must that man be, who could have looked without grief on this fearful strife! It was the two mighty gods, Sons of Kronos, Loud-thundering Zeus and Poseidon, Girdler of the Earth, who were contending here. Zeus would give victory to Hektor and the Trojans, though he did not wish to destroy the Achaians utterly, but only to give glory to the goddess Thetis and her mighty son Achilles. Poseidon, on the other hand, came secretly forth from the hoary sea, and stirred the hearts of the Achaians to the battle. These two gods were sons of the same crafty Kronos, born in the same place; but Zeus was the elder, and knew more. Therefore, Poseidon did not dare to help the Achaians openly; but, in a human form, he ranged through the host and cheered them on.

Then Idomeneus, though his hair was already grey with age, having roused the Danaoi to fight again, leapt amongst the Trojans, inspiring great terror. And he first slew Othryoneus, of Kabesos, who came to Troy to ask Priam for the hand of Kassandra, one of the fairest of his daughters. He offered no gifts of wooing, but gave a promise to Priam that he would drive the Achæans from the land of Troy. And Priam consented to give her to him; and Othryoneus fought bravely, trusting in the promise of the King. But now, Idomeneus mocked the dead Othryoneus, saying, "I congratulate thee, Othryoneus, above all men, if thou shalt keep thy word to Priam, who promised to give thee his daughter! We, too, would give thee the fairest daughter of Agamemnon, from Argos, if thou wouldst help us to take the citadel of King Priam." Then he dragged him by the foot, through the throng.

Asios came up, marching in front of his chariot, and minded to cast his spear at Idomeneus; but Idomeneus was too quick for him, and drove his spear right through the neck of Asios, who fell backward, like the fall of a mighty oak, or a poplar, or a lofty pine. And his charioteer lost his head, and did not think to turn away his horses; so he too was pierced with a spear by Antilochos; then Deïphobos, fearing for his friend, drew near, and cast his spear at Idomeneus. But Idomeneus crouched beneath his shield, and the spear flew over him; it struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasos, in the liver, and loosened his knees; and Deïphobos shouted aloud, boasting over him:

"Asios is avenged! and on his way to Hades, strong Guardian of the Gate, he will rejoice that I have sent him a companion!"

All the Achaians were grieved at this boast, and especially Antilochos, who covered his dear comrade with his shield, and, with the help of Mekistos and goodly Alastor, bore him to the ships. But Idomeneus relaxed not in his force, striving yet to kill more of the Trojans, or else himself to perish while defending the Achaians. Then fell the hero Alkathos, son-in-law of Anchises, having married his eldest daughter Hippodameia, whom her father and her lady mother loved exceedingly, for she surpassed all other maidens in beauty, skill, and wisdom. Now Poseidon helped Idomeneus to conquer him, by blinding his bright eyes and binding his strong limbs; and Idomeneus, with his spear, rent the coat of mail worn by Alkathos, and pierced his heart. Then Idomeneus cried out, in triumph to Deiphobos and said: "Now stand up thyself against me, that thou mayest learn what sort of man I am; for I am the son of Deukalion, the son of Minos, the son of Zeus!"

And Deiphobos hesitated, whether to meet Idomeneus alone, or summon to his aid another great-hearted Trojan. And he thought it better to fetch Aineias, whom he found by himself, behind the crowd, for he was angry with Priam, because Priam did not give him the honour that was his due. And Deiphobos spake to Aineias: "O great Counsellor of the Trojans! come and

succour thy sister's husband, if thou carest at all for thy kinsman Alkathoos, who was kind to thee when thou wert a child! For now Idomeneus hath spoiled him of his arms."

And the spirit of Aineias was roused, and he went to seek Idomeneus. But Idomeneus was not dismayed; he stood firm, giving no ground, awaiting the attack, while he called on his friends, Askalaphos and Aphareus, Meriones and Antilochos, with winged words: "Come and help me; for I am alone, and I greatly fear the onset of swift-footed Aineias; for he is in the flower of youth, which is the greatest helper." Thus spake he; and they all, with one accord, came to him and stood with their bucklers close together.

On the other side, Aineias called on his comrades, Deiphobos, and Paris, and noble Agenor, great Chiefs of the Trojans. They rushed against each other, with their long spears, quite close to Alkathoos; but the twain opposing heroes, Aineias and Idomeneus, above all the rest, strove to pierce one another's flesh. Aineias cast first at Idomeneus, who carefully watched him and avoided the spear, and it fell quivering into the ground. But that which Idomeneus threw, missing Aineias, hit Oinomaïos in the belly, breaking through his corslet; and he fell, clutching the dust with his hand. Then Idomeneus drew forth his long spear from the body, but could not spoil Oinomaïos of his beautiful armour, because he was hard pressed by the darts of the Trojans; and, on account of his age, his feet no longer served him in a charge

or in retreat ; but in close combat he could still hold off the ruthless day of doom. As he slowly left the field, Deïphobos, who cherished a bitter hatred against Idomeneus, cast a spear at him, which missed him, but struck Askalaphos, a son of Enyalios (Ares), in the shoulder, and he fell in the dust.

The loud-voiced God of War, Ares, knew not that his son had fallen ; for he was lying on a peak of Olympos, under the clouds, detained there by Zeus, who also kept the other Immortals from the battle.

Then Deïphobos tore off the helmet of Askalaphos ; but Meriones struck the arm of Deïphobos, and the bright casque fell clanging to the ground ; and they led him from the din of war. Godlike Aineias struck Aphareus in the throat, and death, the destroyer, overwhelmed him. Antilochos spied out Thoön, and aimed at him, and cut the artery of his neck, as he turned away ; and he fell, stretching out his hands to his dear comrades. And while Antilochos was stripping him of his armour, the Trojans gathered round him, and struck his broad shield ; but they could not pierce his flesh, for the great Earth-Shaker protected the son of Nestor on every side. And as Antilochos was slowly making his way through the crowd of foes, Adamas, the son of the slain Asios, struck the middle of his shield with his bronze spear ; but again Poseidon warded off the shaft from the life of Antilochos. And Adamas fell back among his comrades ; but Meriones, the Achaian, followed, and wounded him in the belly,

near the navel, where a wound is most destructive to miserable mortals.

And Helenos, son of Priam, smote Deïpyros on the forehead with a great Thrakian sword, and his helmet rolled on the ground; one of the Achaians picked it up; but darkness veiled the eyes of Deïpyros. Then, when Menelaos Atreides saw him fall, he turned upon Prince Helenos, shaking his huge spear; while Helenos fitted a keen arrow to the string of his polished bow, and discharged it at Menelaos; but it glanced off from his corslet, and pierced not to his flesh. Then Atreides of the loud war-cry aimed his spear at Helenos, and sent its point right through his hand, which held the polished bow. Helenos drew back among his comrades; and the high-minded Agenor drew out the spear, and dressed the wound of his hand with twisted sheep's wool. And Peisandros rushed at Menelaos, and struck his shield; but the point was turned and broke in the iron socket. Then the twain fought hand in hand; Menelaos with his silver-studded sword, and Peisandros with an axe. Peisandros struck the horse-hair crest of Menelaos; but Menelaos struck the other on the forehead, above the nose, and crushed his bones; and his eyes fell bleeding to the ground.

Menelaos stood over him, exulting: "O ye Trojans, ever covetous of war, ye too shall suffer loss and shame, which ye inflicted on me—ye base dogs—having no fear of Loud-thundering Zeus, the Protector of Guests! O ye who, unprovoked, carried off my lawful wife, and much wealth of

mine, now ye strive to burn our hollow ships, and slay the Achaian heroes. O Father Zeus! how greatly dost thou love violent men, even these wicked Trojans, who can never have enough of war!" Then he spoiled Peisandros of his blood-stained arms, and gave them to his comrades, and himself went again into the thick of the fight.

And Harpalion, the Paphlagonian, rushed on Menelaos, and smote the middle of his shield, but pierced him not with his spear, and fell back; then Meriones shot him, through the buttock and the bladder, and Harpalion sat down among his friends, and breathed out his spirit.

Now Hektor, favourite of Zeus, knew nothing of the defeat of the Trojans on the left of the ships; or how Poseidon, the great Girdler of the Earth, had encouraged and defended the Achaïans. He himself remained within the walls and the gate, as he had leapt in, where the wall was lowest; there he broke the close ranks of the Achaïans. Here were the ships of Aias and Protesilaos, drawn up on the strand of the loud-resounding sea; and here the battle of the heroes was the hottest. Here the Boiotians, the tunic-trailing Ionians, and the Phthiotes and noble Epeians, strove in vain to stay the onset of noble Hektor, who came on like a flame of fire. Among the Achæians were the best of the Athenians, even Menestheus, Pheidon, Stichios, brave Bias, Medon, son of Aias Oïleus, and Podarkes, a stalwart warrior. Aias, the son of Oïleus, never left the side of his brother the Telamonian Aias, not even a little way; but, as

two dark-red oxen strain at the plough, while much sweat breaketh out round their horns, so stood the twain, Aiantes side by side. Now many of his noble comrades followed the Telamonian, and bare his shield when he was fordome with labour; but the Lokrians followed him not, for they were not steady at close quarters; they had no bronze helmets, or round shields, or ashen spears, but only bows and slings of well-twisted wool, with which they assailed the lines of the Trojans. And the Trojans forgot the joy of battle, for the thick-flying arrows and stones utterly confounded them. They were disheartened, and would have withdrawn from the battle to windy Ilios, had not the wise Polydamas spoken winged words to Hektor:

“O Hektor! thou dost not willingly listen to the counsel of others; and because the gods have made thee pre-eminent in deeds of war, thou wishest to excel in counsel also. But thou canst not do everything; I will therefore say what is in my heart. The high-hearted Trojans, having thrown down the wall, are now dispersed among the ships, and are fighting, but they are few against many; therefore call to thee all the bravest of the Chiefs and withdraw.”

So spake he; and his prudent counsel pleased the noble Hektor, who leapt from his chariot to the ground, in full armour, and spake in answer to Polydamas: “Do thou stay here, with the best men of the Trojans; but I will go and face the war again, and will presently return, when I have given my strict orders.” So he set forth, in

appearance like a snow-capped mountain, and with loud cries, passed through the Trojan lines all who heard his voice hastened to Polydamas, the manly son of Panthoös.

Then Hektor hastened on to find Deïphobos and the Prince Helenos, and Asios, son of Hyrtakos and the others ; but he found them not all uninjured ; for some lay dead among the ships, slain by the Argives ; and many within the walls were wounded. But to the left of the grievous battle he soon found goodly Alexandros, Lord of the fair-haired Helen. And Hektor, in his sore grief at the sight of his dead companions, addressed Paris with opprobrious words :

“Thou evil Paris, fair to look upon, base deceiver of women ! where, I pray, are Deïphobos and Helenos and Adamas ? and where is the brave Othryoneus ? Now Ilios hath perished, and our destruction is near !”

Alexandros answered him : “Hektor, since thou chooseth to blame me, who am blameless, another day I might well abstain from battle ; but my mother did not bear me altogether a coward. Ever since thou didst summon thy comrades to the fight amongst the ships, we have remained ceaselessly warring with the Danaoi. Some of those about whom thou askest are dead ; but Deïphobos and strong Helenos are only wounded by the spear ; for the Son of Kronos saved them from sad death. But do thou lead on, and we will follow thee, so far as we have strength ; for no man can fight beyond his strength.”

So these twain went forth together, where the

battle was hottest. There they found Kebriones, and godlike Polydamas, and Phalkes, and Orthaios, and noble Polyphetes, and Palmys, and Askanios, and Morys'; the last of these had come out of the rich land of Askania, in Mysia, on the morn before, whom Zeus now urged to fight. And they rushed on like the violent winds, which sweep over the earth and with loud roaring mingle with the salt sea, and raise the swelling waves, arched and white with foam. And the glorious Hektor led them, always in the front, charging the ranks of the Achaians; but he could not daunt their courage. Aias, striding forward, was the first to challenge him, with taunting words: "O my good Sir! why dost thou vainly try to frighten the Argives? We are not unskilled in war, though we are vanquished by the terrible wrath of Zeus. Thou hopest, no doubt, to burn our ships; but we too have hands, to defend ourselves. Soon shall thy proud city fall beneath our arms; soon shalt thou thyself, as thou fleest, pray to Zeus and all the gods, that thy fair-maned horses, swifter than the falcon's wing, may bear thee to the city!"

While Aias was yet speaking, a high-soaring eagle flew on the right hand, and the Achaians marked it, and shouted with joy at the happy omen. But Hektor answered him: "Thou clumsy braggart! what words have passed the hedge of thy teeth? Would that I were as sure that Zeus was my father and Hera my mother, as I am that this day shall bring utter ruin to the Argives! And thou too shalt be slain, if thou hast the courage to await my strong spear, and

thou shalt feast the dogs of Troy with thy white flesh." So speaking, Hektor led the way, and the Trojans with loud shouts followed him.

The Argives, mindful of their impetuous valour, awaited the charge of the best of the Trojans; and the din of battle rose through the upper air, to the bright glories of Zeus.

But Nestor, in his tent, even over his wine, heard the battle-cries, and spake winged words to Machaon, the son of Asklepios (Æsculapius), the God of Medicine: "What thinkest thou, O noble Machaon, that we ought to do? for the shouts of the warriors at the ships grow louder and louder. But sit thou at the glowing wine, till the fair-haired Hekamede prepare a warm bath for thee, and wash thy wounds; and I will go forth, and learn the truth." And he took the bright bronze shield of his son, horse-taming Thrasymedes, and a strong spear, and strode out of the tent, and cried: "O shame! the high-spirited Trojans are driving the Achæians before them!" And the old man pondered in his heart, this way and that, whether to rush into the ranks of the horse-loving Danaoi, or to follow Agamemnon; and it seemed to him best to go to the wide-ruling Atreides.

And on his way, Nestor met the heaven-born Chiefs who had been wounded: even Tydeides, Odysseus, and Agamemnon. The Kings came on together, leaning on their spears, and surveying the battle; and sore were their hearts within their breasts. And the mighty Agamemnon addressed him: "O son of Neleus, pride of the Achæians! why hast thou left the baneful war? Greatly I fear

that Hektor will fulfil his boast, that he would never return to Troy until he had burnt our ships and slain our men. Woe is me for the well-greaved Achaians! for not Achilles alone, but others, are wroth with me, and have no mind to fight."

And Gerenian Nestor answered him and said: "All these things have happened, and Loud-thundering Zeus himself cannot undo the past. The wall, in which we trusted, is thrown down; and the Achaians are pressed on every side, routed and slain. Let us then take counsel; but they that are wounded can in nowise engage in battle."

Then Agamemnon, King of men, answered him again: "O Nestor! since the battle is being waged at the rearmost ships, and the trench and the wall have been overpassed, what hope is left us? For I see that it is the will of Zeus that the Argives perish ingloriously, far away from Argos. I knew it, even when he aided us; but now he is giving great glory to the Trojans. Come, then, let us all agree. Let us launch the ships of the first line, near the divine salt sea, and moor them, till the sacred Night cometh; and then, if the Trojans abstain from battle, we may drag down the rest of the ships, and escape from this shore."

But Odysseus, the man of many wiles, looking scornfully at him, spake: "O Atreides, evil counsellor! what a word hath passed the barrier of thy lips! Thou oughtest to lead a coward army, and not us, to whom Zeus hath allotted to wind the skein of toilsome war until every man of

us has 'perished. Dost thou really wish us to leave the wide-streeted city of Troy, on account of which we have endured such toil and sorrow?"

Then Agamemnon, King of men, replied: "Odysseus, thou hast touched me nearly by thy bitter words. And now, I do not command the Achaians to launch their swift ships on the hoary sea—against their will! But perhaps there is some one here who will give a better counsel than mine. Be he young or old, it will be welcome!"

And Diomedes, good at the battle-cry, rose and spake: "That man is near at hand, not long to seek, if ye will listen to me, and not be offended by my youth. I too am descended from a noble sire, even Tydeus, who sleepeth beneath a mound of earth in Thebes. Therefore, ye cannot say that I am, by birth, a weakling or a coward, and so despise my counsel. Let us go down to the battle, wounded though we are; and keep beyond the range of the arrows; and spur on those who, in their anger, hold themselves aloof from the war and will not fight."

They all readily obeyed this advice, and followed the wide-ruling Agamemnon to the battle-field.

Now, the far-famed Earth-Shaker, the god Poseidon, was still on the watch among them, and went with them, in the guise of an aged man; and he took Agamemnon by the right hand, and spake to him winged words: "Atreides! now, methinks, the savage heart of Achilles is full of joy, when he seeth the rout and slaughter of the Achaians! May he likewise perish, and may the

gods destroy him ! ” So spake the mighty Girdler of the Earth, and shouted as loud as the united cry of nine or ten thousand men ; and he put fresh strength and courage into the hearts of the Achæians.

CHAPTER XXI

WE may easily guess how grieved and angry that mighty goddess, the white-armed Hera, was when she saw her beloved Achaians routed and slain by the Trojans. She sat on the topmost peak of Olympos, and saw her husband, Almighty Zeus, sitting on the highest ridge of many-rilled Ida; and she hated him in her inmost heart. Then the ox-eyed Queen considered in her mind, how she might beguile her Lord, the Ægis-bearing Zeus. This seemed to her the best plan: to dress and adorn herself, and to fare to Ida, and soothe him with fair soft words, and close his crafty eyes in sleep. So she went to her bower, which her dear son Hephaistos had made for her in the palace of the gods; and she fastened the doors with a cunning bolt, which no other god could draw. There she bathed her, and anointed her with soft ambrosial oil, which, when shaken even a little, sent a fragrant odour through earth and heaven. Then she plaited her beautiful hair; and clad herself with a sweet-smelling robe, which Athene had made for her, and fastened it on her breast with golden clasps. She girt her with a girdle of a hundred golden tassels, and put earrings, of three glittering drops, in her pierced ears.

Over her face she spread a new veil, brilliant as the sunshine, and bound her beautiful sandals on her shining feet. She then called Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, away from the other gods and said to her :

“ Dear Daughter of Zeus ! wilt thou now grant my request ? or wilt thou refuse, because I help the Danaoi, whilst thou lovest the Trojans ? ”

The beautiful goddess Aphrodite answered : “ O Goddess and Queen, Daughter of Kronos ! tell me thy wish, that I may fulfil it, if I can ! ”

Then the crafty Hera spake deceitful words and said : “ Give me now Love and Grace, where-with thou dost vanquish gods and men ; for I am going to the farthest bourne of the bountiful Earth, the grain-giver, and to Okeanos, Father of the Gods, and Mother Tethys, who brought me up in their halls. Now I go to loose their quarrels ; for they avoid each other, since wrath has entered their hearts.”

And laughter-loving Aphrodite answered her : “ It were not right to refuse thee anything ; for thou art the wife of Zeus, the Great Ruler of the Gods.” Then she took off her embroidered girdle, wherein are all her magic charms, Love, and Sweet Converse, that stealeth away the wisdom, even of the wise. “ Hide this girdle of grace in thy bosom,” she said, “ and thou shalt accomplish all that thou desirest.”

Then Aphrodite went into the palace, and Hera rushed down from Olympos, over Pieria and lovely Emathia, and over the highest peaks of the snowy hills of Thrace ; nor did she touch the ground,

ever so lightly. From Athos she crossed the raging sea, and came to Lemnos, to the city of godlike Thbas. And she sought out *Hypnos* (Sleep), the brother of Death; and took him by the hand, and called him by his name :

“O Sleep, who rulest over gods and men! obey me now, and I will ever be grateful. I will that thou close the bright eyes of Zeus in ambrosial slumber. And I will give thee the fairest gifts : a golden throne, the work of mine own son, the lame Hephaistos; and a footstool for thy shining feet, to use when thou farest to a banquet.”

Then sweet Sleep answered and said: “O Queen and Goddess! any other god I could easily lull to sleep, even Okeanos, the father of them all; but I dare not go near Zeus, unless he himself commanded me. For once, at thy request, when thou didst drive his great son, Herakles, as he was returning from the sack of Troy, far away from his friends, I *did* lull to slumber the great Ægis-bearing Zeus, by my gentle power. But he, when he awoke, was furiously angry; and hurled all the gods about, this way and that; and would have cast *me* into the Deep, if Night, that subdueth both gods and men, had not saved me. To her I prayed, and Zeus ceased from pursuing me; for even he dared not offend swift Night.”

Then the ox-eyed Queen offered a still more precious bribe. “Come now,” she said, “fulfil my wish; and I will give thee one of the fairest of the Graces, for whom thou hast longed all thy life, to be thine own wedded wife.”

And Sleep was glad, but cautious : "Swear to me, then," he said, "by the sacred inviolable water of the Styx ; and lay one hand on Earth, the grain-giver, and the other on the bright sparkling Sea, and let all the gods of the Lower World bear witness, that thou wilt, in good sooth, give me Pasithea, whom I have longed for all my life ! "

And the white-armed goddess, ox-eyed Hera, called on all the gods, by name, who dwell below Tartaros, even the huge Titans ; and sware the irrevocable oath.

Then these twain, Hera and Hypnos, left the isles of Lemnos and Imbros, veiled in cloud, and quickly came to many-streamed Ida, the mother of wild beasts, and to Lekton, where they left the sea and journeyed high over the dry land ; and the tall forest trees waved beneath their feet. There Hypnos halted, fearing to meet the eye of Zeus ; and he settled on the loftiest pine, on the hill of Ida, in the form of the bird which the gods call "chalkis," and men, "kymindis" ("night-jar," a kind of swift, or the "night-hawk"). But Hera went to the top of Gargaros, the highest crest of Ida ; and Zeus, the Cloud-Gatherer, saw her. And he greatly admired her beauty and grace, girdled as she was with the zone of Aphrodite. He saw the splendid dress in which she had arrayed herself ; and he addressed her kindly, and asked wherefore she had come from Olympus.

And guileful Hera told him the same false story with which she had cheated Aphrodite. And Hera flattered him, and cajoled him ; and Hypnos

came near, and closed his all-seeing eyes in a deep sleep.

Then Hypnos went straight to the Achaian camp and spake winged words to the great Earth-Shaker: "Now then, Poseidon! help the Danaoi! for I have shed sweet slumber over the eyes of Zeus."

And Poseidon, when he heard it, rushed to the front of the Achaian host, and shouted aloud: "O ye Argives, will ye yield again to great Hektor, who threateneth to burn your ships; since Achilles, in his anger, remaineth in his tent?"

He spake, and the wounded Chiefs, even Tydeides, Odysseus, and Agamemnon, marshalled the host. Then the Earth-Shaker led them, with a sharp sword, like the lightning, in his hand. The Trojans, on the other side, were set in array by glorious Hektor. And then a fierce fight began, between dark-haired Poseidon with the Achaians, and Hektor with his Trojans, as they rushed upon each other with loud shouts. The waves of the sea, raised by the harsh north wind, or the roar of blazing fire burning the forest on the mountain, are not so loud as the terrible cries of Trojans and Achaians, as they clashed together.

And noble Hektor first cast his spear at mighty Aias, and struck him where the belt of his shield and the belt of his sword crossed one another; but these guarded his tender flesh. So Hektor retreated among his followers, angry at heart that he had missed. But as he was retiring, Aias hurled a huge stone at him, and made him

spin round like a top. And he fell, as an oak falls, struck by the dread bolt of Zeus, to the terror of those who stand by and behold it. So fell the mighty Hektor, and his armour rang upon him; then the Achaians, with loud shouts of triumph, tried to drag him away. But Polydamas and Aineias and Agenor, and the Lykians, Sarpedon and Glaukos, ran up, and covered him with their shields. Then his comrades bore him to his well-built chariot; and the charioteer drove him, deeply moaning, towards the city. They stayed by the eddying river Xanthos, the son of immortal Zeus; and poured water over Hektor. And he recovered his breath, opened his eyes, and sat upon his heels; but he vomited black blood and sank again to the ground, and darkness veiled his eyes.

The Argives, when they saw noble Hektor borne away from the field, rushed forward still more eagerly. Aias, the son of Oileus, leapt upon Satnios, son of Enops and a beautiful Naiad nymph, and wounded him in the side. The spear-bearing Polydamas came to the aid of Satnios, and sent his spear through the shoulder of Prothoenor, son of Areilykos; he fell in the dust, and Polydamas boasted over him, crying, "Once more, my spear hath not flown in vain!"

The Achaians were wroth to hear this boast; especially the Telamonian Aias, for Prothoenor fell close by his side. Aias hurled his long spear at Polydamas; but it missed him, and smote Archilochos, son of Antenor, between the head

and neck. Many others fell on both sides in the dire struggle.

Now, when the Trojans had fled across the palisade at the trench, and were driven back to their chariots in confusion, Zeus awoke. He saw the Trojans in full flight, and the Achaians pursuing, and among them Poseidon, the great Ruler of the Sea. He saw brave Hektor stretched on the plain, gasping and vomiting much blood, and wandering in his mind. And Zeus pitied him. Then, looking darkly at Hera, he spake in wrath: "This is *thy* work; by thy wicked wiles, thou hast made the noble Hektor cease from fighting. I know not whether I will not beat thee soundly for thy cruel treachery. Hast thou forgotten, how once thou wert hung up from heaven, with two heavy anvils at thy feet, and with golden fetters round them which no one could break? There thou didst hang, amid the clouds; and though the gods were angry with me, they could not loose thy bonds! For, whomsoever I will, I seize, and hurl him fainting to the earth! Remember these things; and cease from thy wiles; for they will not profit thee at all."

Thus spake Almighty Zeus; and the ox-eyed Hera, Queen of Heaven, trembled at his words. She answered him: "I swear by Mother Earth, and by the High Heaven, and by the down-rushing water of the Styx, and by thine own sacred Head—that not by *my* will doth the Earth-Shaker bring distress on the Trojans! It is his own soul that impelleth him; for he pitied the Achaians, when he saw them routed at the ships.

But I will advise him, O thou Great Lord of the Storm-Cloud! to follow wherever thou ledest."

Then the great Father of Gods and Men smiled, and spake to her winged words: "O ox-eyed Queen!" he said, "if thou wouldst continue to be of the same mind with me, then would Poseidon, however reluctantly, turn his thoughts to agree with thine and mine. If thou art really speaking sooth, go and call Iris, and send her to Poseidon, that she may order him to leave the war and go to his own home. And let Phoibos Apollo of the Silver Bow breathe fresh strength into Hektor, and ease him of his pains, so that he may drive the Achaians back again."

Thus spake the Loud-Thunderer; and the white-armed goddess Hera hastened to obey him. She rushed swiftly down the hill of Ida, and went up to steep Olympos, and mingled with the other gods in the palace of Zeus. When they saw her, they all rose to welcome her, and held out their goblets of wine. Hera took the cup of fair-cheeked Themis, who ran to meet her, and spake thus to her: "Hera! wherefore art thou come with looks distraught? Surely, the Son of Kronos, thine own husband, hath terrified thee!"

And Hera answered her: "Thou knowest, O Goddess Themis, how haughty and unyielding he is. But do thou prepare the banquet for the gods, and thou and the other immortals shall learn the evil purposes of Zeus. They will not, methinks, equally please the minds of gods, or of mortals."

The gods were heavy at heart, when they heard her words; and Hera smiled, indeed, with her lips, but a gloomy frown darkened her forehead; and wrathfully she spake again:

“Foolish are we to be wroth with Zeus! Vainly should we try to turn him from his will! He sits alone, and careth not, for he knoweth that he is, by far, the first of all the gods in strength and power. On Ares chiefly hath the blow fallen; for his son, Askalaphos, to him the dearest of men, hath fallen in battle.”

Then Ares smote his strong thighs with his hands, and said: “Blame me not, ye who dwell upon Olympus! if I go to the ships to avenge my son, even though Zeus should strike me with his bolt, and send me to lie among dead men in dust and blood.”

Thus speaking, he ordered his sons, Φόβος (Fear) and Δεῖμος (Terror) to yoke his horses; and himself donned his bright armour. Then would the strife between Zeus and the other gods have become still greater and more grievous, had not Athene leapt from her lofty throne, and taken from Ares his helmet and his shield and his spear, and reproved him sharply: “Ares! crazy and mad art thou, and utterly void of reason! Hast thou no ears to hear, what the white-armed goddess Hera saith, who hath even now come from Olympian Zeus? Wilt thou fulfil thine evil destiny, and be driven back to Olympus, and bring disasters and confusions with thee to all the gods? O Ares! cease from thy wrath; as for thy son, many a better man than he hath fallen, and

will fall." Thus spake the wise Athene, and forced the impetuous Ares back to his seat.

And Hera then called out Apollo and Iris from the hall, and spake to them: "Zeus summoneth you in all haste to Ida; there look ye on his face, and obey his commands, whatever they may be." And the twain, Apollo and Iris, flew to the many-rilled Ida, the nurse of wild beasts, and found All-seeing Zeus, sitting on the topmost peak of Gargaros. They stood before Almighty Zeus; and he was pleased that they had obeyed the voice of Hera. He spake winged words to Iris: "Go to the King Poseidon, and tell him all; and order him to cease from battle. But if he will not obey, let him consider how he can await my coming against him; for I am far mightier than he, and elder born."

So spake he; and Iris, of the winged feet, rushed down from Ida to holy Troy, swift as the snow or hail, driven by the north wind, which fleets from the clouds of heaven. And she spake to Poseidon: "O dark-haired Earth-Shaker! I bring a message from Ægis-bearing Zeus. He biddeth thee cease from war and depart."

Then great Poseidon, Ruler of the Sea, in his wrath answered her: "Mighty as he is, yet he hath spoken too arrogantly to me, who am his equal in the glory of descent. We three, Zeus, Hades, and I, are sons of Kronos and Rhea; and we three drew lots: Hades drew the gloomy realm of Darkness; Zeus, the wide Heaven; and I, the hoary Sea."

Iris answered him: "O Girdler of the Earth!



Iris dispatched by Zeus on Mount Ida to Troy.—Page 190.

dost thou really wish that I should carry back this harsh and violent message to great Zeus?"

And Poseidon then said: "O Goddess, well hast thou spoken: an excellent thing it is, when a messenger is of a prudent mind. Yet it is a grievous thing, for one who is his peer, to bear his reproach." So speaking, the great Earth-Shaker retired from the battlefield, and plunged into the deep; and the Achaians missed him sadly.

Then the great Cloud-Gatherer said to Apollo: "Go, dear Phoibos, to great Hektor; for the Girdler of the World, Poseidon, fearing my wrath, is gone to the shining sea. But take my tasselled ægis, and frighten therewith the Achaian heroes. And take good care of glorious Hektor; and rouse his wrath, till he drive the Achaians in flight to their hollow ships, on the shore of the Hellespont."

And the Archer God heard the words of the Great Father, and obeyed. He shot down from Ida, like a falcon, that is the swiftest of all the birds, the destroyer of doves. And he found noble Hektor sitting up; he knew, now, his comrades who surrounded him, for he had gotten back his breath and life again. And Apollo spake to him: "Be of good courage! for the Son of Kronos hath sent thee an ally, from Ida, to defend thee: even Phoibos Apollo of the Golden Sword. Come now, order thy charioteer to drive thee to the hollow ships; and I will smooth the way, and drive the Achaian heroes into flight." Then he breathed great strength into glorious Hektor; and as a well-fed horse breaketh his tether and

gallopeth over the plain, to bathe in the flowing river, exulting in his strength, so Hektor moved his limbs with ease, and urged on his charioteer, when he heard the voice of Apollo.

The Danaoi, who had confidently followed their leaders, slaying the Trojans with sword and spear, when they saw great Hektor again marshalling his men, were seized with fear, and all their courage fell. Then Thoas, son of Andraimon, the best of the Aitolians, spake among them: "Alas! what a marvellous thing is this which we behold! Hektor, who, we hoped, had been slain by Telamonian Aias, is restored to life again by some one of the deathless gods! Not without the will of Loud-thundering Zeus doth he show himself in the front rank, eager for the fight. But now, let all obey my words. Let us bid the great multitude of our host return to the ships, and let the best of us stand prepared to meet Hektor, with levelled spears."

They heard, and gladly obeyed him. And Aias, and the Prince Idomeneus, and Teukros, and Meriones, and Meges, peer of Ares, and all the best men, sustained together the conflict with Hektor, as he, with long strides, led the Trojans forward in close array. In front of him moved Phoibos Apollo, wrapped in a cloud, holding up the dread gleaming ægis with the shaggy fringe of tassels, which the great Artificer, Hephaistos, had made for Zeus. The Argives awaited the charge. Arrows and spears flew from either side; and some of them pierced the flesh of men, while others sank harmless to the ground. So long as

Apollo only held the ægis motionless in his hand, the people fell slain on either side ; but when he looked straight into the faces of the Danaoi, and shook the ægis, and shouted aloud, then their courage fell, and they were no longer mindful of impetuous valour.

First Hektor slew Stichios, leader of the mail-clad Boiotians, and Arkesilaos, the comrade of Menestheus. Aineias slew Medon, brother of Aias, and Iasos, leader of the Athenians. And Polydamas slew Mekistheus ; and Polites overcame Echios ; and Agenor, Klonios the Boiotian ; and Paris drove his spear right through the shoulder of Deïochos, as he was flying through the warriors in the front ranks. While the Trojans were spoiling the slain, the Achaians, fleeing in terror, dashed across the ditch and palisade, and were driven within the wall.

Then Hektor shouted mightily to the Trojans : " Leave the spoil, and make for the ships ! " He lashed his horses, and drove, shouting, along the ranks. The other Trojan leaders held their horses level with his ; and a terrible clamour arose. In front of them, Phoibos Apollo pushed down the bank of the ditch, throwing earth into it, so as to form a wide bridge for the Trojans. The routed Argives halted by the ships and called to one another, lifting their hands in prayer to all the gods.

Chief among them did Gerenian Nestor, great and wise guardian of the Achaians, raise his hands towards the starry heaven, and pray : " O Father Zeus ! if ever we, in corn-clad

Argos, have burnt for thee the fat of bulls or sheep—save us, Olympian! from the day of pitiless doom!”

Then Zeus, the Counsellor, thundered loudly, when he heard the prayer of the aged son of Neleus; and the Trojans, hearing the thunder of great Zeus, rushed forward, still more eagerly, against the Achaians. And, as when a mighty billow of the wide salt sea pours down upon the bulwarks of a ship, so did the Trojans, with loud shouts, pass the walls and drive their horses on. At the farthest row of the ships, they were already fighting hand to hand; the Trojans from their chariots, the Achaians from the decks of their ships.

Now, while the fighting was going on at the wall, Patroklos was sitting in the tent of the kind Eurypylos, soothing him with talk, and laying healing unguents on his painful wound. But when he saw the Trojans swarming over the wall, and the panic flight of the Danaos, then he groaned, and smote his thighs, and deeply grieving spake: “O Eurypylos! I can stay with thee no longer, for a fierce contest is going on; and I must hasten to Achilles, and urge him to the war!”

While yet speaking, he was hurrying away. The Achaian Chiefs still stood firm against the onslaught of the Trojans, but could not drive them from the ships; nor could the Trojans break through the ranks of the Danaos, or force a way to the tents and ships. Hektor now sought the illustrious Aias, as these twain were fighting near the same ship. Hektor could not yet set fire to the

ship ; but Aias could not drive him away, since Apollo urged him on.

But glorious Aias, with his spear, struck Kaletor, son of Klytios, a brother of King Priam, in the chest, as he was bearing torches to the ships ; and he fell with a crash. When Hektor saw his cousin fall in the dust, beside the black ship, he cried aloud : " Ye Trojans and Lykians ! relax not your efforts, in this press of battle, but rescue the son of Klytios, lest the Achaians spoil him of his armour." As he spoke, he hurled his spear at mighty Aias, missing him, but striking Lykophron, the son of Mastor, the companion of Aias, in the head above the ear ; and he fell headlong in the dust. Then Aias, shuddering, called to Teukros : " O my good Teukros, our faithful comrade hath fallen, even the noble Lykophron, whom we honoured like a father. Where now are thy deadly shafts, and the bow that Phoibos Apollo gave thee ? " And Teukros ran up, with his bent bow in his hand, and sent a shower of arrows at the Trojans ; one struck Kleitos, the son of Pisenor, in the back of the neck, as he was driving into the thickest of the throng, to aid Hektor and the Trojans. Teukros aimed another shaft against great Hektor himself.

If he had slain the mighty Hektor, the battle at the ships would have ended. But the All-wise Zeus, who guarded Hektor, broke the string of the bow ; and the arrow swerved from its destined course, and the bow fell from his hand. Trembling he spake to his brother : " Aias, the god hath broken the cord of my bow, which I

twisted this very morning." 'Aias made answer to him: "Lay aside now thy bow and arrows, and take thy long spear and thy broad shield, and fight, and rouse the others." And Teukros laid his bow within the tent, and with a well-wrought helmet on his head, and with his fourfold shield and his spear, stood by the side of Aias.

But when Hektor saw the archery of Teukros marred, he cried aloud to his host: "O Trojans and Lykians, and Dardans, who love fighting at close quarters! quit yourselves now like men! Go on to the ships! If any one be smitten, and meeteth his doom, let him die. *It is not unseemly for a man to fall, fighting for his country and his wife and children.* And they will be safe, if only the Achaians depart in their black ships." So spake he, and roused the spirit of them all.

And, on the other side, Aias heartened up his followers: "O shame on you, ye Argives! Nothing is more certain than this—that we must all perish, or save the ships! Or think ye, that if Hektor burneth our ships, we can go home by land? Ye hear, how Hektor is haranguing his men, and calling on them 'not to dance, but to fight.' Better were it for us now to risk life or death, than to be shut up by men who are worse than we are!" So spake the mighty Aias, and roused the courage of his men.

And Hektor slew Schedios, the leader of the Phokians; and Aias slew Laodamas, the leader of the Trojan infantry; and Polydamas slew Otos, of Kyllene, leader of the high-spirited Epeians. And Meges, when he saw it, rushed on Poly-

damas ; but he stooped and avoided the spear, for Apollo guarded him. Then Dolops, grandson of King Laomedon, was struck by Meges, who broke off his horse-hair crest ; and Menelaos, coming up unobserved, smote him from behind, in the shoulder ; and the eager spear passed through his heart. They then began to strip him of his bronze armour ; but Hektor called out to his kinsmen, chiding Melanippos most of all, and said to him : " Art thou careless that thy kinsman is slain ? See how they are stripping Dolops of his arms ! Come on, then, and fight man to man ! " So spake he ; and they all followed the godlike hero.

And Menelaos said to Antilochos : " No one is younger and swifter of foot or stronger than thou ; go forward, then, and smite a Trojan ! " Antilochos leapt out of the chariot, and smote Melanippos, the haughty son of Hiketaon, in the breast ; and he fell with a crash, and darkness veiled his eyes. Then Antilochos sprang upon him, like a hound upon a wounded fawn ; but glorious Hektor marked him, and ran up to slay him. Antilochos, brave warrior though he was, dared not await Hektor's onslaught ; he trembled, and ran, and narrowly escaped to his comrades.

The Trojans threw themselves upon the ships, fierce as lions craving to eat raw flesh. It was by the will of Zeus ; for the Great Thunderer excited them to the utmost pitch of fury, while he relaxed the courage of the Achaians. For his purpose was firmly set on giving glory to Hektor, even so that he might cast blazing torches into the

ships; that so the unrighteous prayer of Thetis might be fulfilled. Hektor now raged like Ares brandishing his spear; he foamed at the mouth, and his eyes shone fiercely beneath his fearful brow; and the helmet on his head shook terribly. Zeus helped him, alone against so many, and gave him high renown. He strove, with all his might, to break through the ranks of the Achæians, wherever he saw the thickest throng and the goodliest armour. But it was all in vain; for his embattled foes stood firm, as a great steep rock by the hoary sea, which standeth unmoved against the whistling winds and the loud-roaring waves. And Hektor, his armour shining like fire, leapt on the mass of the Achæians, as when the blast of the wind roars against the ship's sail, and the sailors tremble; for they are very near to death.

And Hektor slew Periphetes of Mykenai, the son of Kopreus, who bare the messages from Eurystheus to the godlike Herakles; but the son was a far better man than his baser father; skilled was he in war, and among the first of the Mykenaïans in wisdom. But, as he stepped backward, he tripped on the rim of his shield, and fell to the ground; and Hektor, seeing him fall, ran to him, and transfixed his heart with a spear and killed him. Hektor was now near the first line of ships, and their prows protected the Achæians; but the Trojans rushed in after them. And the Argives were forced to retire from the front ships; but they remained, closely drawn up, before the tents, and did not disperse through the camp; for fear and shame constrained them. And the Gerenian

knight, wise Nestor, besought each man, by the memory of his father and his mother, to behave like a brave warrior, and to fear the contempt of others. "Remember," he cried, "your wives and children, and all your goods; stand firm, and scorn to fly!"

But it did not please brave Aias to stand in the place to which the other Achaians had retreated. He strode, backwards and forwards, on the decks of the ships, holding in his hand a heavy boarding-pike, twenty-two cubits long, for use at sea; and he kept calling upon the Danaoi to defend their ships and tents.

Nor did Hektor stay in the close ranks of the well-armed Trojans; but, as a fiery eagle swoops down upon a flock of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, so Hektor rushed straight on to a black ship; and Zeus, with his mighty hand, kept urging him on. Rushing to the front, Hektor seized the stern of a fair ship, which had brought Protesilaos to Troy, but would never bear him back again to his own dear country. And round this ship the Trojans and Achaians fought on, no longer apart from one another, but hand to hand, with battle-axes, and swords, and double-pointed spears. Hektor would not let go the stern of the ship, but kept the ensign in his hand; and he shouted to the Trojans: "Bring fire! and all together raise the war-cry! for Zeus hath sent to us a day worth all our other days—a day for us to capture the ships, which came to Troy against the will of Heaven, and have brought innumerable woes upon us!"

So spake he, and the Trojans rushed still more fiercely upon the Argives. And even Aias no longer withstood their charge, being driven back a little by the darts; for he thought that now, assuredly, he must die; so he left the deck of the well-balanced ship, and went to the long bench of the rowers. There he stood on guard, and drove off the Trojans who brought the unresting fire. And he called on the Danabi, with a terrible voice: "O Comrades, ye servants of Ares! quit yourselves like men, and remember your impetuous valour! Do ye think that there are many allies to help us, or some stronger wall, to protect us from death? No city is nigh, with its lofty towers, to defend us from the enemy; no other host to turn the tide of battle. We are fighting in the plain of Troy, with our backs to the sea. Therefore our only hope of safety is in battle, and not in shrinking from the fight!"

So spake the mighty Aias, and went on with his sharp spear killing or wounding every Trojan who brought blazing fire at the command of Hektor. Twelve men did he wound, at close quarters, in front of the hollow ships.

CHAPTER XXII

WHILE these were fiercely fighting round the well-built ships, Patroklos was going to the tent of Achilles, weeping hot tears, like a stream of dark water pouring from a rock, too steep even for goats to climb. And Achilles, the swift of foot, was grieved when he saw him, and said to him : "Why weepest thou, O Patroklos, like a poor little infant girl, running at her mother's side, begging to be taken up? and she clutches her mother's robe, and hinders her going, and looks up, with tears in her eyes, till her mother takes her up. Hast thou some evil tidings for me, or for the Myrmidons, or hast thou alone some news from Phthia? Menoitios, thy father, I hope, is still alive; and I trust that Peleus, my father, is still living amongst the Myrmidons; for great would be our sorrow, if they were dead."

To whom Patroklos, with heavy groans, replied : "O Achilles, son of Peleus, mightiest of the Achaians' warriors! be not angry with me, since such dire calamity hath fallen upon the Achaians; for the best of them are lying among the ships, either killed or wounded. The brave Diomedes, the renowned Odysseus, and Agamemnon have all been wounded; and Eurypylos is

pierced by an arrow in the thigh, and the leeches are all busy tending them. But thou, Peleides! remainest obdurate and unforgiving! May *my* heart never nurse such deadly hatred as doth thine! The noble Peleus was not thy father; the silver-footed goddess Thetis was not thy mother; but the hoary sea and the steep rock bare thee. 'But if thou darest some evil oracle, or if thy goddess-mother hath sent thee some message from Almighty Zeus, send *me* to the war! and bid the Myrmidons follow me, that I may bring succour to the Danaoi! And give me thine armour; and then, perhaps, the Trojans may mistake me for thee, and cease from the murderous battle.'

To him the swift-footed Achilles, greatly moved, replied: "O Patroklos, fosterling of Zeus! I know of no oracle, nor hath my lady mother told me anything, from Zeus; but dire grief came upon my heart, when first a man took away my prize because he was mightier than I. But let the past be past,—a man cannot keep his wrath for ever. I said, indeed, that I would not lay aside my anger, till the war-cry and the fire reached mine own hollow ships. But now—take my famous armour on thy back, and lead the Myrmidons, who delight in war! The Trojans no longer see my flashing helmet in the battle, or quickly would they flee, and fill the rivers with their blood. Now, it seemeth, not even the spear of Diomedes can ward off ruin from the Danaoi. Not yet hath been heard the voice of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, from his hateful mouth, shouting

destruction to the Trojans and their city ; but here we hear the voice of Hektor, calling them to destroy us. Now listen to me, Patroklos, and obey my words, that thou mayest gain great honour from the Danaoi ; and then, perhaps, they may also take from Atreides my beauteous maiden and restore her to me, with many costly gifts besides. When thou hast driven the Trojans from our ships, do not thou then follow them, towards Ilios ; but return to me, lest one of the deathless Olympian gods, even the Far-darting Apollo, come against thee ; for he dearly loveth the Trojans."

While they spake with one another in Achilles' tent, the fighting at the ships went on ; and Aias was no longer able to stay the onslaught of the Trojans ; for their darts overcame him. Many shafts struck his helmet, ringing about his head ; and his left shoulder was weary, holding up his shield. He was, indeed, worn out by his difficult breathing, and the sweat ran down his limbs ; yet they could not make him give way.

Say now, ye Muses who dwell in Olympos ! how the first fire fell on the ships of the Achaians ! Hektor came on, and struck the spear of Aias with his sharp sword, and hewed the shaft of it asunder, so that the bronze head of the spear was cut clean away, and fell rattling to the ground, and the shaft which he held in his hand was pointless. The noble-hearted Aias shuddered, when he saw this as a deed of the gods ; that so Loud-thundering Zeus did utterly cut off his power in the battle, and give victory to the Trojans. He drew

back, out of the range of the pitiless shower of darts; and the Trojans cast the unrelenting fire on the ships, and the flames enveloped them.

Achilles, seeing it, smote his strong thighs, and spake: "Arise, Patroklos! put on my armour quickly! for I see the blaze of hostile fires. Up, then! lest they burn the ships, and cut off our retreat!"

So spake he; and Patroklos put on the divine armour of the swift-footed son of Peleus: the greaves with silver clasps, and then the dædal starry breastplate, and the helmet with its terrible nodding crest of horse-hair; and took up the mighty shield, and a strong spear; but not that huge and heavy Pelian spear, of the blameless Aiakides, given by Poseidon to Peleus, which none but Achilles could wield. And Patroklos bade the charioteer Automedon, whom he honoured next to Achilles, to yoke the divine horses, Xanthos and Balios, which ran swift as the fleet winds; the horses that Podarge the Harpy bare to the Zephyr, as she was grazing by the streams of Okeanos. By their side he harnessed another, as out-rigger, a mortal horse, the goodly Pedasos, which Achilles had captured in the city of Eëtion.

Meantime, Achilles himself went and armed the Myrmidons through all the camp. They gathered, with fury in their hearts, like ravening wolves when they slay a stag and tear him to pieces; and their captains hastened around the noble comrade of Achilles, who himself stood in their midst and urged them to war. Achilles had brought fifty ships to Troy; and in each sat fifty men upon

the benches ; he appointed five leaders to command them, and he himself ruled over all. These chiefs of divisions were Menestheus, son of the river-god Sperchios and the lovely Polydora ; Eudoros, son of Polymele, the famous dancer ; Peisandros, the best spearman of the Myrmidons after Patroklos ; the illustrious old knight, Phoinix ; and Alkimedon, son of Laerkes. And Achilles, having marshalled the Myrmidons with their leaders, uttered his strict commands : " Myrmidons ! remember the loud threats ye uttered against the Trojans, when ye were wroth with me and said : ' O merciless son of Peleus, thy mother must have fed thee with gall, implacable as thou art, who keepest thy comrades in their ships against their will ; let us go home, then, since thou nursest such evil wrath in thy heart.' Thus did ye clamour against me ; but now, the time for the battle-cry is come, which of old ye so dearly loved." So spake he, and roused their valour. And two men in bright armour stood in front of all, even Patroklos and Automedon, one in mind and heart, to fight in the van of the fierce Myrmidons.

Then Achilles went to his tent, and opened a beautiful coffer, which the silver-footed goddess Thetis had placed in his ship ; he took from the chest a rich well-fashioned goblet, from which no man might drink but himself, and from which libations were poured to Zeus alone, and to no other god. And when he had scoured it with sulphur, and washed it in the stream of water, he filled it with the ruddy wine. And standing in the middle court, he poured out the wine as a

libation to Almighty Loud-thundering Zeus, and prayed, looking up to Heaven :

“O Royal Pelasgian Zeus! who rulest over wintry Dodona, round which thy prophets, the Selloi, with unwashed feet, lie sleeping on the bare ground! As thou didst aforetime hear me, and gavest me great honour, and didst punish the Achaians, so now fulfil my wish! I send my loved comrade, even Patroklos, to the war. Do thou, O Far-voiced Zeus! grant him a speedy victory, and a safe return.”

And the Wise Counsellor, Zeus, heard him, but granted him only a part of his desire. He granted him that Patroklos should drive the Trojans from the ships; but not that he should return safe from the battle.

The Myrmidons, following the high-hearted Patroklos, proudly rushed upon the Trojans; like wasps, by the wayside, which have been teased by the boys in their childish sport, and which come forth from their nests to defend their offspring. So the Myrmidons poured forth from their ships; and a fresh cry of fighting arose; and Patroklos shouted to his men: “Ye Myrmidons, followers of Achilles! quit you like men, and gain honour for your Chief, that the wide-ruling Atreides may know how blind of heart he was when he dishonoured the bravest of all the Achaians!”

Thus he spoke; and the Myrmidons, in a close mass, fell with loud shouts upon the Trojans, whose hearts sank when they saw the son of Menoitios in Achilles' bright armour, and they

wavered ; for they feared that Peleides, swift of foot, was reconciled to Agamemnon ; and each man of them looked about for a place to which he might flee for safety.

And Patroklos, standing by the ship of Protesilaos, cast his spear into the thick of the Trojan throng ; and it struck Pyraichmes, leader of the Paionian horsemen, in the shoulder ; and he fell, with a groan. And great fear of Patroklos fell on the Paionians, when they saw him smite their bravest leader. Then Patroklos drove them from the ships, and extinguished the fire ; and the Trojans fled. Still, they were not yet utterly routed, but some resisted and gave ground slowly.

But noble Hektor, though he saw the change in the tide of war, remained and strove to rescue his comrades. Now, in passing the trench, many horses broke the poles of their chariots or cars, and left them behind. Patroklos, wherever he saw the densest throng of fugitives, dashed in among them and shattered the chariots, while he crushed the men beneath his wheels. He was fain to attack great Hektor, but Hektor's swift steeds bore him away. Then Patroklos, following up his pursuit of the Trojans in the plain, kept rushing on them and staying them, not suffering them to approach the city, but driving them back towards the ships and the tents. He smote many of their great Chiefs, namely, Pronoos and Euryaios, Erymas, Amphoteros, Ephaltes, Tlepolemos, Echios, Pyris, Ipheus, Enippos, and Polymelos, son of Argeas ; all these he stretched on the grain-giving Earth.

But when the glorious Sarpedon saw his ungirdled Lykians falling beneath the hand of the son of Menoitios, he rebuked them, and said : "Shame on you, Lykians ! whither do ye flee ? Take courage, for I will meet this man, and learn who this great conqueror is." So spake he, and leapt in full armour to the ground. And Patroklos, too, left his chariot. And they rushed on each other with loud war-cries, like two vultures with crooked claws and curved beaks, which fight, screeching, on some high and craggy cliff.

But the crafty Son of Kronos, loud-thundering Zeus, took pity on them, and spake to Hera : "Alas ! must then Sarpedon, the dearest to me of mortal men, fall by the decree of Fate beneath the hand of the son of Menoitios ? I ponder in my heart, whether to save him alive from the mournful war, and bear him to rich Lykia, or to let him fall by the hand of Patroklos ?"

Then ox-eyed Hera answered him and said : "O dread Son of Kronos ! what words are these which have passed the barrier of thy teeth ? Wouldst thou, indeed, deliver a man long doomed by the Fates to hateful death ? Accomplish thy purpose ; but the other gods will not praise thee. Nay, suffer him to be slain by the hand of the son of Menoitios ! but if he be so dear to thee, then, when his soul has left his body, let Death and his Brother, Sleep, bear him away to broad Lykia, where his kinsmen will bury him, and raise over him a mound and a funeral column." Thus spoke the ox-eyed Queen ; and the great Father of Gods

and Men^a assented ; but he shed a blood-red rain upon the earth, in honour of his dear son, about to die.

And when they had come near to one another, Patroklos smote the famous Thrasymelos, the companion of Sarpedon, and relaxed his limbs in death. And Sarpedon hurled his spear at Patroklos ; but it missed him, and smote the brave horse Pedasos, on the shoulder ; and he shrieked as he gave up the ghost. Then the immortal horses, Xanthos and Balios, reared ; and the strong yoke creaked, and the reins were tangled, for their side horse had fallen in the dust. But the charioteer Automedon cut adrift the good horse Pedasos, and the others righted themselves, and pulled at the traces. And, again, Sarpedon aimed at Patroklos, and missed him again. He, in his turn, hurled a javelin, which struck the mighty Sarpedon in the diaphragm, below the throbbing heart. And he fell, like an oak or a silver poplar or a tall pine-tree, and lay moaning, before his horses, clutching the bloody ground.

As a bull, slain by a lion, dies groaning beneath its claws, so did the Lykian warrior ; but he called to his dear comrade : " Dear Glaukos, noble warrior ! now must thou show thyself a sturdy spearman. First, urge on the brave leaders of the Lykians to fight for Sarpedon ; and do thou fight for me with thy sword. It would be a dire disgrace to thee, for ever, if the Achaians spoil me of my armour. Stand firm, then, and urge on all our men ! ". And while he yet spake, darkness veiled his eyes. Patroklos set foot on his breast,

and drew out his spear and 'the soul of Sarpedon together.

And Glaukos heard the dying voice of his noble Chief, with deadly sorrow that he had no power to succour him, for his own arm was wounded by an arrow from the bow of the great archer Teukros. And he prayed, in his agony, to the Far-Darter, Apollo: "Hear me, O King, thou who hearest the afflicted! Save me, whether thou art in wealthy Lykia, or in sacred Troy! My arm is pierced, with sore pains from this grievous wound, and I cannot wield my spear, nor fight against this foe. And the noble son of Zeus lieth dead; yet may his Almighty Father give succour to his child."

And Phoibos Apollo heard the prayer of Glaukos, and straightway soothed his bitter pangs, and 'staunched the dark blood, and gave him courage. And Glaukos then spake to Hektor: "Surely, thou art little mindful of the noble allies, who came from afar to help thee, leaving their country and their kindred! Sarpedon, the noblest of the Lykians, hath fallen; but thou carest not for him. But now, my friends, stand near, with wrath filling your hearts, lest the Myrmidons strip him of his armour, and dishonour the dead." So spake he, and intolerable grief was in the hearts of the Trojans; for Sarpedon, stranger as he was, had been a true bulwark of defence for their city. Then Hektor led them straight against the Danaoi, and they followed eagerly.

The fierce Patroklós, on the other side, urged on the Achaians. He spake first to the two

Aiantes, and said : " Brave men as ye have always been ! now show yourselves braver still ! The man who first mounted the great wall of the Achaians, even glorious Sarpedon, hath fallen beneath my spear. Come, let us strip him of his armour, and do dishonour to his body." So spake he ; and both sides strengthened their forces—the Trojans and Lykians, the Myrmidons and Achaians—and a deadly contest arose. First, the Trojans drave back the Achaians ; for goodly Epigeus, son of the noble Agakles, by no means the worst of the Myrmidons, was slain. As he seized hold of the dead Sarpedon's foot, the famous Hektor smote him on the head with a huge stone, and he fell ; and Death, that quencheth the spirit of all men, covered him. Sore grieved for his dear companion, Patroklos rushed to the front, like a swift falcon, that scattereth the daws and starlings. And great Hektor and the foremost fighters drew back, a long javelin's cast ; and the Achaians followed. Glaukos, the leader of the Lykians, first turned his face to the foe, and slew Bathykles, son of the wealthy Chalkon, the greatest of the Myrmidons. And sorrow fell upon the Achaians, when they saw him fall, so good a man ; but the Trojans rejoiced. And they all thronged round him ; and neither side forgot their valour. Then Meriones smote the bold warrior Laogonos, son of Onetor, priest of Idaian Zeus, between the jaw and the left ear ; and hateful darkness veiled his eyes.

Then Aineias hurled his spear at Meriones, hoping to wound him below his shield ; but Meriones was on the watch, and he stooped, and

the long javelin flew over him, and fell quivering into the ground; for mighty Ares took its strength away. Aineias was wroth, and called aloud to him: "Meriones! if my spear had struck thee, quickly would I have stopped thy dancing, nimble dancer though thou art." And Meriones answered him: "O Aineias! think not that thou canst quell the spirit of every man who cometh against thee; for thou too art mortal; and if I should cast at thee with my sharp bronze, soon wouldst thou, in spite of all thy valour, give glory to me, and go down to Hades." But the wise son of Menoitios rebuked him sharply, saying: "O Friend! it is not taunting words that will drive the Trojans from the dead man; but bold deeds! Hands are for battle; words for the council. Therefore it beseemeth us not to wrangle, but to fight."

Again the clash of armour and weapons was heard, like the din of the woodcutters' axes in the glades of a wooded hill. And no one, however keen his eyes, could have recognised the body of godlike Sarpedon, all covered as it was with darts and blood and dust. Men crowded around it, like the buzzing flies, in spring, about the foaming milk-pail.

Now Zeus, with his all-seeing eyes, was ever watching the battle, and pondering in his mind, whether glorious Hektor should forthwith slay Patroklos, over the body of Sarpedon, and strip him of his armour; or whether he should let more men fall. And it seemed to him good to let the noble companion of Achilles, even great

Patroklos, drive the Trojans to the city with great slaughter. So he put a timid heart into Hektor, who leaped into his chariot and fled ; and he made the Trojans also flee, for he knew the turn in the sacred scales of Zeus. And the strong Lykians, too, fled when they saw their great King lying in the heap of dead. Then the Achaians spoiled the body of Sarpedon of his bright armour ; and Patroklos gave it to his comrades, to carry it to the hollow ships.

But the Cloud-Gatherer, Almighty Zeus, ordered Apollo to have the body of godlike Sarpedon washed in the stream, anointed with ambrosia, and clothed in imperishable garments ; and then to entrust it to Sleep and his Brother, Death, who should bear it away to wealthy Lykia.

Then Patroklos, in his folly, unmindful of the command of Achilles, cried to the charioteer Automedon, and bade him urge his horses after the flying Trojans. And Zeus, whose wit is stronger than the wit of man, inflamed the heart of Patroklos. Whom, then, first did he slay ? Andrestos, and Autoonoo, and Echebolos, and Perimos, and Epistor, Melanippos, Erastos, Moulaios, and Pylartes ; but the others fled, and avoided black death. Then would the Achaians have taken the lofty-gated city of sacred Troy, by the hands of the furiously raging son of Menoitios ; but Apollo stood upon the strong wall, with hostile thoughts against him. Thrice did Patroklos climb up the corner of the high wall ; and thrice did the Far-Darter hurl him back, and smite his shining shield. And, when he rushed on for

the fourth time, Apollo cried to him, with a terrible voice : "Back, O Heaven-born Chief ! It is not fated that the city of the warlike Trojans should fall by *thy* hand ; no, nor even by the hand of Achilles, a man far mightier than thou." And Patroklos drew back, fearing the wrath of the Far-Darter.

Hektor, meanwhile, stood inside the Skaian Gate, and pondered whether to drive again into the din of battle, or call his forces back to the city wall. And, as he mused, King Apollo, son of Zeus the Thunderer, stood beside him in the likeness of Asios, a strong, brave man, brother of Queen Hekabe (Hecuba), and spake to Hektor, and said : "Hektor, why shrinkest thou from the battle ? It doth not beseem thee, the greatest chief of all the Trojans. Would that I were stronger than thou ! then wouldst thou quickly rue thy slackness. Turn now thy horses and go against Patroklos, if perhaps thou mayest conquer him, and Apollo give thee the honour !" Then famous Hektor bade Kebriones, his charioteer, drive his horses back again to the battle. And Apollo struck the hearts of the Argives with panic fear, and gave much glory to the Trojans. Hektor slew none of the other Argives, but urged his chariot straight towards Patroklos. And the mighty son of Menoitios leapt from his chariot, with a spear in his left hand and a jagged stone in his right. He hurled the stone, not in vain ; for it struck Kebriones, son of Priam, on the forehead, as he was guiding the horses of Hektor. And as a diver from a ship falls into the sea, Kebriones

fell off the car to the ground ; so that Patroklos mocked him and said : "How well he diveth !" Then Patroklos rushed, like a lion, on the body of Kebriones. On the other side, Hektor left his shining chariot ; and the twain fought furiously over the body, like lions over a slaughtered stag.

Great Hektor had seized the body of Kebriones by the head, and would not let it go, while Patroklos grasped the dead man by the foot ; and the Trojans and the Danaoi joined in fierce battle. As when the strong East and South Winds strive against each other, in the woods, in some mountain glen, with a wondrous din of clashing boughs and breaking branches, so did they ; and with no thought of ruinous flight. So long as the sun was high in the heaven, the darts flew fast to and fro, and many fell on either side. But when the sun began to sink, and the time was come for the husbandman to loosen his oxen, then (contrary to Fate) the Achaians were the stronger, and drew Kebriones out of range of the darts, and stripped him of his armour. Three times Patroklos, peer of Ares, with a terrible cry, charged into the press of the Trojans, and each time slew nine men. But when he rushed on the fourth time, then his end was near. For then Phoibos Apollo met him in awful wise.

Apollo was shrouded in a thick mist, and Patroklos knew not of his coming. Then the Far-Darter dealt a downward blow upon his back and shoulders, and dashed the helmet from his head ; and it rolled clattering beneath the horses' feet. That was the very helmet which had once pro-

tected the head and beautiful face of a godlike man, even Achilles; and Zeus now gave it to Hektor to wear—but not for long! And the long, ponderous spear of Patroklos was also shattered and fell from his hand; and the tasselled shield dropped from his shoulders to the ground. And Phoibos Apollo loosed his corslet and relaxed his limbs, and darkened his heart; and Patroklos stood aghast.

The Dardanian Euphorbos, son of Panthoos, who excelled all others of his age in casting the spear and in horsemanship; and in fleetness of foot, came close behind Patroklos, and smote him in the back with his sharp lance; then he drew back amongst his comrades, nor dared to meet the onset of Patroklos, all unarmed as he was. But Patroklos, wounded by the god, and by the spear of Euphorbos, retreated to avoid death, towards the ranks of his friends. Then Hektor, when he saw Patroklos retiring wounded from the battle, thrust his spear through the bottom of his belly, and drove it right through his body.

As when a lion has mastered a strong boar, when they come together to a little well on a hill, and both desire to drink, so the great son of Priam, after he had slain many of the Achaians, took away the life of the brave son of Menoitios; and triumphed over him with boastful words: "Patroklos! thou thoughtest in thy mind to sack my city, and to carry off our women, as slaves, in thy swift ships! Vain fool! for in defence of them the fleet steeds of Hektor bore *him* to the fight! And I, who excel all other Trojans in

battle, ward off from them the dark day of doom. But thee shall the vultures devour. O miserable man! Achilles himself could not save thee; he who forbade thee to return to the swift ships until thou hadst 'cloven the bloody tunic of man-slaying Hektor.' Thus he spake to thee, and persuaded thy foolish heart."

Then the brave knight, Patroklos, answered with his dying voice: "O Hektor! well mayest thou boast; for Zeus, and King Apollo of the Silver Bow, have given thee the victory. But if twenty men like thee had met me, they all had bit the dust beneath my conquering spear. And now Fate, and Apollo, and of men, Euphorbos, have slain me; and thou wert but the third in my defeat."

So spake he, with his dying breath; and his soul, leaving his body, went down to Hades, sorrowing for its doom, leaving youth and strength behind him.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE warlike Menelaos, the golden-haired son of Atreus, knew of the slaying of Patroklos. And he went through the Achaians, clad in his bright bronze armour, and stood astride over his body, as the mother cow stands over her first calf; and he held up his mighty shield and his strong spear before him, eager to slay.

Nor was Euphorbos, son of Panthoös, unmindful of the slain Patroklos. He came and stood by Menelaos, dear to Arès, and spake to him winged words: "O Menelaos, fosterling of Zeus, give place, and leave the body, and give up the bloody spoils; for I was the first of all the Trojans and allies that struck Patroklos; therefore leave me to reap this precious glory, lest I smite thee with my spear, and take away thy life."

And golden-haired Menelaos, in great wrath, replied: "O Father Zeus! how evil a thing is this outrageous boasting! For no pard, no lion, no fierce wild boar rageth with such fury as these proud sons of the noble spearman Panthoös. Thy spirit will I quench, if thou darest to meet my onset. But I bid thee go back to thy friends, lest it be worse for thee."

Euphorbos consented not, but hurled his

great spear and struck the shield of Menelaos; but it passed not through, and the point was bent. Then Atreus' son, having prayed to Zeus, cast a spear, in his turn, and pierced the "neck" of Euphorbos, who fell prostrate to the ground; and loudly his armour rang around him. And his hair, beautiful as that of the Graces, his bright tresses, bound with silver and gold, were all bedabbled with blood. Like the fair vigorous sapling of an olive tree, which a man rears in an open space full of gushing springs: the breezes shake it, yet it putteth forth its white blossoms; and then, suddenly, a furious, hurricane tears it from its bed, and lays it level with the field; so the good spearman Euphorbos fell, slain by the son of Atreus.

Then would Menelaos have carried off the splendid spoils of the son of Panthoös, had not Phoibos Apollo roused the noble Hektor, peer of murderous Ares, in the semblance of Mentès, ruler of the Kikones; and Mentès cried aloud to him, and said, "Hektor! why dost thou seek the unattainable—even the horses of wise Aiakides, which no mortal man can drive but only Achilles, the son of a deathless mother? And now the warlike Menelaos hath laid low the bravest of the Trojans and checked his impetuous onset."

And dire grief clouded the great heart of noble Hektor, when he saw Euphorbos lying in his blood, and Menelaos stripping off his splendid armour. And he rushed to the front, with a roar like that of the quenchless flame of Hephaistos.

And the son of Atreus, when he heard the cry, was sorely troubled, and communed with his mighty heart: "Woe is me, if I leave the beautiful arms, I fear the Danaoi will be angry with me; but can I, for my honour's sake, do battle here, alone, against Hektor of the glancing helm, and all the Trojans? But why do I ponder? If a man would fight with another, whom the gods favour, then great woe overwhelms him. But if I could find great Aias of the loud war-cry, then would we two be mindful of our valour; nay, we would fight against Heaven itself, if we could but bring to Achilles, the great son of Peleus, the body of his friend!"

While he thus debated in his mind, Hektor came on leading the Trojan battalions; so Menelaos retreated, leaving the dead body of Patroklos. But every now and then he turned and faced the pursuing Trojans. And when he reached the tents of his companions, he searched eagerly for the mighty son of Telamon; and he soon saw him, on the left of the whole army, rousing his disheartened comrades, whom Phoibos Apollo had filled with fear. And great Atreides ran to him and said: "Follow me, dear Aias! let us hasten to the dead Patroklos, that we may, at least, convey his naked body to Achilles, though Hektor holds his armour."

And the heart of great Aias was quickly roused; and he went through the front rank of the Achaians, with the golden-haired Menelaos by his side. Hektor, meanwhile, having spoiled Patroklos of the divine armour, was dragging him

off, that he might sever his head from his body, and give his carcase to the dogs.

But Aias came on, holding up his mighty shield like a tower. And when Hektor saw him near, he retreated among his comrades, and leapt into his chariot; but the divine armour he gave to the Trojans; to bear to the city. And Aias held his mighty shield over the dead, and stood like a lion before his whelps; so stood the great Aias over the fallen hero; and Menelaos, full of sorrow, stood beside him.

Then Glaukos, the Lykian Chief, looked on Hektor, and thus upbraided him with bitter words: "O Hektor! fairest in form, but slack in battle! surely without good reason thou art held in the highest honour—ever inclined as thou art to flee! Consider how thou mayest save the city with thy Trojans alone. For if they will be advised by me, not one of the Lykians will go forth again to fight the Danaoi; since it profiteth ~~us~~ not at all to fight unceasingly. Hard-hearted as thou art! who didst leave the noble Sarpedon, thine own guest-friend, a prey to the Argives, though he had so often served both thee and thy city! yet him thou didst not dare to save from the birds and dogs! Thou dost not dare look great Aias in the face, since he is thy better far!"

Then Hektor of the shining helm looked at him with a scowl, and answered: "Glaukos! how is it that a good man, like thee, can speak such intemperate words? I thought that thou wert wise above all the dwellers in fertile Lykia; but

now I scorn thy taunt—that I dare not face great Aias! I have no fear; but the mind of Zeus ruleth over all, and he overaweth even the bravest. Come hither, and behold my work; and judge whether I am minded this day' to play the coward!"

Thus saying, he shouted aloud to his men: "Trojans, Lykians, and Dardanians! quit you like brave men, remembering your impetuous valour; while I put on the divine armour of Achilles, which I took from brave Patroklos." Then godlike Hektor ran swiftly to his comrades, who were bearing away the armour of the son of Peleus; and he changed his own armour for that which he had taken from Patroklos.

But when Zeus, the great Cloud-Gatherer, saw it, he shook his ambrosial head, and spake to his own soul: "Ah, wretched man! little thinkest thou that death is now so near thee, but hast donned the glorious armour of a peerless hero, before whom all others flee. I will crown thee now with great glory; but never shalt thou bear the splendid spoils, which thou hast stripped from the body of Patroklos, to thy dear wife Andromache."

The armour fitted Hektor; and Ares, the terrible God of War, filled his limbs with mighty strength, as he strode to his noble allies, and spake: "Listen, my countless allies, who live around sacred Troy! When I gathered you from your cities, it was that ye might guard the Trojan dames and their little ones from the Achaians. Now then, let us, all together, charge the foe, and



Fight round the body of Patroklos.—Page 223.

live or die—for these are the chances of mournful war !”

They heard, and charged the Danaoi with all their force, hoping to drag the corpse of Patroklos from the soil of Telamon ; but it was a vain hope ; for many fell, dying, around the body of the hero, the companion and friend of noble Achilles.

And Aias spake to Menelaos of the loud war-cry : “ Dear son of Atreus ! I no longer hope that we twain shall ever return to our homes. And I am not so much concerned for the body of Patroklos, which soon will feed the dogs and birds, as for thy life and mine. Great Hektor, like a storm-cloud, overshadoweth all ; and death stareth us in the face. Nevertheless, do thou call on the best of the Argives to fight.” Menelaos heard him, and went forward, shouting to the Danaoi who followed him ; and he was joined by Aias, the son of Oileus, and by Idomeneus and Meriones.

The Trojans came on in close array, and god-like Hektor led them ; and as when the ocean wave roareth against the stream at the mouth of a Zeus-born river, and the lofty hills re-echo the bellowing of the salt sea upon the beach, so terrible was the cry with which the Trojans charged. But the Argives, undismayed, surrounded the slain son of Menoitios with their shields, like a wall of bronze. At first, indeed, the Trojans drave off the Argives, who shrank back in fear and left the corpse. The Trojans did not wait to slay their foes, but strove to carry off the noble dead. But soon great Aias, foremost of the Achaians after

Achilles, rallied them again, and himself went forward through the front ranks ; and like a fierce wild boar, which standeth at bay before the strong men and the dogs, in the mountain glades, so did the mighty son of Telamon scatter the Trojan battalions.

Hippothoös, the renowned son of Pelasgian Lethos, had fastened a thong round the ankle of Patroklos, and was dragging him through the battle. But the son of Telamon saw him, and sprang upon him, and struck him on his helmet of bronze ; and the brains and blood gushed out from his ghastly wound. And he dropped the foot of the great-hearted Patroklos, and fell upon the corpse, far from his home in fruitful Larissa.

Hektor, in turn, hurled his strong spear at Aias ; but he saw it coming, and just escaped it. But the swift spear struck Schedios, son of Iphitos, the best of the Phokians, in the middle of the collar-bone ; and he fell, his armour rattling upon him.

Then would the Trojans, in their weakness, have been driven back to sacred Ilios, had not Apollo himself addressed Aineias, standing by him in the form of Periphas the herald, a friend of Aineias : "Aineias, how couldst thou save the well-built city of Ilios against the will of the gods ? But now great Zeus is inclined to give us the victory thou art sorely terrified, and fighest not." And Aineias knew the voice of the Archer God, and spake to Hektor : "Hektor, and ye, great Chiefs of the Allies ! foul shame were it to us if, seized by panic fears, we were

driven back to Ilios by the warlike Achaïans !
 And thus saith a god, who standeth near me :
 that Zeus, the sublimest Counsellor, is our Helper
 in the fight ! Let them not, at any rate, easily
 carry the dead Patroklos to the ships ! ”

Then the Trojans again rallied, and fiercely
 charged the Danaoi, who guarded the body of
 Patroklos ; yet they brake not through the wall
 of bronze shields, which the Danaoi formed round
 the great comrade of Achilles. They fought like
 flames of fire ; and thou wouldst not have thought
 that there was any sun or moon ; for a dark cloud
 enveloped the Chiefs who stood round the body of
 Patroklos. But the other Trojans and Achaïans
 fought in sunshine and clear air.

Thus, all day long, the fearful strife continued ;
 and in their grievous toil, the sweat bedewed
 their limbs and eyes, as they fought round the
 body of the faithful companion of the swift-footed
 Aiakides.

CHAPTER XXIV

MEANWHILE, the noble Achilles knew nothing of the death of his dear comrade; the fight was raging far away, under the walls of Troy. He never deemed that Patroklos was dead, but that he would come safely back again, after he had reached the gates.

The fight still went on unceasingly around the dead, and the Achaians spake thus to one another: "Dear Friends, it would be a shame for us to go back to our ships without Patroklos; rather let the black earth swallow us"; and the Trojans, on their side, said to each other: "Friends, though we should all be slain, let none go back from the battle."

The immortal horses of Aiakides were standing apart from the battle; and they were weeping, since they learnt that their charioteer Patroklos had been slain by the mighty Hektor. And whether Automedon, son of Dioreus, lashed them with the whip or gently chid them, yet would they not return to the ships, nor to the battle. They stood immovable as a funeral column, and incessantly wept hot tears, in their grievous sorrow for the loss of Patroklos; and their ample manes streamed to the ground, all soiled with

dust. And Zeus, the Son of Kronos, saw them and had pity on them. He shook his head and spake: "Ah, hapless steeds! why did we give you to King Peleus, a mere mortal—you that are ever young and deathless? Was it that ye too might have grief, among wretched mortals? for of all creatures that breathe and creep upon the earth, there is none more pitiable than man. But I will not suffer Hektor to drive you and the well-built chariot. I will strengthen your knees and hearts, that ye may carry Automedon in safety to the ships."

So spake the Loud-Thunderer, and poured fresh vigour into the hearts of the weeping horses; and they shook the dust from their rich manes, and dashed through the ranks of Trojans and Achaians. Automedon fought from the car; and like a vulture amid wild geese, he now flew past the Trojans, now turned on them and pursued them. But he could not stay them; for, being alone, he could not at the same time both drive and fight. At last, he saw a friend, even Alkimedon, son of Laerkes, who came behind the chariot, and spake to him: "Automedon, what god hath taken away thy wits, that thou fightest alone, in the front rank of the Achaians?" Automedon answered him: "Who but Patroklos, a peer of the deathless gods, can skilfully guide the immortal horses of great Achilles? But do thou take the shining reins, and I will get down from the chariot and fight."

Then Alkimedon mounted the car, and Automedon leapt down. But glorious Hektor marked

them, and said to Aineias: "Aineias, great Counsellor of the mailed Dardans! I see the immortal steeds of the swift-footed Aiakides on the battle-field, with unskilled drivers. Therefore, if thou art willing to help me, I think that I might take them, since they would not stand up against us twain." And the brave son of Anchises and Aphrodite consented; and they went straight on, covering their shoulders with their shields of ox-hide. And Chromios and godlike Aretos went with them, in hopes to slay the Achaian warriors, and to carry off the divine horses. Foolish men! for not without bloodshed were these to be taken from Automedon:

And he prayed to the Great Father of Gods and Men, Almighty Zeus; and straightway his heart was filled with strength and valour. And he said to Alkimedon: "Do thou hold the horses close to me, so that I may feel their breath upon my back. For I see that Hektor will not cease to rage, till he hath slain us, and mounted the car of Achilles. For he is minded either to spread terror among the Achaians, or to fall himself."

And then he called to the twain Aiantes, and to great Menelaos: "Ye Chiefs of the Argive host! leave the corpse of Patroklos for others to defend; but come and save us, who are still alive, from the doom of death; for I see the bravest warriors of the Trojans, Hektor and Aineias, bearing down upon us! These things lie, indeed, upon the knees of the gods; yet I will throw my spear!"

He said, and hurled his long-shafted spear, which struck the round shield of Aretos; and the

sharp bronze point went right through his belt and pierced his belly ; and brave Aretos, like an ox smitten behind the horns, which leaps forward and then falls, sprang up and then fell upon his back. Then Hektor hurled his bright spear at Automedon ; but he saw it coming, and stooping, avoided it. Then would they have fought hand to hand, with their swords ; but the twain Aiantes came through the ranks, at the call of Automedon, and parted them. And before *them*, even Hektor, and Aineias, and Chromios had to give way ; so they left Aretos there to die.

And, again, round the corpse of Patroklos raged the cruel conflict, direful and fraught with sorrow. Then Athene descended from Heaven, like unto the many-hued rainbow, which Zeus spreadeth in the sky as a sign to mortals. She went first to Menelaos, in the likeness of Phoinix, and said to him : " Menelaos ! it will be a shame and reproach to thee, if the dogs of Troy shall tear the faithful friend of haughty Achilles. Stand firm, then, and urge on all the others ! "

And Menelaos answered her, and said : " O Phoinix, aged warrior of the times, of old ! may Athene give me courage to stand against the shower of darts ! But Hektor rageth like fire ; and ceaseth not from slaying ; and Zeus giveth him great honour. "

Athene, the fierce-eyed goddess, was glad that he addressed her *first* of all the gods ; and she strengthened his knees and shoulders. He stood over the body of Patroklos, wielding his bright spear. Apollo, on the other hand, came down in

the shape of Asios, and said to Hektor : " Hektor ! no longer will any of the Achaians fear thee, since thou shrinkest from Menelaos, heretofore a warrior of small renown." He spake ; but the heart of Hektor was overshadowed with grief. And the Son of Kronos, on high, thundered mightily, and covered the field with a dark mist, and the great earth trembled.

Then first Idomeneus and Hektor hurled their spears at one another. Both missed ; but the spear of Hektor struck Koiranos, a fellow-warrior of Meriones, between the jaw and ear ; and Idomeneus drove back to the hollow ship, for fear took possession of his soul.

Now high-spirited Aias and Menelaos saw that Zeus had given victory to the Trojans, in their turn ; and great Aias was the first to speak of it. " Alas ! " said he, " even a fool can see that Father Zeus is helping the Trojans ! Either, then, let us contrive some plan for carrying off the dead Patroklos, or ourselves go back, to gladden our friends, who are in deadly fear that the fury of man-slaying Hektor will come upon them, and that he will fall upon the ships. And let some messenger go quickly to the son of Peleus, with the mournful tidings that his dear friend is slain ! O Father Zeus ! free us, I beseech thee, from this dark cloud, and give clear sight to our eyes ! Slay us rather in the Light ! if it be thy will that we should die ! "

So spake great Aias ; and the Father of Gods and Men was sorry to see him weep, and he dispersed the mist, and the sun shone forth. Then

Aias spake to Menelaos of the loud war-cry :
"Look around for Antilochos, the son of great-hearted Nestor ; and send him to Achilles with the woeful tidings."

Then Menelaos departed, looking around him with the piercing sight of an eagle, which hath the keenest vision of all the birds of heaven ; even so Menelaos, beloved of Zeus, glanced every way to see, if he might, the son of wise Nestor ; and he saw him on the left of the battle, rousing his comrades to the fight. The golden-haired Menelaos drew near him and said : "Antilochos, come and learn the woeful news ! Slain is Patroklos, the dearest comrade of Achilles, the best of the Achaians ! Great grief hath fallen upon the Danaoi. Run, then, to the ships ; and tell Achilles, if perhaps he will come and rescue the naked body ; for Hektor holdeth his divine armour."

So spake he ; Antilochos was struck with horror by his words, and for a time he could not speak ; his eyes were filled with tears, and his manly voice was choked. But yet he hastened to fulfil the bidding of Menelaos, and set off running to the ships.

And he came, weeping bitterly, to the son of Peleus, with his mournful tale, while Menelaos went back and stood over the body of Patroklos, with the twain Aiantes, and told them : "I have sent Antilochos to swift-footed Achilles, but I do not expect that he will come to aid us ; for he cannot fight the men of Troy without his armour, however great his wrath against Hektor." And the Telamonian Aias answered him : "Well hast

thou spoken, O illustrious Menelaos! But do thou and Meriones lift the corpse on to your shoulders, and bear it out of the battle." So did they; and the Trojans yelled, when they saw them carrying off the dead; and they charged, like hounds that run before the hunters pursuing a wounded boar; even so, for a while, the Trojans rushed on, with swords and double-headed spears. But as the hounds, when the boar turns upon them, fall back in terror, so when the twain Aiantes turned and faced them, the Trojans grew pale with fear, and not one of them was bold enough to fight for the corpse, with which, meantime, the twain heroes were staggering along under the heavy burthen. 'Like two strong mules, which at the shaft, dragging some huge ship-timber down a rugged path, so they struggled on, with toil and sweat, bearing the corpse upon their shoulders. And behind them, the twain Aiantes stemmed the rush of the Trojan warriors', as a thickly wooded range of hills, stretching across a plain, keeps back the flood of mighty rivers.

CHAPTER XXV

WHILE the others were still fighting for the body of Patroklos, Antilochos came to Achilles, and found him, in front of the high-beaked ships, brooding over past events. He communed thus with his mighty soul : "Alas ! why are the long-haired Achaians retreating to their ships, and flying over the plain ? O ye Gods ! can it be that my worst fears have been fulfilled, as my goddess-mother foretold to me, when she said that, while I still lived, the noblest of the Myrmidons should be robbed of the light of day ? Foolhardy as he was ! I told him, when he had saved the ships from fire, to return to me, and not to fight with Hektor !"

While he said this to himself, the son of Nestor drew near, and shedding big tears, told him the woeful news. "Alas ! son of wise Peleus ! sad and bitter are the tidings thou must hear. Slain is Patroklos ; and they are fighting over his naked body, for Hektor has stripped him of his armour."

Thus spake he, and a dark cloud of sorrow fell upon Achilles' brow. He fell to the ground, and tore his flowing hair, and poured black dust over his head, and defiled his noble face and his fragrant robes. The captive handmaidens, shrieking loudly,

flocked round the mighty Hero, and wailed and beat their breasts. Antilochos, himself still weeping, held the hands of Achilles, fearing that he might cut his own throat with his sword.

Then, in the depths of the Ægean Sea, the silver-footed Thetis, sitting by Nereus her aged father, heard the loud moaning of her darling son. And she cried aloud; and all the sea-goddesses, daughters of Nereus, the son of Pontos, came flocking round her. These were Glauké, and Thaleia, and Kymodoke, Nesaia, Speio, and Thoe, ox-eyed Halië, and Kymothoë, Aklaïë, and Limnoreia, Melité, Iaira, and Amphithoe, Agave, Doto, and Proto, Pherusa, Dynamene, and Dexamene, Amphinoë, and Kallianeira, Doris, and Panope, and renowned Galateia, Nemertes, and Apsudes, Kallianassa, and Klymene, Janeira, Ianassa, Maira, and Oreithyeia, and fair-haired Amatheia, and other Nereids, who dwelt in the depths of the sea. These filled the silver-glancing cave; and they all beat upon their breasts, as Thetis led the wailing:

“Hearken to me, dear Sisters!” she cried; “that ye may know what sorrows afflict my heart! Alas for me, unhappy mother of the noblest Hero! For when I had brought forth a son, blameless and strong, he shot up like a fair young tree in a fruitful meadow. And I sent him in the hollow ship, to fight the Trojans. But never shall I welcome him to his home, in the house of his father Peleus! And even while he still enjoyeth the light of heaven, he is full of sorrow. and I can in no wise help him. But I will go, and see his dear face; and

learn what grief hath overtaken him; though he standeth aloof from the war."

So spake she, and left the silver-glancing cave, followed by the Sea Nymphs, all weeping. And the ocean waves parted before them; quickly they came to the land of Troy, to the shore where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up in order.

And when Achilles saw his goddess-mother, he uttered deep groans and wailed aloud. And she, with a piercing cry, clasped his dear head with her hands, and pitying spoke to him winged words of sympathy and sorrow:

"Dear Child, why weepest thou? What sorrow hath fallen on thee? Speak out, and hide it not from me! Great Zeus hath fulfilled thy wish, that the Achaians should be forced back to their ships, and should suffer countless ills, for want of thee."

And, groaning deeply, the swift-footed son of Peleus answered her: "Dear Mother! the Olympian hath indeed answered my prayer. But what joy is that to me? since my dear companion, whom I honoured above all men, is no more, and I have lost him? Hektor hath spoiled him of the splendid armour, which the gods gave to Peleus, when he, a mortal, married thee, a deathless goddess! I would that thou hadst remained among thy sisters in the Sea, and that Peleus had mated with a mortal bride! And now, still greater sorrows await thee; for my heart biddeth me live no longer, unless Hektor yield his life to me, and there be full atonement made by him for the slaying of the great son of Menoitios.

Then Thetis, weeping, sadly replied : "Short, then, dear Son, must be *thy* term of life ; for, soon after Hektor, thou too must die."

And Achilles, the son of Peleus, deeply moved, spake to her again : "Let me then die straight-way, since I could not succour my dear friend in his great need ! As I may not return to my dear native land, and have brought no help to any of my comrades, whom the noble Hektor hath slain, but sit here in my tent, cumbering the ground—I, that am better in war than any of the Achaians, though others may surpass me in the council—why should I live ? O cursed be all quarrels among gods and men, and wrath that rageth in the breasts even of the wise, and filleth their hearts like smoke, and seems sweeter to them than honey ! I, too, raged furiously against Agamemnon, King of men ; but now I will forget the past, and will curb my soul, sore wounded though it be. I go to seek the slayer of my dearly loved comrade. And then I will die, when Zeus and the other gods decree my death. Dear Mother ! hold me not back from the battle ; for thou wilt not prevail !"

Then Thetis turned from her son, and spake to her sisters : "Go ye now to the broad bosom of the Sea, and carry the news to our father, the Ancient One of the Sea ! But I will go to high Olympus, and to Hephaistos, the wise Artificer, if perhaps he will give me a noble armour for my son." The Nereids all obeyed her voice, and plunged beneath the dark sea-waves ; but the silver-footed Thetis went to Olympus.

Meanwhile, the Achaians were again flying

before Hektor to their ships and the Hellespont ; they could not, after all, carry the body of Patroklos safely away from the field, because Hektor and the Trojan host were so close upon them, and the fight was raging like a blazing fire. Thrice did Hector seize the feet of Patroklos, and thrice did the two Aiantes thrust him back ; but he kept his ground, and they could not scare him off. And now, perhaps, would Hektor have carried off the body, and won still greater fame, had not the storm-swift Iris come down from Olympos, without the knowledge of Zeus and the other gods, but sent by Hera alone. Iris came and stood by Achilles, and spake : " Up ! son of Peleus ! most mighty of men ! Save thy friend Patroklos, over whose body they are hotly fighting at the ships ! For mighty Hektor would fain sever his head from his body and fix it on spikes on the walls of Troy ! "

The swift-footed Achilles answered and said : " Goddess, who sent thee as a messenger to me ? "

And she spake again, and said : " It was the golden-throned Hera, wife of the Great King of Gods and Men, who sent me, unknown to Zeus. "

" But," Achilles said, " how can I engage in the battle ? For Hektor holdeth my armour, and my mother bade me wait till she bring me splendid new arms from Hephaistos. And no man's armour could I wear, except perhaps the shield of Telamonian Aias ; but he himself is using it. "

Again the storm-swift Iris spake : " We know that thou hast no armour ; but go as thou art, to the fosse, and show thyself to the Trojans ; and

they, I think, will cease from battle, and 'give the wearied sons of the Achaians time to breathe.'" Fleet Iris then departed.

Then 'Achilles arose in his full might, and Athene came to him, and threw her tasselled ægis round his broad shoulders. On his head she placed a coronet of golden cloud, blazing with fire. As when, from a beleaguered city on an island (after the setting of the sun, beneath the smoke that goeth up to the heavens), beacon fires are seen blazing and flashing their rays afar, such was the bright light round great Achilles' head.

And he went forth, and stood beside the fosse outside the wall, and shouted terribly; and Pallas Athene too uttered a mighty cry, and the Trojan host was filled with unutterable horror. Loud and clear as the brazen trumpet's bray, that calleth men to arms against a besieging foe, so rang out the mighty voice of great Aiaakides; and all who heard it quailed and trembled; and the fair-maned horses turned with the cars, foreboding evil; and the charioteers were all aghast, when they saw the undying flame rising from the head of godlike Achilles. Thrice, from the fosse, where he stood, pealed forth his terrible cry; and thrice, in dire dismay, the Trojans and their allies fell back. And, in that dire confusion, twelve of their bravest fell from their own chariots and were crushed by the wheels. Meantime, amidst the turmoil, the Achaians recovered the body of Patroklos and gladly drew it apart, to be laid on a litter, which bore it to Achilles' tent; his comrades following, and Achilles himself with them, weeping hot tears

as he looked on the mangled remains of his dearest friend.

Then Hērā, the ox-eyed Queen of Heaven, bade the unwearyed Sun go down to the streams of Okeanos, unwillingly, before his time ; that so the wearyed Achaians might rest from battle.

And the Trojans, too, ceased from the stubborn fight ; and loosing the horses from their chariots, the Chiefs assembled in council, all standing. For they had no heart to sit ; fear had fallen upon them, since Achilles had come forth again.

And wise Polydamās, who alone knew the future and the past, began to speak. 'He was a friend of Hektor's and they were born in the same night. The one was pre-eminent in battle ; the other, in the council. And he made harangue, and said : " My counsel is, that we go up at once to the city, and wait not on the plain for the rosy-fingered Dawn. So long as Achilles was wroth with Agamemnon, and kept aloof from the war, I, too rejoiced to sleep at night near the ships, thinking that we should make them our prey. But now I greatly fear the son of Peleus ; with him we shall have to fight for our city, and for our wives ! Let us, then, straightway go up into our stronghold. The goddess Night hath, for a time, delayed the onset of the swift-footed son of Peleus, but if, with the Dawn, he catcheth us, when he is fully armed—we know full well what he can do ; and many a Trojan will the dogs and the birds devour. But if, though unwillingly, ye hear my counsel, the towers and gates will guard us from the foe."

Then, with a scornful glance, great Hektor spake to Polydamas: "Unpleasing to my ears are the words which thou hast spoken; since thou wouldst have us recoil from the foe, and shut us up in the towers. The son of crafty Kronos hath granted me great glory, and to drive the Achaians to their ships; therefore cease, vain man! from spreading base counsels among the people! I will not suffer that any Trojan should listen to thy words. Let us now take the evening meal, and keep good watch and ward; and when the golden-footed Dawn bringeth back the day, we will arm ourselves, and fight by the hollow ships. I, at any rate, will not flee before noble Achilles, but will meet him face to face, that one of us may gain eternal glory."

Thus spake the noble Hektor; and the Trojans in their folly applauded; for Pallas Athene took away their wits, and they hearkened not to the wise counsel of Polydamas.

Meanwhile, the Achaians passed the night in bewailing noble Patroklos; and louder than all was the lamentation of the son of Peleus. He laid his death-dealing hands upon his dear comrade's breast, moaning, and cried aloud to the warlike Myrmidons: "Vain was the promise which I made to Menoitios, that I would bring home his son with glory and a share of the rich spoils of Troy! For now we must, both of us, redden this same ground with our blood. But, O Patroklos! since I so soon must follow thee, yet will I not light thy funeral pyre till I have brought thee the head and the arms of haughty Hektor!"

Thus spake Achilles; while his comrades boiled water in a great tripod of ablution, and therewith washed the gore from the body of Patroklos, and anointed it with olive oil; then they clothed him in soft raiment and a white robe, and laid him on a couch. And all night long, Achilles and the warlike Myrmidons made lamentation for the glorious Patroklos.

CHAPTER XXVI .

ON high Olympos, the Loud-thundering Zeus spake mockingly to his consort, Hera, and said : " At length, thou hast what thou desirest, and hast roused Achilles to fight against the Trojans. Surely, the long-haired Achaians must be thine own children, since thou lovest them so dearly ! "

And the ox-eyed Queen replied : " Dread Son of Kronos ! what words are these which have passed the barrier of thy teeth ? Even a mortal man doth what he can to help another ; and shall not I, the chief of goddesses by birth and as thy wife — O thou King of the deathless gods ! shall not *I* avenge myself upon the men of Troy ? "

Thus these two strove with one another.

Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis came to the splendid palace of Hephaistos, bright and immortal, which shone like a star among the mansions of the gods. She found him at his bellows, sweating from his mighty toil ; for he was forging twenty tripods, to stand round the walls of his well-built mansion. Beneath each of them he placed wheels of gold ; and they move, of themselves, into the assembly of the gods, and so return.

While he was thus employed, the silver-footed

Thetis approached the house. And Charis, of the shining veil, the wedded wife of Hephaistos (whose first wife had been Aphrodite), came forth to meet her, and took her by the hand, and called her by her name: 'O long-robed Thetis! dear and honoured as thou art! not oft, I ween, dost thou come to visit us. But follow me, that I may show thee due hospitality.'

Then she led the way in, and seated Thetis on a lofty chair with silver studs, beautiful, and cunningly wrought, and placed a footstool beneath her shining feet. And she called to Hephaistos, the divine Artificer: "Come hither, Hephaistos! for the silver-footed Thetis seeketh thine aid."

And the glorious lame god answered: "Revered and dear, to me is she; for she saved me, when my shameless mother threw me down from heaven; and I should have suffered dire anguish had not Eurynome, daughter of Okeanos, and Thetis taken me to their hearts and comforted me. Nine years I spent with them, and fashioned all kinds of curious work, of bronze—clasps, and spiral bracelets, and ear-rings, like the *calyx* of a flower, and necklaces—in the hollow grot, while all around me roared the streams of great Okeanos. And none of the other gods knew where I was, but only Thetis and Eurynome. And now that she is come, a welcome guest, to my house, I will repay the fair-haired Nymph in every way, for saving my life."

So saying, he raised his mighty bulk from the block, and, limping on his slender legs, moved quickly; and he put away his bellows, and placed

his tools in a silver chest, and sponged his face and hands, his strong neck and hairy breast; then he donned his tunic, and leaning on a staff, he limped along. And golden handmaids, in the form of living maidens, came to help their lord; these have intelligent minds, and human voices, and skill from the deathless gods. And he went with halting gait, and seated himself on a shining throne, near the silver-footed Thetis; and he took her by the hand, and said to her: "O dear and honoured Thetis of the flowing robes! why comest thou to our house, thou, an infrequent guest?"

Then the silver-footed goddess answered him: "O Hephaistos! hath Zeus, the Son of Kronos, laid on any other goddess in Olympus such grievous woes as on *me*, unhappy that I am? He chose out me, from all the Sea Nymphs, to endure marriage with a mortal. A son I bare, the greatest of heroes. I brought him up, like a young tree in a fruitful soil, and sent him in a high-peaked ship to war against the Trojans; but never again will he return to me, in the halls of his aged father Peleus. And even while I yet see him, and he beholdeth the light of the sun, he is full of grief, and I cannot help him. For King Agamemnon took away his prize, the dearly loved maiden Briseis. For the loss of her, he pined and wept; nor would he allow his Myrmidons to join in the battle, though the Achaians were hard pressed and driven to their ships. The Chiefs of the Argives came to him with prayers and tears, and many costly gifts. And though he refused himself to rescue them, he suffered Patroklos to put on his

divine armour, and sent many of the Myrmidons with him to the battle. And the son of Menoitios performed high deeds of valour, and went near to sack the city. But the Far-darting Apollo and glorious Hektor slew him, and gained immortal glory. And now, I come as a suppliant, to clasp thy knees, and to pray that thou wouldst give my short-lived son a shield, a helmet, a breastplate, and goodly greaves."

Then the lame god, the famous Artificer, replied: "Be of good cheer, O silver-footed Queen, and be not troubled about these things! Would that I could as surely save him from mournful death, as that I will supply him with goodly armour, a wonder to behold!"

And he returned to his workshop, and bade his bellows—there were twenty of them—blow the blasts on the fire and prepare the earthen moulds; and as Hephaistos willed, the work was done. He melted the tough bronze and tin, the gold and silver, with the fire; and placed an anvil and took a strong hammer in one hand, and tongs in the other, and with these he worked.

First, he made the Shield, broad and strong, with many decorations. Around it he placed a triple bright rim, and a silver strap depended from it. The shield itself was formed with five zones, in each of which he fashioned many curious works.

Therein he fashioned the Earth, the Sky, the Sea, the unwearied Sun, the Moon at the full, and all the bright luminaries, which crown the azure firmament; the *Pleiades*, daughters of Atlas, the *Hyades* (rainy stars), the mighty *Orion*, and the

Bear (or *Wain*), turning about to watch 'Orion, which alone, of all the stars, batheth not in the streams of Okeanos.

Also, on the shield, he sculptured two fair cities of articulate-speaking men. In one of these were wedding festivals; and, with a blaze of torch-light, the brides were conducted from their chambers along the streets; while the hymeneal song was loud, and the youths whirled round and round in the giddy dance, to the music of flute and harp; while the women stood, at their doors, watching and admiring. In that city he also fashioned an assembly of the people, in which a contention had arisen, about the blood-fine or "were-geld" for a murdered man; the people, with noisy shouts, cheered, on either side; but the heralds stilled the tumult, holding their staves of office in their hands; and then the judges rose up, to pronounce their verdict.

Around the other city lay two armies besieging it, with flashing arms. Two plans were considered: either to destroy the town, or to divide the wealth thereof with its citizens. But the beleaguered garrison had not yet yielded, but armed themselves and set an ambush. Their dear wives and children, and the old men, stood on the walls to defend it, while the strong men went forth to fight. And they were led by Ares and Athene, whose forms were fashioned in gold, with golden raiment; and, as gods, he made them larger, and more beautiful, than the mortals around them.

The men in ambush set upon the herdsmen who were driving oxen to the watering-place (of the

army), and making music with their pipes. They carried off the cattle; but the besiegers, as they sat before the rostra, heard the lowing of the oxen, and drave up, with their high-stepping horses, to repel the raid. Then a fierce conflict arose; and in it were seen *Eris*, and *Kudoimos*, and *Ker* (Strife, and Uproar, and Dire Fate); like living warriors, they rushed on one another; and haled away the dead whom they slew.

In another part of the shield, he represented a rich, deep-soiled, fallow field, thrice ploughed; and when the ploughers came to the end of the furrow, a man would give to each of them a goblet of sweet wine. And the ploughed ground grew black behind them, like real soil, although it was of gold. Then there, too, was a rich field of corn, where reapers were cutting the harvest with their sickles and it fell in rows; and others were binding it with bands of straw; while the lord looked on, and was glad at heart. And under a spreading oak, a feast was being made ready for the reapers.

And he fashioned therein a vineyard, rich with clusters of black grapes (of gold), which the youths and maidens, in their glee, carried in baskets; while a boy, in their midst, made sweet music on a clear-sounding harp; and he sang the "song of Linos," and the rest kept time with their feet.

And there was a herd of straight-horned oxen, all of gold and tin, hurrying to the pasture beside the gently murmuring stream and the waving rushes. Four herdsmen, of gold, followed them; and nine fleet dogs. And two terrible lions seized a bellowing bull. The herdsmen followed, but

they could not set on their dogs to bite the lions, for the dogs shrank back, barking and whining, and turned away.

And therein the glorious divine Artist placed a wide pasture full of white sheep, with folds and tents and huts. And he made a dancing-ground, like that which Daidalos wrought at Knosos for lovely, fair-haired Ariadne. There, lusty youths in shining tunics glistening with oil, danced with fair maidens of costly wooing. The maidens had wreaths of flowers upon their heads; and the youths wore daggers hanging from silver sword-belts. They whirled round, with lightly tripping feet, swift as the potter's wheel, holding each other by the wrist; and then they ran, in lines, to meet each other. A crowd of friends stood round and joyfully watched the dance; and a divine minstrel made sweet music with his harp, while a pair of tumblers diverted the crowd.

Lastly, around the margin of the shield, Hephaistos made the stream of the mighty River, Okeanos, which encircleth the Earth.

And when he had finished this strong and splendid shield, he wrought the breastplate, glowing with blazing fire; and he made a heavy helmet for the head, beautiful, and adorned with curious art; upon it was a crest of gold. But the goodly greaves he made of flexile tin. When he had completed the whole suit of glorious armour, he laid it before the silver-footed Thetis, the mother of Achilles; and she darted, swift as a hawk, from snowy Olympus, bearing the brightly glittering arms to her dear son.

CHAPTER XXVII

WHEN the saffron-veiled Dawn, the rosy-fingered, left the streams of Okeanos, and brought daylight to gods and men, the silver-footed Thetis brought the glorious work of Hephaistos to the ships of Achilles. She found her dear son, hanging over the body of Patroklos, loudly wailing; and many of his companions re-echoed his lament. The bright goddess stood amidst them, and clasped her son's hand, and said to him: "My Child! grieve as we will, we must let thy friend Patroklos lie, for by the decree of the gods he had been long fore-doomed to die. But look now upon these proud arms, beautiful beyond compare, which the lame god Hephaistos sends thee—such as no mortal man hath ever seen!"

Then the goddess laid them on the ground before him, and they rang loudly; the Myrmidons turned away their eyes, not daring to gaze upon them, so awe-struck were they. But when Achilles saw them, his fiery wrath waxed all the hotter; and his eyes blazed fearfully, as if with flame. Yet was he glad at heart, as he handled the magnificent gift of Hephaistos; and he spake winged words to his dear mother: "The arms which thou hast brought, my Mother! are such as

no mortal man could fashion, and are the true work of a deathless god. Forthwith, I will put them on; but I greatly fear lest, meantime, the flies should alight upon the ghastly wounds of my dearly loved friend, since the life has utterly gone out of him."

And the goddess Thetis replied: "My Child, let not this care trouble thee; for I will ward off the swarm of cruel flies that feed upon the slain. Though he should lie here a year, or more, his flesh shall remain sound and fresh. But do thou summon an assembly of the warlike Achaians, and recant thy threats against King Agamemnon."

And godlike Achilles went along the sea-shore, and cried, with an awful voice, to the Achaians, rousing them to the war; so that all, even the helmsmen and the stewards of the ships, came to the Assembly, for joy that Achilles had come forth again. Two of the great warriors, the valiant Diomedes and the wise Odysseus, came limping from their wounds, and leaning on their spears, and took the foremost seats in the Assembly. Agamemnon came last, also suffering from the wound that Koön had inflicted.

Achilles rose in their midst, and made harangue: "Better had it been for us, if our breasts had not been filled with heart-consuming wrath against one another, for the sake of a girl! Better would it have been if Artemis, with her gentle shafts, had slain her, when I brought her, as my prize, from the booty of Lyrnessos! Then would fewer Achaians have bitten the dust, slain by the horse-taming Trojans. But now, I will put away mine

anger ; and do ye now speedily arouse the long-haired Achaians, and I will go forth again to fight the Trojans ! ”

Thus spake Achilles ; and the Achaians were glad that he renounced his wrath against King Agamemnon. Then he, the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling King, rose and spake : “ O Friends, and Chiefs of the Danaoi ! I will now speak my mind to the great son of Peleus ; and do ye, Argives, hearken to my words. Ye have often blamed me ; but I was not the cause of the evil ; it was Zeus, and the Fates, and darkly-roaming Erinyes, who filled my soul with madness, when I robbed Achilles of his well-merited prize. It is *Ate* (Mischief), the eldest daughter of Zeus, that blindeth the eyes of men ! with tender feet she moveth upon the earth, or passeth above the heads of men, and causeth them to fall. When mighty Hektor of the glancing helmet was slaying the Argives at the ships, it was *she*, fell *Ate*, who blinded us ! But now, I will give full recompense to thee, O Achilles, and I will send thee all the gifts that the wily Odysseus promised in thy tent. Only, I pray thee, go forth with the host to battle. ”

And the fleet Achilles answered him : “ Most glorious son of Atreus ! as for the gifts, give or withhold them, as thou wilt ; but let us waste no more time in idle talk, but speedily go forth to battle ! I will again show myself in the front, and overthrow the Trojans with my spear. ”

Then the crafty Odysseus spake to Achilles : “ O godlike son of Peleus ! for all thine eager-

ness, lead not the Achaians' fasting to the fight ! Let all the host prepare their meal. And meantime let Agamemnon bring forth the splendid gifts, that all may have joy of the glorious sight. And let us make a sumptuous banquet for him and the Chiefs, that his mind may be reconciled to thee."

And Agamemnon rejoiced, and said to him : "Choose, now, some young princes of the Achaians, to bring the gifts from the tents ; and let Talthymbios, the herald, sacrifice a boar-pig to the Son of Kronos, and to the Sun."

But Achilles spake again, and said : "Truly, I would that the Achaians should go forth fasting to the battle, and should fight till the setting of the sun, and then prepare their meal. I, at least, will taste neither food nor drink ; for my dearest friend lieth in my tent, slain and mangled by the spear."

And Odysseus, the man of many wiles, replied : "O Achilles, by far the greatest of the Achaian host ! far better art thou than I, in war ; but in the council I surpass thee, being elder born, and knowing more. It is not meet that the Achaians mourn too long over a dead man ; for many fall, day by day. Let us bury the dead, with steadfast hearts, and mourn him for a day ; but we who remain must eat and drink."

Then went Odysseus with Nestor's sons, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas, and Meriones, and Lykomedes, son of Kreiontes, and Melampos, to the tent of Agamemnon, and brought forth all the rich presents, which the King had offered to Achilles. And among them was the most precious of all, even the lovely Briseis.

And the herald Talthybios, of the godlike voice, prepared the sacrifice to be offered to Zeus by King Agamemnon. He held the victim, a boar swine, between his hands. Then the son of Atreus drew the dirk from beside his great sword, and cut off the bristles from the head of the boar; and he raised his eyes to Heaven and prayed; and Agamemnon made oath, saying, "Above all, let Almighty Zeus be our witness, and Earth, and the Sun, and the Erinnyes, who take vengeance on the perjurer—I swear that I have in no wise harmed the damsel Briseis; and if what I swear is false, may all the afflictions fall on me which the gods are wont to send on the forsworn!"

Then the Assembly was dissolved, and the men were scattered to their ships; and the Myrmidons carried the gifts of Agamemnon to the ships of Achilles. But when Briseis, fair as golden Aphrodite, came into Achilles' tent, and saw the mangled remains of the noble Patroklos, she shrieked aloud and threw herself down, and tore her face and neck with her delicate hands, and, with many tears, called on the dead: "O Patroklos! friend dearest to my heart! I left thee living in this tent, and now, alas! I find thee dead! I have seen my husband and my three brothers slain before our city by the swift-footed Achilles; but thou didst bid me refrain from weeping, for that thou wouldst make me the wedded wife of the glorious son of Pelus. Therefore I mourn thy death with all my heart; for thou wert ever kind."

Then the other Chiefs departed; but the twain Atreides, and wily Odysseus, and Nestor, and

Idomeneus, and Phoinix stayed with Achilles, and vainly tried to comfort him. But he would not be consoled till he was engaged in murderous war. And he turned towards the body of his dearly loved friend, and called upon him with deep groans: "Thou, too, O dearest of my companions! wert wont to spread for me the dainty meal; but now, I cannot taste of meat or drink, for lack of *thee*! I had always hoped that *I* alone should perish here, in this land of Troy, but that *thou* wouldst return to Phthia, and fetch my child, in the black ship, from Skyros, and show him all my wealth, my slaves, and my spacious, well-built halls." Thus spake the noble son of Peleus, weeping; and all the Chiefs mourned with him, thinking of those whom they had left at home. And when Zeus saw them thus lamenting, he was moved with pity, and spake to Athene winged words:

"My Daughter! hast thou no longer any care for great Achilles, once the darling of thy heart? He is now sitting by the high-prowed ship, mourning for his dear companion; and he is hungry and refuseth food. Go, then, and cherish his heart with nectar and delicious ambrosia, that he may not feel the pangs of hunger!"

And Athene sped from Olympos, like a long-winged, loud-screaming falcon, through the pure æther; and came quickly to Achilles, and distilled nectar and ambrosia for him, to put strength into his breast, that his knees might not be weakened by long fasting.

Then the Achæians poured forth from their ships, in number like the snow-flakes sent from

Heaven by Zeus, and driven by the chilly blasts of Boreas ; so thickly poured out the stream of shining helmets and bossy shields. Great Earth seemed to smile in the glare of the bright bronze, and the splendour flashed up to the dwelling of the deathless gods.

Achilles donned the divine armour, which Hephaistos by his noble art had fashioned for him, and bore his mighty, richly-adorned shield, that shone afar like the light of the full moon. And the glorious Achilles moved in his armour, to try whether it fitted him well ; and it was to him as wings, and seemed to lift him from the ground. Then he took the great spear, which Cheiron had given to his father Peleus, which no other of the Achaians could lift. And Automedon and Alkimos yoked his horses ; and Automedon took the shining reins and whip, and mounted the chariot ; and after him Achilles mounted, in his flashing armour, bright as the radiant Hyperion.

And Achilles called with a stern voice to the horses of his great father Peleus : “ O Xanthos and Balios, far-famed sons of Podarge ! now more than ever be ye careful of your charioteer, and do not leave him among the dead, as ye did Patroklos ! ”

Then Xanthos, of the shining feet, answered him, bowing his head, and his thick mane flowed down to the ground, as he spake with a human voice—for the white-armed goddess Hera endowed him with the power of speech :

“ We will indeed, O terrible Achilles ! bear thee safely through the battle. The day of doom for thee, alas ! is near at hand ; but *we* are not to

blame, but Fate, and a mighty god. It was not through *our* carelessness that the Trojans spoiled the noble Patroklos of his arms ; but by the power of the best of the gods, the son of fair-haired *Leto* (*Latona*), and by the might of glorious *Hektor*." Then the *Erinnyes* (*Furies*) stopped the voice of the immortal horse ; and *Achilles* answered, sorely grieved : "O *Xanthos* ! why shouldst thou prophesy my death ? Well do I know that I must perish here, far from my own dear home."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE mail-clad Achaians again gathered around the son of Peleus, thirsting for the battle; and against them the Trojans gathered on the highest ground of the plain, between the Simoeis and the Skamandros. But, on Olympus, Zeus, the Great Ruler of Gods and Men, sent Themis, the Goddess of Justice, to summon a Council to his lofty abode. Not a river or sea-god, except Okeanos, not a nymph, of all that haunt the groves, the water-springs, the hills, or grassy meads, but came at his call. They came, one and all, to the palace of the Thunderer, and sat them down in the shining corridors, which the cunning lame god, Hephaistos, had made for Zeus. Among them came Poseidon, the great Shaker of the Earth, and sat him in their midst, and inquired of Zeus the purpose of his summons: "Wherefore, O God of the bright-flashing Lightning, hast thou summoned us to the Council?"

And the Cloud-Gatherer answered him: "O thou Girdler of the Earth, thou knowest well my purpose; for I have a care for men, even when they are perishing. As for me, I will remain here in a hollow of Olympus, and please my mind by gazing at the battle; but do ye others go forth,

and each of you succour the Trojans or the Achaians, as it pleaseth you !” So spake the Son of Kronos, and roused the war.

Hera, and Pallas Athene, Poseidon, and the Luck-Bringer, the subtle-minded Hermes, and the mighty Hephaistos, lame, but with quickly moving feet—these all went to the ships, to aid the Achaians. And on the other side stood the bright-helmed Ares ; and Phoibos with unshorn locks, and the Archer Goddess, Artemis, with Leto, their mother ; and Xanthos, the River God, and laughter-loving Aphrodite.

While the gods yet refrained from the contest, the Achaians had gained great glory, since Achilles, swift of foot, was once more with them ; and the Trojans, on the other hand, trembled when they looked on him, in his blazing armour.

But when the deathless gods came down into the fray, dire *Eris* (Strife), the rouser of the warriors, rushed in ; and Athene, standing by the fosse, uttered a terrible cry. Then Ares, dreadful as the black storm-cloud, shouted fiercely against her ; now marshalling the Trojans, from the high towers of the city ; now speeding forth, along the banks of the Simoeis, and over the top of the hill Kallikolone. So the blessed gods urged on the armies, on either side, and themselves engaged in the fearful struggle. And Zeus thundered terribly from the sky ; while, below, Poseidon shook the earth, the plain and the rocky mountains. Then, even *Aidoneus* (Pluto), the King of the Lower World, leaped from his throne in terror, lest the great Earth-Shaker should break through the

world, above him, and reveal to gods and men his dark and dank and loathsome halls. So terrible was the din of the battle, between the gods. Poseidon, Ruler of the Sea, stood up, against the divine Archer, Phoibos Apollo; Athenē encountered Enyalios (Ares or Mars); and Artemis, the Goddess of the Spindle and of the resounding Chase, met the fierce-eyed Athene; Hermes stood up against Leto (Latona); and the God of the deep, whirling River, whom the gods call Xanthos, and men Skamandros, strove with Hephaistos.

Thus were gods matched against gods; but Achilles longed, above all things, to find the son of Priam, the noble Hektor. Now, the Archer of the Silver Bow, the spirit-stirring god Apollo, roused up Aineias to fight the son of Peleus, and breathed courage into his heart. He came to him with the voice of Lykaon, another son of Priam, and said: "Aineias, great leader of the Trojans! where now are all thy boastful threats over the wine-cup, that thou wouldst face the son of Peleus in fight?"

And Aineias answered: "Why dost thou bid me fight with the haughty Achilles against my will? It is impossible for a mortal to slay Achilles, for some god is ever at his side to save him. But if the gods would hold an equal balance between us, then would he not easily subdue me, though he boasts to be made all of bronze."

Apollo said to him: "Then pray to the gods! for thou art the son of Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, and she is higher in descent than the mother of Achilles, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea."

He spake, and filled Aineias with high courage ; and he went to the front, in his bright flashing armour ; but Hera spied him moving to the fight, and spake to the gods about her : " O Poseidon and Athene ! bethink ye, what shall be the issue of these things ? Apollo hath sent Aineias to fight the son of Peleus. Let us then turn him back, or stand by Achilles, whom all the best of the Immortals love ! "

And the great Shaker of the Earth replied : " Hera ! it doth not become thee to be more fierce than wise. I, at least, do not love to set gods against gods. Let us then seat us on some high hill and watch, and leave the fight to men. Only, if Phoibos Apollo, or Ares, hinder Achilles, or give help to Aineias, then we, too, will raise the battle-cry. "

So spake the blue-haired God of the Sea, and led the way to the mound, which Athene and the Trojans had once built for godlike Herakles, to shield him from the sea-monster which Poseidon sent against Laomedon, for whom he had built the walls of Troy. There they sat, shrouded in a thick mist. And the other gods, who favoured the Trojans, even Ares and Apollo, and the other gods, sat them on the heights of Kallikolone.

And now the two best men of the opposing hosts advanced to meet each other ; even the terrible Achilles, and Aineias, son of Aphrodite and Anchises. First, Aineias advanced, tossing his helmeted head, and holding his quickly moving shield before his breast, and shaking his strong spear. And against him rushed Achilles, like a

ravenous lion, whom a whole tribe of men go forth to slay. And when they were now come near to one another, the noble son of Peleus, swift-footed Achilles, spake: "Wherefore, O Aineias, dost thou come forward alone against me? Remember how thou didst flee before me down the steep of Ida! Then, indeed, did Zeus and other gods protect thee; but not this time. Go back, therefore, while thou art yet unwounded."

Aineias replied: "O son of Peleus! seek not to terrify me like a child! for I too know how to utter taunts and threats. The fame of our lineage, too, is known to both of us. But come, let us no longer bandy vain boasts, like children; *abuse* there is in abundance, which we might utter—more than enough to fill a ship of a hundred benches!"

He spake, and hurled his spear against the shield which Achilles held far in front of him, lest a spear should pierce through it—forgetting, foolish man! that the workmanship of a god doth not lightly yield to the strength of a mortal. Then Achilles threw his long-shafted spear, and it smote, the edge of the rim of Aineias' shield, where the bronze and the bull's-hide were thin; and the spear passed through. But Aineias stooped, and it flew over him, and stuck in the ground behind him. Then Achilles rushed at him with drawn sword, uttering his fearful battle-cry. But Aineias took up a stone, which no two men, as men now are, could lift. Then would one or the other have been slain, had not the Great Shaker of the Earth said among the gods: "Now

will the high-spirited Aineias go down to Hades, because, foolish man ! he hath listened to the Far-Darter, who will in no way save him from hateful Death. But why should *he* innocently suffer for the wickedness of others ? For pleasing to the deathless gods are his offerings and gifts. Let us then lead him away from the path of grim Death ; since, if Achilles slay him, the Son of Kronos would be angry. We all know, that the Fates have declared that the race of Dardanos, whom Zeus greatly loved, shall not perish but shall reign in Troy hereafter. But the race of Priam hath Kronion always hated."

And ox-eyed Hera answered him : " Do thou determine, in thine own mind, whether thou wilt rescue Aineias ; for *we*, even Pallas Athene and I, have sworn never to help the Trojans, not even when the Achaian warriors shall burn their city."

Then Poseidon went straightway to the field, where Aineias and glorious Achilles were standing face to face. He clouded the eyes of Achilles with a mist ; and drew out the spear from Aineias' shield, and laid it at the feet of the son of Peleus. Then he caught up Aineias, and rose with him high above the battle, and carried him where the Kaukones, allies from the shores of the Euxine, were arming themselves for the war ; and thus he spake to Aineias : " O foolish man ! what god hath urged thee rashly to fight against the haughty Achilles, who is a better man than thou, and dearer to the gods ? "

Then he suddenly cleared away the mist from the eyes of Achilles, who stared with astonishment,

and said to his own dear soul, in great perplexity : "What a wonderful thing is this ! There is my spear, on the ground ; but the man, at whom I cast it, I can nowhere see ! Is *he*, too, dear to the deathless gods ?"

Then he ran along the lines of the Achaian army, and roused every man to the battle. "Stand not aloof !" he cried, "O Achaians ! but throw your noble souls into the fight ! Strong as I am, I cannot fight alone against a host ; nor could even Ares, or Athene. But I will nowise be slack ; and methinks no Trojan will gladly endure my spear."

On the other side, glorious Hektor shouted aloud to the men of Troy : "Fear not the son of Peleus ! for I will go to meet him, though his hands are like iron, and his ferocity like the all-destroying fire. And the Trojans all brandished their spears, and raised their battle-cry. But Phoibos Apollo spake to Hektor and said : "Beware of challenging Achilles before the lines ; but wait for him in the thick of the battle ; lest he slay thee with the sword." Then Hektor fell back among his comrades, amazed at the voice of the god.

But Achilles, with his fearful cry, fell upon the Trojans ; and many brave warriors fell beneath his spear. Of these was Iphition, the gallant son of Otrynteus, and his mother was a Naiad Nymph. Next, Achilles pursued Polydoros, the goodly son of Priam, whom his father loved as his youngest born, and had always forbidden him to fight. Him, when in his boyish folly he had rushed

through the front ranks, Achilles smote in the back, where the golden buckles of his belt were joined ; and he fell, never to rise again.

But when the noble Hektor saw his brother fall, he could not bear to stand aloof; but rushed towards Achilles like a flame of fire.

And Achilles leapt up, rejoicing, and said : "Lo ! this is the man who slew my dearest comrade ; now we shall not shrink from one another." And, looking fiercely at glorious Hektor, he said : "Come on ! that thou mayest the sooner meet thy doom."

And Hektor undismayed replied : "Seek not to frighten *me* ! I know full well that thou art a better man than I. But the issue of the battle is on the lap of the gods ; and my spear too is sharp and deadly."

Then he hurled his great spear at Achilles. But Athene, with a light breath, blew it aside, and sent it back to goodly Hektor. Then Achilles rushed fiercely upon him ; but Apollo, easily like a god, caught him up and hid him in a cloud.

Thrice, and four times, Achilles smote the cloud, with a terrible cry ; and at the fourth onset, he spake winged words to Hektor : "Base hound ! once more hast thou escaped me — narrowly, indeed — by the help of the God of the Silver Bow ! But hereafter I will slay thee, if any god will help *me*, too !"

Then he slew Dryops, and Demouchos, and Laogonos, and Dardanos, and Tros, Alasor's son, who vainly begged for mercy on his youth ; and many others. Thus, like the fire which rages

fiercely through a deep valley, furiously raged Achilles with his spear ; and the black ground was drenched with blood. His single-hooved horses trampled men and armour in the dust ; and the axles of his chariot, and the wheels, were splashed with blood from the horses' feet.

CHAPTER XXIX

THUS the victorious Achilles pressed on, in his glorious career, driving a part of the 'Trojan' host to the ford of the swift whirling stream of Xanthos, the son of immortal Zeus; and the other part he drove over the plain towards the city.

And Hera, ever on the watch, spread a mist before the eyes of the Trojans to stop their flight, and pent them in the silver-flowing stream, into which they plunged with a fearful din, and the banks around rang loudly. Like the swarms of locusts that seek the river, pursued by the flaming fire, and fall in a heap into the water, so the divine River Xanthos was filled with the throng of horses and flying Trojans.

Achilles left his spear on the bank, and leapt into the water, using his sword alone, and slew men in every direction. And the cries and groans of the slaughtered arose, and the stream flowed red with blood. And as the smaller fry of fish flee before the wide-mouthed dolphin, and hide them in the nooks of a bay, so the Trojans crouched under the steep cliffs of the mighty river."

And first Achilles met Lykaon, a son of Priam, whom he had once before captured, in his father's

orchard, by night, and had sold him to the people of Lemnos. From them he was bought by the son of Jason; and was afterwards ransomed by Eëtion, of Imbros, and returned to his father's house; but the gods now brought him again into the hands of Achilles.

And Lykaon, who had thrown away his helm and spear and shield, prayed piteously to Achilles, to spare his life. But the son of Peleus heeded not his prayer. "Fond fool!" he said, "until the fatal day when Patroklos fell by the spear of Hektor, I was fain to spare the Trojans, and to accept a ransom. But *now* the gods have delivered the Trojans into my hands, and chiefly the sons of Priam. My Friend, thou too must die! Dost thou lament thy fate? Patroklos is dead, a far better man than thou. Over me, too, hang Death and resistless Fate." Then he slew him with the sword, and hurled him into the fair-flowing river, to be the food of fishes.

Meantime, the divine River Xanthos grew more and more wroth at the slaughter of the Trojans and the defilement of his fair waters. He considered in his mind how he might save the Trojans from destruction.

Then Achilles rushed on Asteropaios, son of Pelegonos; and he, into whose heart the divine River Xanthos put mighty courage, stood up against Achilles. And when they were come near each other, Achilles, swift of foot, addressed him: "Who art thou, that darest to meet me in battle?" Asteropaios answered: "I come from fertile Paionia, as leader of the Paionian spear-

men ; and my lineage is from the 'broad River Axios, who begat Pelegonos, my father." Then he cast two spears at once, for he could use both hands ; and with one, he only smote the shield of Achilles ; but with the other, he wounded the elbow of his right arm. Then the son of Peleus hurled his spear, which missed, and was buried to half its length in the bank. Leaving his spear still quivering there, he rushed at Asteropaios with his sharp sword, and took away his life ; and then, drawing his strong spear out of the bank, he left Asteropaios there, for the eels and fishes to devour. Then he charged the other Paidnians, in their chariots, who huddled together along the banks, in their terror, when they saw their great leader slain ; and he killed Thersilochos, and Mydon, and Astypylos, and Mnesos, Thrasios, and Ainos, and many other heroes. He would have killed more of the Paionians ; but the deep-whirling River called to him, from the deep waters, in wrath :

"Thy deeds surpass the measure of mortal strength ; for the gods are helping thee ! But, if great Zeus hath granted thee to slay all the Trojans, at any rate drive them out of my waters, and do thy ghastly work upon the plain !"

And the swift-footed Achilles answered him : "I will do as thou askest, O Heaven-born Skamandros ! but I will yet slay the proud Trojans, till I have driven them over the plain into the city, and have fought with Hektor." And again he fell upon the Trojans, like an avenging Deity.

But the deep-whirling River spake to Apollo,

God of the Silver Bow, and said : "O shame on thee, great Archer God, and Son of Zeus ! Is it thus that thou obeyest the commands of thy father, who straitly bade thee aid the Trojans, till darkness cover the fertile earth ?"

Then Achilles leapt from the bank, into the river. But Skamandros rushed at him, and swept away the dead whom Achilles had slain, and threw them up, on to the land, with a loud roar, like that of a bellowing bull. And he hurled his strong stream against the shield of Achilles, so that Achilles could not keep his feet. Then Achilles seized hold of a tall elm, but it fell, tearing away the bank, and lay right across the stream, and stayed the River God himself.

Achilles then sprang out of the water, and ran over the plain, for he was terrified ; but the god ceased not pursuing, for he was fain to save the Trojan host. The fleet-footed Achilles fled with the swoop of a black eagle, mightiest and swiftest of birds ; and close behind him roared the terrible River, and caught up Achilles, swift as he was, for gods are stronger than men. And when Achilles strove to keep a firm footing, then a mighty wave came thundering on his shoulder, and tore away the ground beneath his feet. Then, in despair, he looked up to the wide heaven and cried aloud :

"O Father Zeus ! will none of the gods pity me, and save me from the fury of the River ? Verily, my dear mother is most to blame ; for she deceived me with false words, saying that I should die by the arrows of Apollo, under the

walls of sacred Troy. Would that Hektor, the best of the Trojans, had killed me! then would a brave man have been slain by a brave man; but now, I must perish like a miserable swineherd's boy, when he tries to cross a torrent in a storm."

But Athene and Poseidon came to him, in the shape of men, and took him by the hand. And the great Shaker of the Earth spake to him: "Fear not, son of Peleus! for we come with the favour of Zeus, for it is not thy doom to be vanquished by the River, and he will soon retreat." Then the twain gods departed, and Achilles rushed on; but all the plain was deluged with water, and the corpses of the slain, with their beautiful armour, drifted along. He struggled bravely against the stream; for Athene put strength into his knees, and the wide River could not stop him.

Nor did Skamandros abate at all of his wrath, but raged still more furiously, rising on high, and curling the crests of his billows. And he shouted aloud to his dear brother, the River God Simoeis: "O Simoeis! let us join together, to check the course of this mighty man; or he will sack the proud city of Ilios, for the Trojans dare not meet him. Help me, dear Brother, and press on, with all thy torrents full of fallen trees and stones, and slay this proud man, who thinks himself the peer of gods! His strength and beauty shall avail him nought; nor his divine armour, which I will quickly cover over with slime; and himself I will bury in the sand, beneath a heap of silt. Nor need the Achaians raise another mound above him, when they celebrate his funeral!"

So spake the mighty River, and fell thundering upon Achilles with his foaming waves, full of blood and dead men's bodies. Then would he have swept away the son of Peleus; but the watchful Hera cried aloud and called to her dear son Hephaistos: "Help us with all speed, for thou art a match for Xanthos in fight! Put forth a mighty blast of flaming fire; and along his banks burn up his trees, and cover him with flames, and be not moved by soft words or threats."

Then Hephaistos prepared the blazing fire, and therewith burned the dead, whom Achilles had slain; and he burnt the goodly trees, the elms, the willows, and the tamarisk shrubs, the lotos, and the reeds, and the *galingal*. And the eels and other fishes were sorely troubled, tumbling this way and that in the stream.

And the mighty River was scorched, and cried out in pain: "Hephaistos! who can contend with thy blazing fire? Nay, let great Achilles hunt the Trojans out of their city! What have I to do with him or them?"

Thus spake the River God; for his lovely waters were boiling, like a caldron set upon logs of firewood. Then, in his anguish, he cried unto Hera: "Why hath thy son thus afflicted *me* above all others? But, lo! I will cease, if thou wilt stay the hand of Hephaistos."

And Hera bade her son desist, for she said: "It is not right to afflict a deathless god, for the sake of a mere mortal." So they ceased from strife, at the bidding of Queen Hera.

But the other gods, meanwhile, were still contending in bitter strife. They clashed together with a mighty din ; and the broad earth groaned, and the echo from the high heaven was like the sound of a trumpet. Ares was the first to begin the contest. He rushed upon Athene with his spear, and spake mockingly to her : " Why, O thou shameless dog-fly ! dost thou stir up war between gods and gods ? Verily, it was thou who didst urge the son of Tydeus, the mighty Diomedes, against me ; and thou thyself didst wound me with a spear ! " ~

Then he struck the awful tasselled ægis, impenetrable even to the lightning of Zeus. But she, unhurt, stooped, and took up a huge black stone, the landmark of a field, and hurled it at murderous Ares ; and it struck him on the neck, and dashed him to the ground ; and his mighty frame lay, seven roods long, upon the plain.

" Fool that thou art ! that hast not even learnt how much mightier I am than thou ! " Thus spake she, and turned away her fierce eyes. But Aphrodite came to him, and took him, loudly groaning, by the hand, and led him away. Hera saw them, and spake to Athene : " Shame on thee, daughter of the Thunderer ! behold, that dog-fly is leading Ares from the fray ; go thou and catch her ! " And Athene, with exulting heart, rushed at Aphrodite, and, with her strong fist, smote her on the breast, and her limbs were loosened. So the twain, bloodthirsty Ares and laugh-er-loving Aphrodite, lay stretched upon the grain-giver Earth ; and Athene proudly triumphed over

them : "So may all fare, who give help to the Trojans !"

Then Poseidon, the Earth-Shaker, spake to Apollo : "O Phoibos ! why do we take opposite sides in the war ? Hast thou forgotten what evils we twain suffered at the hands of Laomedon, when we came to that haughty King, by command of Zeus, and served him for a year, under promise of a rich reward ? I, indeed, built a mighty wall, strong, beautiful, and impregnable ; while thou, O glorious Far-Darter ! didst herd his shambling oxen, of the crumpled horns, in the wooded glades of many-rilled Ida ! But when we were rejoicing that the time of our service was accomplished, the horrible Laomedon threatened to bind us, hand and foot, to cut off our ears, and to sell us into slavery. Wilt thou not, therefore, help us to humble these proud Trojans ?"

Apollo the Far-Darter replied : "O mighty Girdler of the Earth ! thou wouldst rightly deem me mad, if I were to fight with thee for the sake of wretched mortals, who, like the leaves of the trees, are now full of lusty life, and feed on the rich fruits of the earth, and now, weak and pithless, fade away and die. Then let us cease from strife, and leave them to themselves !" And he departed ; for he thought it shame to fight with his father's brother. But his sister, Artemis, the mighty Huntress of wild beasts, was wroth with him, and mocked him, saying :

"Dost thou fly, Apollo, and yieldest the victory and the glory to Poseidon ?" Poor childish God !

vain is thy Silver Bow! Never again wilt thou boast, in our father's halls, that thou wouldst dare to fight even against Poseidon!"

But the Far-Darter answered her not a word. The great Queen of Heaven, Hera, the spouse of Zeus, upbraided her, with insulting words: "What? thou shameless minx! dost thou dare to stand up against *me*? Against women, indeed, Zeus made thee a lioness; but did not bid thee match thy strength with mine. Better is it for thee to chase the wild beasts in the mountains than to fight with those who are better than thou. But come, let us fight, if thou wilt, that thou mayest learn how much mightier I am than thou art."

She spake, and seized the wrist of the Archer Queen with her left hand; and with her right, plucked the Silver Bow from her shoulders, and, smiling, beat her on the head, as she turned this way and that; and all the arrows lay scattered on the ground. Artemis fled, like a dove from a falcon, weeping bitterly. Then her mother Leto (Latona) picked up the bow and arrows of her daughter, and went her way.

But the Maiden Goddess sped to Olympos, to the palace of her father Zeus; and she sat, sorely weeping, on his knee; and her beautiful garments quivered around her. And the Son of Kronos cherished her, and said: "Who of the deathless gods hath treated thee after this fashion, as if thou hadst been caught in some grievous deed?"

And the bright-crowned Queen of the noisy Chase replied: "It was thy wife, O Father!

that did beat me ; she, who ever sets the gods at variance with one another ! ”

Now, the other eternal gods went up to Olympos, some triumphant, and some angry, and sat them by the side of the cloud-begirt Zeus ; but Phoibos Apollo repaired to the citadel of holy Ilios, for he greatly feared that the Danaoi might destroy it before its day of doom.

CHAPTER XXX

MEANTIME, Achilles went on slaughtering the Trojans; and the aged Priam stood on the sacred tower, and saw the son of Peleus driving the Trojans before him. And he shouted aloud to the brave warders of the gates: "Open the gates, that the fugitives may enter!" And the Far-Darter went to the front, to save the Trojans who were fleeing to the sheltering walls, with Achilles behind them in hot pursuit.

Then would the Achaians have stormed the lofty gates of Troy, had not Phoibos Apollo roused Agenor, a brave and noble Prince, son of Antenor. Apollo stood by this man's side, leaning on an oak, and shrouded in mist, and put courage into his heart, that he might ward off fate from the Trojans. And when Agenor saw Achilles, he stood irresolute, and said to his mighty heart: "If I too flee before Achilles, he will catch me and slay me as a coward. Or shall I fly by another way, and hide me in the spurs of Ida? How, then, if I go forth to meet him? for his flesh, too, may surely be pierced by the keen bronze, and he has but one life, like other mortals."

And his heart grew strong within him, to stay

and fight. And he cried out aloud to Achilles :
“Surely, thou thinkest this very day to sack the
proud city of Troy? Fool! many terrible things
will happen before *that*; for there are many of us
—many and brave—to protect our dear parents
and wives and little children, and to guard holy
Ilios. Thou too, perhaps, mighty as thou art,
mayest here meet death.”

He spake, and hurled a spear at Achilles with
his strong hand. And it smote him below the
knee, and the tin-wrought greave rang loudly;
but the stout spear bounded off, for it could not
pierce the work of Hephaistos.

Then Achilles rushed on godlike Agenor; but
him Apollo caught in a mist, and carried him
safely out of the fray. And the god took the
form of Agenor, and ran a little way before
Achilles, towards the deep-flowing Skamandros.
And while Apollo thus deceived the mighty son
of Peleus, the routed Trojans ran, well pleased, to
their stronghold, and the great city was filled with
their multitude.

Then, as he ran before Achilles, the mighty
Far-Darter addressed him, and spake: “O son
of Peleus! why dost thou, being a mortal man,
pursue *me* with thy swift feet, who am a deathless
god?” Then, in wrath, the son of Peleus
answered him: “Thou hast blinded me, most
mischievous of all the gods! and lured me away
from the walls; else would many a Trojan have
fallen, or ever he had reached the city.” He
then went towards the city, with a proud heart,
like a war-horse victorious in a chariot race; and

the aged Priam saw him, blazing like the star in autumn brightest of all, which men call "Orion's dog," that bringeth fever upon wretched mortals.

And the old man cried aloud, in his agony, and beat his head with his fists, and called in a piercing voice to his dear son Hektor. For the brave hero, when all the others had escaped into the city, remained alone at the Skaian Gate, eager to fight with Achilles. And his wretched father stretched forth his withered hands, and pleaded piteously to his son :

"Hektor ! dear Hektor ! do not meet this terrible man alone, for he is far mightier than thou, and knoweth no pity. Already hath he robbed me of many a brave son ; and now I no longer see two of my children, Lykaon and the goodly Polydoros, whom Laothoë, princess among women, bare to me. But the death of others will cause us briefer grief, if thou, dear Hektor, art not slain. Come, then, within the walls, and save the men and women of Troy ! And have pity on me, too, to whom the Son of Kronos hath allotted a terrible doom in my old age—to see my brave sons dragged away, and my fair daughters carried off, as captives, by the cruel hands of the Achaians. Last of all, I too shall be torn, on my own threshold, by ravenous dogs—even the dogs which I myself have reared with food from my table, to guard my house. They will tear my flesh and drink my blood ! It may well become a *young* man to lie slain on the field, for he is highly honoured in his death ; but when dogs defile an

old man's head and beard, this is the most lamentable thing that befalleth wretched mortals."

And the old man tore his hair in his sore agony; but even he prevailed not with the soul of Hektor. And then his dear mother, Hekabe, took up the plaint and spake through her piteous tears

"Hektor! my child! have respect to the mother who bare thee and nursed thee on this bosom! Pity *me*! and fight the foe from this side of the wall! For if he slay thee, not on a funeral bed shall I, and thy dear wife, won by so many gifts, deplore thee; but the swift dogs shall devour thee, far away from us, by the black ships of the Argives."

Thus wailed they over their glorious son, beseeching him; but they could not prevail, for honour held him fast. Meanwhile, Achilles drew nigh, in strength like a giant; but Hektor awaited him undismayed, leaning his shield against the tower. And he communed thus with his brave soul: "Alas! if I go through the gates, Polydamas will justly blame me; for he gave me good advice,—that I should lead the host into the city on that fatal night, when the noble Achilles returned to the war. And I would not, hearken to him, although he counselled well. And now that I have brought this evil on the city by my folly, I am ashamed to appear before the men, and the proud dames with trailing robes, lest some one should taunt me and say: 'Hektor in his pride hath ruined us.' Better then would it be for me to meet Achilles, and either slay him or fall with glory before the city. Or, how would it be if I

should lay aside all my arms, and go to meet the son of Peleus, and offer to restore Argive Helen, and all her possessions, to Menelaos, and Agamemnon, and to divide the wealth of Troy with the Achaians? But no! I might come to him unarmed, but he is merciless, and would slay me on the spot, as if I were a woman. But why do I hesitate? This is no time to hold dalliance with him, from oak or rock, like youths and maidens. Better to fight at once, and see to whom Olympian Zeus will give the victory!"

While he thus pondered, Achilles, peer of Ares, came on, poising his terrible spear of Pelian ash; and his divine armour, the work of a god, blazed like fire or the rising sun. And when Hektor saw him he was seized with panic, and he fled from the gates in terror.

But Achilles, swift of foot, rushed after him. As a falcon, swiftest of all birds, swoops upon the trembling dove, and takes no heed of her piteous screaming, so Achilles flew straight at Hektor. And pursuer and pursued passed by the guard and the wild fig tree, the sport of the winds, and came to the two springs of water, which feed the deep-whirling Skamandros. Brave was he who fled, but mightier far was he who chased him on his swift feet; and they were racing not for some prize in the games, but for the life of the noble horse-taming Hektor. And like horses in the race for a great prize—a tripod or a woman—so the twain ran thrice round the sacred city of King Priam; and all the gods were looking on.

And Zeus, the Great Father of Gods and Men,

spake first : " Alas ! I see a man whom I love above all others chased round the walls of Troy. Come now, let us take some counsel, whether to save him or leave him to be slain by the son of Peleus."

And the fierce-eyed Athene answered him : " O thou great Lord of the Lightning, Cloud-girt King ! what a word hast thou spoken ! Wouldst thou indeed save a mortal long ago doomed by Fate ? Do as thou pleasest ; but we gods shall not praise thee."

And her great father, the Cloud-Gatherer, answered with gentle words : " O Triton-born, my dear child ! be of good cheer. I spake not in earnest, and would fain please thee. Do as seemeth good to thee." And Athene, full of joy, sped down from high Olympos.

Achilles, with all speed, was chasing the noble Hektor, as the dogs hunt the fawn of a deer through dale and woodland ; and though the fawn hideth behind a bush, they follow by the scent until they find it ; so Hektor could not escape from the swift-footed son of Peleus. Often did Hektor rush along the strong walls, in hopes that the Trojans within might succour him from above with their arrows. But Achilles gained on him and turned him into the plain again.

And so, though Hektor failed in his flight and Achilles in his pursuit, yet might Hektor have escaped his doom, had not this been the last time that Apollo the Far-Darter came nigh to him, to nerve his heart and his swift knees. Achilles had made a sign to his comrades, and forbade them to

launch their darts against the noble Hektor, lest one of them should gain high honour, and he come only second. And when they had, for the fourth time, run round the walls and reached the springs, then Zeus, the Great Father, raised his golden scales, and placed in each the lot of gloomy Death—one for Hektor, and the other for Achilles. And he held the scales by the middle, and poised them; and the noble Hektor's scale sank down to Hades; and Phoibos Apollo left him.

But the fierce-eyed goddess Athene came near to Achilles and spake winged words: "Now, at last, O godlike Achilles! shall we twain carry off great glory to the Achaian ships! He cannot now escape us, though the Far-Darter should grovel at the feet of Zeus with fruitless prayers. But do thou stay and recover thy breath; and I will go and persuade Hektor to stand up against thee in fight." And he gladly obeyed her voice, and stood leaning on his ashen spear.

And she, Athene, came to noble Hektor in the likeness of his brother Deiphobos, and spake to him: "Dear Lord and elder Brother, surely the fleet-footed son of Peleus hath done great violence against thee, chasing thee round the walls! But let us twain make a stand against him!"

And the great Hektor answered: "Deiphobos, thou wert ever the dearest of my brothers; now I honour thee still more, because thou hast dared to come out from behind the walls to aid me, while others skulk within."

The fierce-eyed goddess, as Deiphobos, spake again: "It is true that my father, and my queenly

mother, and all my comrades, besought me to stay with them, so greatly do they fear the mighty son of Peleus; but my heart was sore for thee, dear Brother! But let us fight amain, and see whether he will carry our spoils to his ships, or fall beneath thy spear!" And so, with her cunning words, she led him on to death.

And when he and Achilles were come near to each other, the noble Hektor spake: "O mighty Achilles, thrice did I flee before thee round the great city of Priam, and dared not await thy onslaught. But now I will stand up against thee, to slay or to be slain. But come, let us make a covenant with one another, and call the gods, the best guardians of oaths, to witness. If Zeus grant me to take thy life, and despoil thee of thy divine armour, then will I give back thy body to the warlike Achaians; and do thou the same by me!"

And Achilles, with a malignant scowl, replied: "Speak not to me, of covenants! There is no covenant between men and lions, or between wolves and sheep, but only eternal war. And there can be no pledge of faith between us twain, until one of us hath sated the murderous Ares with his blood. Therefore, show thyself a good spearman and a brave man of war! There is no escape for thee, for Pallas Athene hath delivered thee into my hands."

He spake, and cast his long-shafted spear at Hektor. But Hektor stooped, and the strong bronze spear flew over his head; but Athene picked it up, unknown to Hektor, and gave it back to Achilles. Then Hektor, rejoicing, spake

to the son of Peleus : " Thou hast missed ! Nor dost thou surely know the day of my doom, as thou pretendest. Thou shalt not plant thy spear in my back, as I flee before thee ; but in my breast, if the gods allow it. But now, in thy turn, avoid *my* spear ! " So spake he, and smote the middle of Achilles' shield with his long-shafted spear, but it bounded back from the shield. Then Hektor was dismayed, for he had no second spear to throw. And he called aloud to his brother, Deïphobos ; but no answer came, for *he* was far away. Then Hektor knew that he was betrayed, and that Athene had deceived him, in the likeness of his brother. " Now," he cried, " is Death come near me, and there is no way of escape ! This is the will of Zeus and of the Far-Darter, who once were wont to succour me. But I will not die ingloriously, but yet perform some notable deed of arms."

He said, and, with his sharp sword, swooped down upon Achilles. But Achilles rushed at him, wild with fury, brandishing his spear, with evil intent against noble Hektor, and eyed him over, to see where he might pierce his flesh most easily. The rest of Hektor's body was protected by the splendid armour which he had stripped from the body of Patroklos ; but there was one chink, between the collar-bone and the throat, through which Achilles thrust his spear. Yet it cut not the windpipe ; and Hektor was able to speak faint words to his insulting foe, after he had fallen to the ground.

Achilles triumphed over him : " Ah, Hektor !



Achilles and the dying Hektor — *Rage* 285

when thou wert stripping Patroklos of my goodly armour, thou caredst nothing for me, who was far away! I, his friend and avenger, was left among the black ships—even I, a mightier man than he! Thee shall the dogs and birds devour; but he shall have honourable burial!”

Then, with his last breath, the noble Hektor of the bright helm addressed his pitiless foe: “Achilles! I pray thee, by thy soul, and by thy parents’ heads, let not Achaian dogs devour me by the ships! but accept great store of gold and bronze from my father and my queenly mother, and restore my body to them, that the Trojans may deck my funeral pyre with all due honour.”

And Achilles, with a grim scowl, replied: “Clasp not my knees, vile dog! nor speak to me of parents! Such evil hast thou done me, that I could devour thee raw! Not for thy weight in gold would I give thee to thy queenly mother, to mourn over thee; but dogs and birds shall batten on thy flesh!”

Then the dying Hektor uttered his last words: “Thou iron-hearted man! now I know thee; nor did I think to prevail upon thee. But beware of the wrath of the gods, when Paris and the Fardarter slay thee, at the Skaian Gate, brave though thou art!”

He spake; and Death overshadowed him; and his soul went down to Hades, wailing to leave beauty, youth, and vigour.

And Achilles spake again to the dead Hektor: “Lie thou there! And as for me, I will die when it seemeth good to the deathless gods!”

And the Achaians ran up, and looked with wonder at the noble stature and beauty of the Trojan hero. And they all inflicted wounds upon him, as he lay, saying, "He is easier to deal with, now, than when he was burning our ships with flames of fire."

And when the son of Peleus had stripped him of his armour, he stood up, and spake to the Achaians :

"Great Chiefs and Counsellors of the Argives ! at last the gods have granted us to slay this man, whose single arm hath wrought more evil to us than all the rest together. Let us now approach the city, and learn the purpose of the Trojans ; whether they will now surrender the citadel, or go on fighting, though great Hektor is no more. But why do I thus ponder in my mind ? Patroklos is lying unburied and unwept by the ships. - Never can I forget him, while I live ; and even in the House of Hades, I will remember my dearest friend. Come, then ! let us raise the chant of victory, and bear our deadliest foe to the black ships !"

Then he foully outraged the dead body of glorious Hektor ; slitting the sinews of both feet, from heel to ankle, he passed ox-hide straps through them, and fastened them to his chariot, leaving the goodly head to trail upon the ground. Then he laid the armour on the chariot ; and, mounting it, lashed his willing horses to full speed. And in the dust lay the once beautiful head, with its flowing hair ; for Zeus had now given Hektor up to his enemies, to be foully used in his own native land.

And when his dear mother, Hekabe, saw her much-loved son dragged along, begrimed with dust, she tore her hair, and shrieked aloud, and tossed far away her glistening veil. And his father, King Priam, wailed and mourned; and with him all the men and women in the city, as if the beetling towers of Ilios were already smouldering in fire. Hardly could they keep the aged father from rushing through the gates; for he threw himself in the dust, and supplicated each man by name: "O Friend, forbear! and if you love me, let me go to the ships of the Achaians, and pray to this arrogant, this fearful man!" Thus wailed old Priam; and the men wailed with him. And Queen Hekabe led the loud lamentations of the women. "Why," she cried, "should I yet live? when thou, my son, my boast, my glory, art dead? the pride and blessing of all, both men and women of the city, who honoured thee as a god; for in thy life thou wert an honour to them all!" Thus mourned his unhappy mother.

But to his wife, the noble, beautiful, tender-hearted Andromache, no messenger had brought the fearful tidings that Hektor had remained without the gates. All unconscious, she was sitting in the inner chamber of her lofty palace, weaving a purple web of double woof, and embroidering it with many flowers. And she was ordering her handmaids to prepare a warm bath for her dear husband, when he should return from the battle; poor child! little knowing that the fierce-eyed Athene had treacherously slain him, by the hand of Achilles! But when she heard shrieks and

lamentations from the walls, she reëled, and the shuttle dropped from her hands. And she spake again to her fair-haired maidens: "Surely, that was the cry of Hektor's noble mother! Some terrible thing must have befallen my godlike husband! Come, then, follow me, that I may learn what has happened; I greatly fear that he has been cut off from the city by Achilles; for he would never retreat among the throng, or yield to any man, in his high courage."

And she rushed, all frantic, through the house, followed by her maidens, and came to the walls, and saw Hektor dragged through the dust, towards the black ships of the Achaians. Then darkness shrouded her fair eyes, and she fell backwards in a swoon. And when roused, she tore from her head the net, the fillet, and the nuptial veil which golden Aphrodite had given her, when noble Hektor of the shining helm led her forth, from King Eëtion's palace, as his bride. And the sisters-in-law of her dear husband gathered round her, and raised her from the ground, all distracted as she was and nigh unto death. When she had recovered from her swoon, she sobbed and wailed, crying, "O Hektor! to the same evil fate were we twain born, thou in Troy, and I in Thebe, where my great father, Eëtion, reared me as a little child. Would that I had never been born, since thou leavest me a hapless widow! And our son, thine and mine, ill-fated one! is but a little child; and thou canst no more profit him, nor he be a joy to thee, since thou art dead! A helpless orphan, he is cut off from his playmates; and if

he pluck the robe of his father's friends, one may, in pity, just hold the cup to his lips, but give him not to satisfy his hunger and his thirst; while other children, whose parents still live, will drive him from their feast, with taunts and blows, saying, 'Away with thee! thou hast no father at our table!' Then will he come back to me, his lonely mother; he, who so lately sat on his father's knee, and fed on the choicest of food! and when sleep fell upon him, tired with his childish play, he nestled in a soft bed in his nurse's arms. But now that his father is no more, he shall suffer untold griefs; even he, whom the Trojans called 'Astyanax,' King of the City, because thou, O my beloved Lord! wert the sole defence and glory of their lofty walls." Thus wailed the fair Andromache; and the women moaned around her.

CHAPTER XXXI

MEANTIME, the Achaïans returned to the shore of the Hellespont, and dispersed to their own ships; all but the Myrmidons, for them Achilles kept together, and gave this order to them: "Ye Myrmidons of the fleet horses! not yet will we unyoke our single-hooved steeds from the chariots; but will go near, and mourn Patroklos. And when we have satisfied our desire of wailing, we will loose our horses and take our evening meal."

Then thrice round the dead they drove their chariots; and Thetis stirred the desire of lamentation in their hearts; and the son of Peleus led the mournful dirge. Laying his blood-stained hands on the breast of his dear friend, he cried: "Hail, O Patroklos! in the House of Hades! Lo! I have fulfilled my promise, and have dragged great Hektor to give to the dogs; and twelve noble sons of the Trojans I will sacrifice upon thy pyre." He spake, and stretched the glorious Hektor in the dust, beside the bier of Menoitios' son. And the Myrmidons loosed their neighing steeds, and put off their armour, and partook of the rich funeral feast which Achilles gave them.

Then the Achaïan Chiefs brought Achilles to the tent of Agamemnon, though reluctant, for his

heart was sore. And in the tent of Agamemnon, the loud-voiced heralds boiled water in a mighty tripod, that Achilles might cleanse himself from the gore. But he steadfastly refused, and swore by Zeus: "Nay, by Zeus, Chief of all the Gods! it is not fitting that I should bathe me till I have laid Patroklos on his pyre, and piled a mound above him, and shaved my head. For never again shall I grieve as I do now. But let us mourn the dead; and afterwards we will take our evening meal. But when the rosy-fingered, golden-throned Dawn brings back the light, then, O Agamemnon! command the people to collect wood for the pyre, and all else that is due to a dead man when he goeth down to the dusky shades of Erebos."

So spake the son of Peleus; and they heard him gladly, and prepared their meal. And when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, they went each man to his tent, and took their rest.

But Achilles lay amidst his Myrmidons, upon the shore of the loud-roaring sea, groaning heavily. And when, at last, sweet sleep visited him—for his strong knees were wearied by his chase after Hektor—then the phantom of the luckless Patroklos came to him, and stood over his head, and spake: "Sleepest thou, Achilles? and hast forgotten me? Bury me! bury me—that I may enter the dark gates of Hades! For now the spirits of worn-out men will not suffer me to be with them on the other side of the Styx. I wander helplessly round the gates of Tartaros. Give me thy hand, I pray thee! for never can I

return when once I have been burn^d upon the pyre. Never again shall we take sweet counsel together, apart from others ; for *me* a cruel fate hath devoured ; and thou, too—the peer of gods—must die beneath the walls of sacred Troy. One thing I charge thee to do. Lay not my bones apart from thine, since we were reared together in the house of Peleus, when Menoitios my father brought me from Opœis, and thy father Peleus received me kindly. Then let our bones rest together in the same golden urn, thy mother's gift, which she aforetime received from *Dionysos*” (Bacchus).

And Achilles answered him : “ Why, ‘ O dear Brother ! hast thou come hither ? Truly, of myself, I will do all that thou desirest. But come nearer to me, that we may embrace one another, and take our fill of mournful lamentation ! ” So saying, he stretched forth his hands ; but the shadowy spirit vanished beneath the earth, squeaking and gibbering like a bat ; and he could not grasp it. And Achilles rose quickly, and clapped his hands together, in great amazement, and, with a woeful cry, spake winged words : “ Then even in the realms of Hades there are spectres and phantoms of the dead, although no life is left in them ! For, all through the night, the wraith of Patroklos, the image of himself, has moaned above my head, charging me with what I ought to do.”

He spake to those with him ; and they all turned again to dolorous lamenting, until the rosy-fingered Dawn shone over them.

On the next day King Agamemnon sent Meriones, the charioteer of the valiant Idomeneus, with men and mules and axes, to cut wood for the pyre. And when they had come to the glades of many-rilled Ida, they busily felled the leafy oaks, which fell crashing to the ground. And they bound the split wood on mules; and when they had finished all their task, they sat down and waited. Then Achilles bade the Myrmidons arm themselves, and mount their chariots, and go on the way; and an innumerable company of footmen followed them. In the midst of the long array, his comrades bare the body of the slain. The corpse was covered with their hair, which they had cut off and thrown upon it. Achilles, behind them all, went with bowed head, and deeply sorrowing, for he was sending a noble friend to the House of Hades.

Then the great son of Peleus thought of another thing to do. He had cherished a golden lock of his hair, to offer to the River God Spercheios; and he looked over the dark blue sea, and spake: "My father Peleus, O Spercheios, vowed to thee my hair, and a hecatomb, and fifty rams, when I should return to my native land; but now thou hast in no wise fulfilled his desire. As, therefore, I shall never return to my own dear country, I may give this hair to the great hero Patroklos!" So saying, he placed the lock of hair in his dead comrade's hand, and they all began a fresh lament.

Achilles then said to Agamemnon, standing by his side: "Son of Atreus! the people have

already had their fill of lamentation. "Now, then, dismiss them, and let them take their evening meal ; but let the Chiefs remain close by." Agamemnon hearkened to his words, and dismissed the host ; but all the nearest and dearest of Patroklos' friends remained, and they made a pyre, a hundred feet square, and, deeply grieving, placed the body on the top of it. And they flayed many sheep and trailing-footed oxen with crumpled horns ; and Achilles took the fat from them and wrapped the corpse in it, and laid the flayed bodies around it ; and against the bier he placed jars of oil and honey. Moreover, he cast four powerful horses on the bier ; and of the nine house-dogs he slaughtered two upon the pyre. And, loudly moaning, he called his dear friend by name :

"O Patroklos ! all hail to thee ! even in the realms of Hades ! I have performed all my promises to thee ! And Hektor I will throw to the dogs and birds !"

But golden Aphrodite, daughter of Great Zeus, watched over the body of Hektor, day and night, and drove away the ravenous dogs. She anointed him with sweet rose-coloured oil, that Achilles might not lacerate him when he dragged him behind his chariot. And Phoibos Apollo of the Silver Bow shrouded the place where he lay with a dark cloud, that the hot sun might not shrivel up his flesh.

Yet the Achaians, at the pyre of Patroklos, could not kindle the mighty fire. Then Achilles bethought him of another plan. He prayed to the North Wind and the West Wind, even

Boreas and Zephyrós, promising rich sacrifices on their altars; and he poured a libation to them from a golden cup, and supplicated their aid. Iris, too, swift-footed Goddess of the Rainbow, heard him, and sped swiftly to the Winds. She found them all feasting together, in the cave of the squally West Wind. And seeing her, they all rose, and each one prayed her to sit beside him; but she would not. "I must go back," she said, "to the stream of Okeanos, where the Aithiopians are sacrificing glorious hecatombs to the deathless gods, and I too must feast with them. Achilles hath offered fair sacrifices to the North Wind and the boisterous West Wind, if they would help him to kindle the pyre of noble Patroklos."

And straightway the Winds arose, and drave the clouds before them over the sea, with a fearful roar, and came to fertile Troy. All night long they blew; and all night long Achilles stood by the pyre, and poured wine upon the earth from a two-handled golden goblet, and invoked the Shade of great Patroklos.

When the Morning Star shone forth upon the Earth, heralding the coming of the saffron-robed Dawn, who spreadeth light over the briny sea, then the fires died down, as the Winds went home again, across the Thracian main. Then Achilles went apart from the burning pile, and laid him down and slept; for he was weary.

He was soon awakened by the approach of Atreus' son and the other Chiefs; and he arose, and spake to them: "Atreides! and ye other

Councillors ! quench, I pray you, the embers with ruddy wine, and collect the bones of the son of Menoitios ! They are easy to be seen, for he lieth in the centre of the pyre. And let us place them in a golden urn, till I too am summoned to the House of Hades ! At present, build no very large mound, only a fitting one ; but afterwards, when I am no more, then make it high and stately."

And they did as he commanded ; and collected the bones into a golden urn, with double layers of fat, and spread over it a fair linen veil. And they marked the site of the mound, and dug the foundations round the pyre, and piled thereon a heap of earth.

CHAPTER XXXII

THEN the Achaian Chiefs and King Agamemnon would have gone away ; but the noble Achilles stayed them, and made them sit down in a great assembly. He could not do enough in honour of his lost friend ; and he had determined to hold Games, of every kind, in which the mail-clad Achaians might compete for prizes ; and to this end he had brought goodly treasures from his ships—tripods and caldrons, horses, mules, and oxen, well-girdled women, and hoary iron. The first and most important contest was a chariot-race, for which he offered a woman skilled in needle-work, and a two-handled tripod, holding two-and-twenty measures—these, for the best man of all ; the second prize was a mare, six years old, with a mule foal ; the third prize was a fair new caldron, of four measures ; the fourth was two talents of bright gold ; the fifth was a two-handled vase, untarnished by the fire.

And Achilles addressed the Chiefs, and said :
“ If the race were in honour of some other warrior, then should I enter the lists, and bear away the prize ; for ye know that my horses are immortal, and by far the best ; Poseidon, the Earth-Girdler, gave them to my father, and he to me. But I

and they will stand aside; for they have lost a noble and gentle driver, who oftentimes washed them with clear water and then poured soft oil upon their goodly manes. And now they stand with sorrow in their breasts, and their full long manes are trailing on the earth. But now, let whoever of you trusteth in his horses and his strong chariot take his place in the lists!" "

And first came forward Eumelos, son of Admetos; next came the mighty Tydeides (Diomedes), with the famous horses of Tros, which he had taken from Aineias; then arose Menelaos—the fair-haired, godlike Menelaos, with Aithe, Agamemnon's mare, and his own horse, Podargos; and the fourth was Antilochos, son of the wise Nestor, who yoked swift Pylian horses to his chariot.

His father Nestor, son of Neleus, stood by Antilochos, and gave him good advice, although he himself was wise. "Antilochos, my son," he said, "though thou art young, yet Zeus and Poseidon have loved thee, and made thee a perfect horseman; and there is little need for me to teach thee. But the other horses are better than thine; and I fear that much trouble is in store for thee. But skill and cunning are better than force, and so one charioteer defeats another. Look well to the posts at either end, and run closely by them. Now I will tell thee another thing. Some six feet above the ground, there stands the withered stump of a tree, with two white stones, on either side; this is the mark fixed by the swift-footed Achilles. Do thou drive thy horses hard by this,

and lean slightly to the left, and lash the off-horse and give him rein; but let the near horse so closely skirt the post, that the nave of the wheel of thy car may seem to graze the stone; but beware of touching it!"

Next, Meriones made ready his chariot; and so did the others. Then they mounted their cars, and drew lots for their places. Great Diomedes, Tydeides, drew the best. Achilles ranged them all side by side, and pointed to the turning-post, in the plain, near which he posted old Phoinix, as umpire.

Then, at a signal from the son of Peleus, they raised their long whips, together, standing upright, and lashed their horses, and encouraged them by hand and voice. And the chariots now ran evenly on the ground, and now bounded high in air. But when they entered the last part of the course, driving towards the sea, the fleet mares of Eumelos, grandson of Pheres, rushed to the front; and next came Diomedes, with the stallions of Tros, so near that they seemed to be mounting the car of Eumelos, and with their hot breath covered his back and shoulders. Then Tydeides would either have gained a victory, or it would have been at least a dead heat; but Phoebos Apollo was angry with him, and dashed his shining whip from his hand. He shed hot tears of fury, when he saw that the mares of Eumelos were still at their utmost speed, while his own horses slackened their speed, no longer feeling the lash. But, luckily for Diomedes, his constant friend Athene marked the trick of Apollo; and, speeding after Diomedes, she gave him back the scourge, and put fresh mettle

into his steeds. She then pursued Eumelos, and brake the yoke of his horses; they bolted from the course, and he was hurled off his car into the dust. Meanwhile, Tydeides rushed on before the others, for Athene was shedding glory on his head.

Next to him ran the horses of Menelaos Atreides. Then came Antilochos, son of Nestor, who spake thus to his father's Pylian horses: "I do not ask you to contend with Tydeides, whose horses Athene herself is speeding; but I pray you to catch up the chariot of Atreides; and be not beaten by Aithe, lest she, who is only a mare, pour ridicule upon you." Thus spake Antilochos, and his horses were afraid, and sped on more swiftly. But Antilochos noted a narrow gully, where the rain had collected and had carried away a part of the course. There Menelaos was driving, when Antilochos turned his horses out of the way, and followed him at one side. Then Menelaos, fearing a collision, shouted loudly to the son of Nestor: "Antilochos, hold in thy horses! and drive not so recklessly! close ahead there is a wider space, where we can pass one another!" But Antilochos, as if he heard him not, drove on more madly than ever, and plied the lash; and the golden-haired son of Atreus called again to him, reproving him: "Antilochos, there is no man more spiteful than thou; away with thee! wrongly have we called thee *wise*!" Then he called on his horses, and they increased their speed, fearing the anger of their lord, and quickly overtook the others.

Now the Argive Chiefs sat together, watching

the race as the chariots flew along the course. The first to see them coming was Idomeneus, the Cretan Prince, the son of Deukalion; he was sitting apart from the rest on the highest place, and he could distinguish the voices of the drivers. He noticed a chestnut horse, with a white star on his forehead, round like the full moon; and he stood up and spake: "Friends, and Counsellors of the Argives! can ye see the horses as I do? To me, there appeareth a new chariot and horses; and the mares which led at the start I can no longer see."

Then the son of Oïleus, Aias, rebuked him in boorish fashion: "Idomeneus, why chatterest thou before the time? Thou art not one of the youngest, nor are thine eyes of the sharpest. The same mares of Eumelos are still leading, and he is standing up in the chariot."

And the great Chief, Idomeneus, answered in great wrath: "Aias, ever ready to abuse, inconsiderate slanderer! thou art in all respects inferior to the other Argives; for thy mind is rude."

Thus spoke the Cretan hero. And the son of Oïleus rose again, to reply with scornful words; but Achilles himself stood forward and said: "No longer, Idomeneus and Aias, bandy insulting words with one another; for it is not meet! Sit ye still, and watch; and soon will ye know which horses are leading." He spake; and straightway Tydeides came driving up in his fair chariot, overlaid with gold and tin, which ran lightly behind the horses, and scarcely left a trace in the fine dust of the plain. Checking his horses in the middle of the

crowd, he leapt to the ground and claimed the splendid prize; and the gallant Sthenelós made no delay, but gave to his victorious comrade the woman and the tripod to bear away.

Next to Diomedes came the son of Nestor, Antilochos, who had passed by Menelaos by a clever stratagem, though his horses were inferior; but even so, Menelaos had pressed him hard, and was behind him only so far as a horse is from the wheel of the chariot which he draweth.

But Meriones, the brave charioteer of Idomeneus, came in about the cast of a lance behind Menelaos; for his horses were the slowest, and he was himself but a sluggish driver. Last of all came Eumelos, the son of Admetos, dragging his broken chariot. The swift-footed Achilles, son of Peleus, pitied him, and spake winged words to the Chiefs: "Lo! the best man of all comes last; but let us give him a prize—the second! And let Tydeides bear away the first!"

All the Achaians heard him, and shouted applause; and the noble Achilles would have given him the mare, had not Antilochos, son of the wise and glorious Nestor, stood up in defence of his claim: "O Achilles!" he said, "justly shall I be wroth with thee, if thou takest away the prize which I have fairly won. Thou thinkest only of the unlucky chance which hath befallen Eumelos and his horses; but he ought to have made prayer to the deathless gods, and then he would not have come in last of all. If thou pitiest him, there is much treasure in thy house: gold, and bronze,

and sheep, and handmaids, and horses. Give him, if it pleaseth thee and the Achaians, a still richer prize. But I will not give up the mare; for she is *mine*."

And Achilles smiled on his comrade Antilochos, whom he dearly loved, and answered him: "Antilochos, I will do as thou sayest: I will give him the bronze cuirass, edged with shining tin, which I took from Asteropaios."

But the great Menelaos arose, filled with insatiable wrath against Antilochos. The herald placed a sceptre in his hand, and called for silence. Then the godlike King made harangue, and said: "Antilochos! thou who wert once accounted wise—what is this that thou hast done? Thou hast disgraced my skill, and discomfited my horses, by thrusting thine, which are far worse, in front of them. Come then, great Chiefs of the Argives! give judgment, without favour, between him and me! That no one may say, hereafter, that ye favoured me for my power and rank, I will myself set the issue before you; so that no one may reproach me. Stand forth, Antilochos, before thy chariot; and take thy whip, and lay thy hand upon thy horses, and swear, by the great Girdler and Shaker of the Earth, that thou didst not, by set purpose and malice, hinder my chariot in the course?"

Then Antilochos made prudent answer: "Be patient with me, King Menelaos! for I am younger, and thou art in all respects my better. Bear with me, then; and I will myself give thee the mare, my prize, rather than lose my place in thy heart,

O thou beloved of Zeus!" Thus spake the noble-minded son of Nestor; and he gave the mare to Menelaos, King of men.

And the heart of the son of Atreus rejoiced, as the ripe ears of corn, when the dew descendeth upon them, in the glistening cornfield. And he spake kindly to Antilochos, and said: "Lo! at once do I put away my anger; for of old thou wert never rash or light-minded; but now thy reason was overborne by the impetuosity of youth. Therefore I grant thy prayer, and will even give thee the mare; for I am in no wise covetous or unforgiving."

He spake, and gave the mare to Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochos, to lead away; but he took the bright caldron to himself. And Meriones, who came in fourth, took the two talents of gold. But the fifth prize, a vase with two handles, was not obtained; and the noble Achilles gave this to Nestor, and, standing by him, uttered winged words:

"Let this, O Father! be for thee an heirloom, and a memorial of Patroklos' funeral games—of him whom thou wilt never see again! I give it to thee, since thou mayest not contend in boxing, nor in wrestling, nor in throwing the lance, nor in the foot-race; for rueful old age weigheth heavily upon thee."

Nestor gladly received the splendid gift, and spake: "True and fitting are thy words, dear Friend! My limbs are no longer sound, nor do my arms move easily from my shoulders; and I must make way for younger men. But I accept

thy free gift with joy, and rejoice that thou dost remember our old friendship."

Then Peleides brought forward the prizes for the rough, fierce boxing-match: a six-year-old unbroken mule for the winner; and a two-handled goblet for the loser. Then quickly rose the famous boxer Epeios, and laid his hand on the stubborn mule, and boasted aloud: "Let who will bear away the goblet; but the mule is mine! for no one will beat me with his fists!" They all kept silence, and feared. Only one came forward, even Euryalos, the gallant son of King Mekistos. The famous warrior, Tydeides, made him ready for the fight, and bade him God speed. The twain went into the ring, and fell to work; and terrible was the gnashing of their teeth, and the sweat ran down from their limbs. Epeios came on fiercely, and struck Euryalos on the cheek, and that was enough; for all his limbs were loosened. As a fish on a weedy beach, in the ripple caused by Boreas, leapeth high in air, so Euryalos leapt up in his anguish. But the generous Epeios raised him again to his feet, and his comrades led him away, with dragging feet and drooping head, and spitting out black blood. • • •

Next came the terrible wrestling-match; and for this the glorious Achilles brought out two costly prizes: for the winner, a fireproof tripod, worth twelve oxen; and for the loser, a woman skilled in handiwork, valued at four oxen. And he cried aloud to the Achaïans: "Stand forward all ye who will enter into this contest!"

Then rose Telamonian Aias and the crafty

Odysseus, and faced each other. And they entered the ring, and grasped each other with their strong hands, like the rafters of a house, joined by some skilful builder to withstand the wind. Their backbones grated and creaked beneath the strain; the sweat poured down from their limbs, and bloody weals streaked their sides and shoulders, as they struggled for the well-wrought tripod. But neither could Odysseus throw the burly Aias, nor Aias him. And when the Achaians grew tired of the futile contest, Aias spake to Odysseus: "O thou offspring of the Gods, Laertes' son! do thou lift me, or I will lift thee, and the issue will be on the lap of Zeus!"

- So saying, he raised Odysseus. But the Willy One did not forget his craft. From behind, he struck the hollow of Aias' knee, and threw him on his back; and Odysseus fell upon him; and the people marvelled. Then, in his turn, Odysseus tried to lift huge Aias, but could not; so he thrust his crooked knee into the hollow of the other's; and they again both fell to the ground, covered with dust. When they rose for a third bout, Achilles restrained them. "No longer wear ye one another out, with toil and pain! Ye both have won, and shall receive equal prizes!" And they cleansed themselves, and put on their doublets.

Then the noble son of Peleus offered prizes for the foot-race; the first, a silver *krater* holding six measures, curiously chased by Si Ionian artists—by far the most beautiful mixing-cup in the whole world. For the second he offered a stalled ox; and for the third, half a talent of gold. The

wondrous krater Phœnicians had brought by sea, and given it to Thoas, the ruler of Lemnos ; and Euneos, son of Jason, inherited it from Jason, who received it from Thoas, his father-in-law ; and Euneos gave it to the hero Patroklos, as a ransom for Lykaon, son of Priam ; this splendid goblet was offered to the swiftest of foot.

Then three valiant heroes arose : Aias, son of Oileus ; Odysseus, the wily one ; and Antilochos, the best runner of the youths. Achilles ranged them side by side, and showed them the goal. All started at full speed ; but Aias soon took the lead ; and Odysseus came close behind him, near as the shuttle to the breast of a fair-girdled woman when she is weaving—so near that his breath was warm on the back of Aias. But as they neared the goal, the wily Odysseus prayed to the fierce-eyed Athene : “ O Goddess, come and help my feet ! ” And Athene heard her favourite, and strengthened all his limbs. But just as they were about to pounce upon the prize, Aias slipped in the blood of the slaughtered oxen, and fell ; his mouth and nostrils were filled with dirt and gore. So the patient Odysseus took the priceless krater, and Aias the fatted ox. But Aias, holding his prize by the horn, and spitting the filth from his mouth, spake to the Achaians : “ O lie upon it ! it was the goddess who betrayed me ; she who is ever near to Odysseus, as a mother to her child.” And the Achaians laughed merrily, to see him in such a sorry plight.

Antilochos, smiling, took the last prize, half a talent of gold ; and he too spake winged words

to the Argives : " My Friends, ye too will agree with me that the deathless gods show favour to the older men. Aias is a little older than I ; but Odysseus is of a former generation. It were not easy for any one, except Achilles, fleet of foot, to outrun *him*."

Achilles was pleased at the honour done to his swiftness. " Not unrewarded," he said; " shall the praise be which thou hast bestowed on me : I give thee another half talent of gold." Antiochos received it gladly. Then the assembly was dissolved ; and the Achaians dispersed, each to their own ship.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE other Achaians rejoiced at evening in the prospect of supper and sweet sleep. But Achilles lay sleepless on his couch, tossing from side to side, and yearning for his dear friend. He thought of Patroklos with deepest sorrow and regret—of his manly character, and of all that they had done and suffered together, battling with their enemies and with the wasting waves. And at this thought he shed hot tears, turning this way and that in his anguish. Then again he would rise, and roam along the salt sea-shore. But when the rosy-fingered, golden-throned Dawn appeared, he would yoke his immortal horses to his chariot, and drag the corpse of glorious Hektor thrice round the mound of the son of Menoitios, and would leave it lying on its face in the dust. But the Far-Darter Apollo, though he could not save noble Hektor from the hate of relentless Hera, still loved him even in death, and kept his flesh pure from all pollution.

And when the rosy-fingered Dawn brought on the twelfth morning, then Phoibos Apollo of the Silver Bow spake boldly to the deathless gods: “Ye cruel Gods! hath great Hektor never offered rich burnt-offerings of bulls and goats upon your

altars? And will ye not even save his dead body for his wife and son, his father and his mother, to see for the last time? Will ye still uphold the cruel, insatiable Achilles in his fell purpose? Lo! he daily draggeth glorious Hektor through the dust, round the tomb of the son of Menoitios!”

Then the white-armed goddess Hera, in great wrath, answered him: “O Lord of the Silver Bow! wouldst thou, indeed, pay equal honour to Hektor, who was nursed at a woman’s breast, and to Achilles, the son of a goddess?”

Then to her spake the Cloud-Gatherer Zeus: “Hera, be not angry with us other gods! For Hektor was dear to all the gods, and especially to me. Never did my altar lack the goodliest sacrifice at his hands. I will therefore send the many-hued Iris to Thetis, that she may come to me; haply she may prevail on her dear son to restore the body of Hektor and receive a noble ransom.”

And the storm-swift Iris straightway sallied forth, and leapt into the sea between Samothrake and rocky Imbros. She found the fair-haired goddess, Thetis, sitting in her cave, surrounded by all the Nymphs of the Sea. They were wailing over the coming fate of her glorious son, who was soon to perish far from his home and friends. And the swift Iris spake to her and said: “Up, Thetis! the Great Counsellor, the mighty Zeus, calleth for thee!”

Then answered the silver-footed goddess: “What doth he want with me, that mighty one?”

I dread to mingle with the deathless gods, such countless woes are gnawing at my heart ; yet will I go, nor shall his words be vain."

Then the lovely goddess put on a robe of the deepest black—no blacker could there be—and went forth, swift Iris going before her ; and the waves of the sea parted before the twain ; but when they reached the shore, they sped upward to high Olympus. There they found the All-seeing Son of Kronos on his golden throne, and all the immortal gods sat round him. And Athene gave to Thetis her place beside the Great Father of Gods and Men ; and Hera gave her a golden cup, full to the brim with nectar, and spake kindly to her ; and Thetis drank thereof and took courage.

The great Father then spake to her, and said : "Thou art come up to Heaven, O Goddess ! sorrowing and fordone with grief. But I will tell thee straightway why I have thus hastily summoned thee. For nine days have the blessed gods disputed about Achilles and the body of great Hektor. They wish to send Hermes, the Slayer of Argos, to steal the corpse away ; but this could not be done without thy knowledge. Go then, with all speed, to thy noble son, and tell him that all the gods, and I especially, are angry with him, because, in his fury, he doth foul despite to Hektor, beside the high-beaked ships, and hath not restored his body to his father. Tell him that I will send swift-footed Iris to King Priam, and will bid him take a rich ransom, and offer it to Achilles, for the body of his son, the glorious Hektor."

And the silver-footed goddess Thetis darted

down from the heights of many-peaked Olympos, and came to the tent of her dear son. She sat close beside him, and caressed him with her hand, and said to him : " Dear Child, how long wilt thou eat away thine own heart with sorrowful lamentation, taking neither food nor sleep? Alas! not long wilt thou be left to me; for Death and resistless Fate are come very nigh to thee. I bring a message from Almighty Zeus. He saith that all the gods, and he more than all, are angry with thee, because that thou, in thy furious anger, keepest the body of great Hektor at the ships, and dost not restore it to his father. Come, then, give it back, and take a splendid ransom! "

And the swift-footed son of Peleus answered her : " Be it so, dear Mother, if the heart of mighty Zeus so wills it! "

So they ; but the Son of Kronos sent Iris to the citadel of sacred Troy. " Away, swift Iris! and bear my message to the high-minded King Priam. Tell him to prepare costly gifts that may delight the heart of Achilles. Tell him to go *alone*, and take no other Trojan with him. Only let a herald guide the mules, and waggon, and bring back the corpse of glorious Hektor to the city. No fear of death need he have; for Hermes, the Slayer of Argos, shall bring him safely to Achilles, and Achilles will spare a suppliant man." So spake he; and away sped the light-footed Iris, and came to the palace of King Priam.

She found him surrounded by his children, bedewing their garments with hot tears; in their midst was the aged King, covered all over with

his mantle; his venerable head, and his neck, soiled with the dust which he had thrown over them, as he grovelled on the ground, in the anguish of his soul. His daughters went wailing and weeping through the palace, in memory of the dear and brave one, slain by the Argives, and lying low in death. And swift-footed Iris stood before the King, and spake gently to him; but he trembled at her voice.

“Fear not, son of Dardanos! I bring no evil tidings, but a message from great Zeus, who pitieth thee and careth for thee, though he be far away. He biddeth thee arise, and take costly gifts to Achilles, as a ransom for glorious Hektor. Thou must go *alone*; but have no fear, for the Slayer of Argos shall guide thee safely. And Achilles himself is not ignorant, or void of sense, and will surely spare a suppliant whom Zeus protecteth.”

Then Iris departed; and King Priam ordered his sons to make ready his smooth-rolling mule-car, and to bind on it the wicker seat. Then he went to his high-roofed, fragrant chamber, lined with cedar-wood, and full of costly jewels; and he called to his wife, Queen Hekabe, and said: “O Hekabe! I have a message from Olympian Zeus himself, who biddeth me go to the tents of the Achaians, and take a ransom to Achilles for our dear son. What thinkest thou thereon? For me, I am inclined, with all my heart, to go to the camp of the Achaians.”

But Hekabe, loudly wailing, answered him: “Alas! alas! surely thou art demented! thou,

that wert once renowned for thy wisdom among strangers and thine own people! Wouldst thou indeed go alone into the presence of the savage man, who hath killed so many of thy noble sons? If he do but see thee, he will show thee neither pity nor respect, but will surely slay thee. Nay, then, let us remain in our halls, and mourn for Hektor!"

And the godlike Priam replied: "Hinder me not, my Queen! for I am set to go; and be not thou a bird of evil omen; for thou canst not change my purpose. If any mortal man, even a seer or a priest, had told me to do this thing, I should have deemed it false; but now I have seen the Messenger Goddess face to face, and she shall not have spoken in vain. If I am to die at the Achaian ships, let me die; let Achilles slay me quickly, when once I have clasped my son to my breast, and satisfied my longing for him."

Then he took from his beautiful chests twelve robes for women, twelve cloaks, twelve carpets, twelve large sheets, and as many tunics. Moreover, he took a bright tripod of four caldrons, and a goblet of the rarest beauty, which the Thracians had given him, when he went to them on an embassy; even this he did not spare, so eager was he to ransom his dear son.

Then, with furious words, he drove all the Trojans from the corridor: "Away with you!" he cried, "ye worthless wretches! ye cowards, that bring disgrace and ruin upon my house! Have ye no sorrow at home, that ye must come hither to trouble me? Zeus, Son of Kronos, hath taken

from me the noblest of my sons, and ye too will suffer from his loss ; for the Achaians will find it easier to slay you, now he is gone." He spake, and drave them all away with his staff ; then he called aloud to his sons, with chiding words, even to Helenos, and Paris, and noble Agathon, and Pammon, and Antiphonos, and Polites, and Deiphobos, and Hippothoos, and proud Dion :

"Ye worthless sons ! who bring shame and scandal upon me ! Would that all of you had perished at the ships, in place of the godlike Mestor and Troilus, famous for his war-chariot, and Hektor, who was more god than man ? All these hath the murderous Ares taken from me ; and ye only are left to me ! ye cowardly wretches, distinguished only in the dance ! ye liars, base plunderers of the goats and lambs of your own countrymen ! Why do ye loiter here, and haste not to bring out the mule-wain and all its fittings, that I may start on my journey ?"

Terrified at their father's furious voice, they hastened to bring out the beautiful new well-balanced chariot ; and therein they placed the rich ransom for Hektor's body ; and they put under the yoke the hard-hooved mules, which, on a time, the Mysians gave to King Priam. But for Priam himself they prepared a car, with the horses kept for his own use alone.

To them, thus employed, came the heart-broken Hekabe, bearing sweet wine in a golden goblet ; and she called to Priam by name, and said : "I bring thee wine, that thou mayest make a libation to Almighty Zeus, and pray that he

would bring thee safely back from the midst of the enemy! Pray, too, that he would send an eagle, his messenger, strongest of all birds and most dear to him, on the right hand, as a good omen!"

And godlike Priam answered her: "O Wife! I will obey thy words; for it is good to raise our hands to Zeus, that he may have pity on us." Then he called to a handmaid, and bade her pour water on his hands; and when he had made ablution, he took the golden cup from the hands of Hekabe, and stood in the middle of the court, looking up to Heaven.

He poured out the wine, and prayed aloud: "O Father Zeus! greatest and most glorious! Lord of many-rilled Ida! grant me a welcome, and pity, from Achilles! And send thy bird of good omen, on my right, that seeing it, I may go with confidence!"

And Zeus, the Wise Counsellor, heard him, and sent the eagle, the dusky bird of prey, whose wings spread wide as the folding door of some rich man's lofty hall. And when they saw the Bird of Zeus on the right hand, their hearts were glad.

Then the aged Priam mounted his chariot, and drove through the court and the echoing porch. First went the four-wheeled mule waggon, driven by the skilful Idaios; then followed the horses, which Priam himself drove quickly through the city. And as they came out of the gates, All-seeing Zeus beheld them, and spake to Hermes, his dear son:

"Hermes, my Son! since thou lovest to guide and accompany men on their way—go, and bring great Priam to the black ships of the Achaians; and take care that none of the Danaoi see him, till he reach the tent of Achilles."

And Hermes, the Heavenly Conductor, quickly put on his shining feet his golden sandals, which bear him over the wet ways of the sea, and over the earth, floating on the wind. And he took up his magic rod, with which, at his will, he sootheth the eyes of men in sleep, and rouseth them again from slumber. And when he had come to the land of Troy and the shore of the Hellespont, he took the form of a princely youth in early manhood, with the first down upon his chin, when youth is fairest and most gracious.

Now, King Priam and the herald and the driver of the waggon, went on their way to the ships and tents of the Achaians. And when they had passed the lofty tomb of Ilos, they gave the mules and horses water from the river; and darkness was spreading over the land. When the herald saw Hermes nigh at hand, through the gloom, he spake to godlike Priam: "O son of Dardanos! now there is need of prudent counsel. I see a man, and right soon, I fear, he will tear us in pieces. Let us then mount our chariot and flee, or clasp his knees and pray for mercy!"

So spake the herald; and the soul of the old man was poured out like water; each separate hair rose straight upon his head, and his limbs trembled, and he was horribly afraid. But Hermes, the faithful Helper, took him by the hand and said:

“Whither, O Father! art thou wandering, through ambrosial Night, when all others are asleep? Fearest thou not the hostile and relentless Achaians? If they should see thee, bearing rich treasures through the dusky gloaming, what thinkest thou would happen to thee? Both thou and thy attendant would be slain; and ye could not defend yourselves. But *I* will do thee no harm—nay, I will ward off others from thee; for thou art very like my own dear father.”

And godlike Priam was glad, and answered him: “Dear Son, it is as thou hast said. Surely, some god hath sent thee to meet me, as a messenger of good—thee, a man of noble form, wise in heart, and the offspring of happy parents!”

Then thus spake the Guardian God, the Slayer of Argos: “True, old man; but tell me now, art thou taking goodly treasures to foreign men, to keep safely for thee? Or are all the Trojans leaving holy Ilios in terror, since their noblest hero is slain?”

And godlike Priam answered him: “Who art thou, O best of men? and who are thy parents? thou, who speakest thus justly of my hapless son?”

And the faithful Conductor, the Slayer of Argos, spake again: “Thou askest me of noble Hektor, to try me. Oft have I seen him in the fight, when he slew the Argives, with the sharp bronze, at the ships. We Myrmidons looked on, in amazement; but Achilles suffered us not to fight, through his dire wrath against Agamemnon. I am a Myrmidon, and came as a comrade of

Achilles in the self-same ship ; and the wealthy Polyktor is my father."

Then thus the aged Priam : " If thou art, in good sooth, an attendant, of Achilles, tell me of my son ; is he still by the ships ? or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb, and given him to the dogs ? "

And the Guardian God replied : " No dog or bird hath fed on his fair body ; he still lieth among the tents near Achilles' ship, these twelve long days ; and yet his flesh shows no decay. Achilles indeed draggeth him, each morning, round the tomb of Patroklos ; yet his limbs are fresh, as if besprinkled with dew. His fair body is cleansed from gore, and all his many wounds are closed ; for he was very dear to the blessed gods."

And the old King was glad, and spake again : " My dear son—if ever I had him—never forgot the great gods of Olympus ; and therefore they have done this thing, though he was foredoomed to die ! "

Then the Heavenly Guide mounted the chariot, and took the reins, and filled the horses, and the waggon, mules, with fresh spirit ; and soon they reached the towers and tents of the Achaians. They found the men of the guard busy with their supper ; but the Heavenly Messenger lulled them all to sleep, and opened the gates, and brought in King Priam, with the costly gifts. And they came to the lofty dwelling which the Myrmidons had made for their great Prince with planks of timber, and thatched it with rushes from the mead. All around it was a court, surrounded by a palisade ;

the gateway was guarded by a single bar, of pine-wood, which three of the Achaians could hardly draw, but Achilles could easily drive it back. Here the mighty Slayer of Argos descended from the chariot, and opened the door for Priam and the splendid gifts. And he spake aloud : “ Old Father, *I* am one of the deathless gods; even Hermes, whom my father, the Thunderer, hath sent to guide thee on thy way. But I will not let Achilles see me; for it is not fitting that a god should greet a mortal before the eyes of men. But do thou enter, and embrace his knees, and supplicate him to have mercy, for *his* old father’s sake.” Then Hermes departed, and sped to high Glympos.

But Priam leapt from his chariot, and left Idaios in charge of the horses; and the old man went straight to the house, where Achilles, beloved of Zeus, was wont to sit. He found the hero sitting apart; only two, the warriors Automedon and Alkinoos, were in busy attendance on him. He was still sitting at the table, having just finished his meal. But no one observed great Priam as he entered. He quickly approached Achilles, and clasped his knees, and kissed those dreadful hands, by which so many of his noble sons had perished.

Achilles was seized with amazement, as he looked on godlike Priam; his attendants, too, regarded Priam with astonishment and awe, and looked at one another. Then Priam, in a supplicating voice, and with many tears, addressed him : “ O godlike Achilles! bethink thee of *thy*

father, who, like me, is treading the downward path of joyless old age ! He, perhaps, suffereth wrong from his neighbours, because thou art not there to guard him. Yet, while thou art still alive, he can always hope to welcome his dear son from the land of Troy. But I, wretched man that I am ! had fifty sons when the Achaians came ; and nearly all of them hath Ares swept away. One only was left, a guardian of the city, even Hektor, whom thou hast slain. For him I come to thee, bringing a countless ransom. Do thou then, O Achilles ! reverence the gods, and pity me, as thou thinkest on thine aged father. I endure what no other mortal man hath borne ; even to raise my hands in supplication to the slayer of my children ! ”

Thus spake the unhappy Priam, and stirred the heart of Achilles to lament for his own dear father. And he touched the old man's hand, and put him by, gently ; and when they both thought upon their dead—Priam, on gallant, godlike Hektor, and Achilles, on his father, and on his dear friend Patroklos—their cries and wailings rang through the house. And when Achilles had satisfied his desire of weeping, he rose from his seat, and raised the aged King from the ground, pitying his hoary head, and spake gently to him :

“ Ah ! wretched man, what evils hast thou borne ! How hast thou dared to come into the presence of the man who has slain so many of thy sons ? Thy heart truly is of iron. But now, old man, sit down, and let our griefs rest awhile in our hearts, sore afflicted as we are ; since nothing cometh of

our weeping. ' This lot, to live in pain and sorrow, the gods have spun for wretched mortals ; while they themselves are free from care. Two coffers stand on the floor of the palace of Zeus : one filled with evils, and one with blessings.' Thus to Peleus, my father, were given most excellent gifts, from his very birth. He surpassed all others in riches and honours ; he was made King of the Myrmidons ; and, mortal though he was, he had a goddess to wife. Yet even *he* has suffered evil things ; for he had no other princely sons to follow him on his throne, but only *me*, who am doomed to an early death. And I, alas ! cannot tend him, in his helpless old age, but am here, in a far-away land, a curse to thee and thy children ! And thou, too, old Sire, wert once prosperous in wealth and in the number of thy children. But now the heavenly powers have brought this curse upon thee, of battles and slaughter around thy city ! But lament not unceasingly for thy son ! For nought will thy lamentation avail him or thee. Thou canst not bring him back to life."

Then thus spake Priam, the godlike sire : " Bid me not to sit, great foster-child of Zeus ! while Hektor lieth neglected, by the ships ; but let me see him with my eyes ; and do thou receive the rich ransom that I bring, and have pleasure therein, and return to thine own country safely ! " •

And Achilles looked sternly at him, and spake : " Do not irritate me, old man ; for I mean, of myself, to give Hektor back to thee. For my goddess-mother, daughter of the Ancient One of the Ocean, brought me a message from Zeus him-

self. I know full well that a god hath been thy guide ; for no mere man would dare to enter here, or could escape the watch, or thrust back the heavy bolt. Therefore, trouble me no longer, in my sore grief, lest I sin against Zeus, the Protector of Suppliants, and spare thee not."

The old King obeyed, greatly fearing the mighty son of Peleus ; and Achilles leapt, like a lion, to the doorway, followed by Automedon and Alkinoos, whom he honoured above all except the dead Patroklos. Then they unyoked the horses, and brought the aged herald into the house, and took the ransom from the wain ; but they set aside two robes and a well-made tunic, to wrap therein the body of great Hektor. Then the handmaids washed and anointed the dead, taking him apart, lest Priam should be angered at the sight of his son, and Achilles should be wroth, and slay him.

Then Achilles and his comrades lifted the body, anointed and clothed, into the polished wain. But Achilles, deeply groaning, called on the hero Patroklos by name, and spake : " O Patroklos, dearest of my friends ! be not angry with me when thou hearest, in Hades, that I have restored the body of him who slew thee. For his dear father hath brought me a worthy ransom, of which thou shalt receive thy well-deserved share."

Then he went back into the house, and spake to Priam : " I have given thee back thy son ; and, with the Dawn, thou mayest see him with thine eyes. But now let us take our supper. For even the fair-tressed Niobe took thought of food, though all her children—six brave sons and six

fair daughters—were slain in her halls. Apollo slew the sons with his silver bow ; and Artemis, the great Huntress, slew the daughters. Niobe, in her pride, had boasted that *she* had borne twelve children, and Leto only twain, Apollo and Artemis. Nine days they lay unburied ; for the Son of Kronos turned the people into stone. Yet, on the tenth day, the gods themselves buried them ; and then sad Niobe, weary of weeping, took food. Now, on Sipylos, among the mountains that rise on the banks of the Hermos, sad Niobe, though turned to stone, still weepeth and broodeth over her sorrows, inflicted by the gods. Therefore, O royal Father ! let us too take thought of supper ; and to-morrow thou mayest mourn over thy noble son, with plenteous tears, which are his due.”

Then Achilles arose and slaughtered a white sheep ; and his comrades cut it up and roasted it carefully on spits. Automedon served the bread on the table, but Achilles carved the meat. When they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then Priam gazed with wonder at Achilles, to see how great and goodly he was, and how like a god ; Achilles, too looked on Priam, the son of Dardanos, with like wonder, seeing his majestic mien, and hearing his wise and gracious speech. At last, Priam said to the son of Peleus : “ Now, foster-child of Zeus, show me where I may lay me down and take sweet sleep ; for scarce have I closed my eyes since my dear son perished.” Then the handmaids went forth from the chamber, and prepared two beds. And noble Achilles spake to Priam, in a half-jesting tone, “ Thou shouldst

sleep without, dear Sire ; lest one of the Counselors of the Achaians come to me, as is their wont, and see thee here, and hear word to Agamemnon ; who, indeed, might hinder the giving back of Hektor. But tell me, truly, how long thou desirest to make funeral for noble Hektor ? For so long I myself will refrain from battle, and will restrain the other Achaians."

The old man, answering, said : " If thou wilt allow me to perform due funeral rites to my dear son, it will indeed console me ; but thou knowest how we are shut up within our walls, and that wood, for the pyre, is far away in the mountains, and the Trojans fear to sally forth and cut the wood. Give us, then, nine days to bewail ourselves in the halls ; and on the tenth day we will celebrate the funeral, and feast the people. On the eleventh, we will build his tomb ; and on the twelfth, we will fight again, if it must be so."

And the swift-footed Achilles replied : " It shall be as thou desirest, and for so long a time I will suspend the battle." Then he took the aged Priam's hand, by the wrist, that he might not be afraid, and led him into the corridor, where King Priam and the herald lay down and slept ; and Achilles slept in the interior of the dwelling.

All the other gods and noble warriors slumbered in the night, but not so the divine Helper, Hermes ; for he was pondering how he might bring the Trojan King away from the ships, unseen by the watchful sentinels. And he came and stood over Priam, and spake : " Hast thou no fear, old man,

seeing that thou sleepest calmly in the midst of enemies? If the son of Atreus, and the other Achæians, should learn that thou art here, thy sons would have to pay for *thee* a triple ransom."

Then Priam rose, in great alarm, and roused the herald. Hermes put to the horses, and they mounted the chariot; and he himself drove them through the camp; and no one marked them. And when they came to eddying Xanthos, the son of Zeus, Hermes, went aloft to steep Olympus, as the saffron-robed Dawn began to spread light over the earth. Bitterly lamenting, they drave the horses on to holy Troy; and no one observed them until the lovely Kassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, looking forth from the city, saw her dear father, Priam, coming with the aged herald in the chariot.

And next, she saw the body of glorious Hektor lying on the bier, in the wain; and at this sight, she ran, crying and wailing, through the city. "O ye men and women of Troy!" she cried, "come and see Hektor, in whom, while he was yet living, ye rejoiced, when he returned from the battle; even Hektor, the pride and joy of the city and of the people."

And they all came forth from the city, both men and women; for their hearts were full of intolerable grief. First of all came his dear wife, Andromache, and Hekabe, his queenly mother, tearing their hair; and with loud cries they threw themselves upon the wain, and touched his noble head. And the crowd around them moaned and wept. All day long would they have mourned and wailed,

but Priam spake to them from his chariot, and said: "Give a passage to the mules, to bring in the dead! Ye shall have your fill of wailing, when I have brought him to his house."

They took Hektor to his famous mansion, and laid him on a richly-wrought couch; the minstrels sang a mournful dirge, and the women re-echoed the plaint. And the beautiful white-armed Andromache, holding the head of noble Hektor in her hands, began the lamentable chant:

"Dear, dear Husband! thou hast perished, in the glory of thy youth, and left me a lonely widow in thy halls. Our child, *thine and mine*, ill-fated offspring of ill-fated parents, is yet a little one; and before he can come to man's estate, this city will have fallen, for thou, who alone didst guard its wives and infants, art no more. These, and I among them, shall soon be borne in the black ships over the hoary sea; and our child will go with me into bondage to some cruel lord—unless, before that, some Achaian take him by the heel, and hurl him from the battlements? What woe can equal mine, that of thy cherished wife? Neither didst thou, from thy death-bed, stretch thy hand for me to clasp; nor couldst thou say, in my ear, some precious never-to-be-forgotten words, that I might for ever dwell on them, as I weep for thee night and day."

Thus mourned the white-armed Andromache, with bitter tears; and all the women joined her in the loud lament. And then Queen Hekabe, his mother, took up the mournful theme:

"Hektor! dearest of my sons!" she cried.

“Dear wert thou, even to the deathless gods; and even in thy death, they have not forgotten thee. My other sons Achilles sent; as captives, beyond the barren sea—to Samos, Imbros, or reeking Lemnos; but when he had ‘killed *thee* with his keen sword, he dragged thy lifeless body round the tomb of Patroklos; but” could not bring *him* back to life. And, lo! now thou liest in thy house, all fresh and fair, like one whom the Far-Darter hath slain with his gentle shafts!”

Thus spake Hekabe, and the women joined her in wailing. Last of all came the lovely Helen, like golden Aphrodite for beauty, and continued the mournful plaint:

“Hektor!” she said, “best beloved of all my brethren! Alexandros indeed is my Lord and Master, for he it was who brought me to holy Troy; would that I then had died! Now twenty long years have passed, since I left my home in Argos; yet never didst *thou* utter a scornful or insulting word against me! If thy brethren, or their long-robed wives, or even thy mother—for thy *father* was ever like a father to me—if any of them reproached me, then wouldst *thou* calm them with gentle words!”

Thus spake the white-armed Helen, and the people groaned aloud. But godlike Priam gave his command to his people: “Ye men of Troy! gather wood, and bring it in wains to the city! Ye need fear no ambush or onslaught of the Achaians; for Achilles himself hath promised me, that he would restrain his people till the saffron-robed Dawn bringeth forth the twelfth day.”

Thus Priam ; and the people poured out of the city. And for nine whole days they gathered piles of wood. But when the Child of the Morn, the rosy-fingered Dawn, brought back the tenth day, they carried out the body of glorious Hektor, and laid it on the lofty pyre, and kindled it with torches. And when the wood had burnt down, they poured the ruddy wine upon the smouldering ashes ; and his brethren and his friends gathered his white bones together, while hot tears flowed from their eyes. These they placed in a golden urn, covering them with purple cloths. And they laid the golden vase in a grave, and piled great well-hewn stones upon it, and heaped a mound. And guards were placed all round it, lest the Achaians should attack before the truce was ended. Then they assembled and partook of a noble banquet in the palace of Priam, the foster-child of Zeus.

POST HOMERICA

CHAPTER XXXIV

As soon as the splendid funeral rites for the god-like Hektor had been performed, and the ten days' truce granted by Achilles to the unhappy Priam was ended, the Trojans withdrew to their impregnable walls, the masonry of gods. And as a man who has lost a dear and only son, in battle or in the cruel waves of the sea, sitteth alone in his chamber, disconsolate, and benumbed in spirit, so the Trojans brooded in silence over the death of Hektor, incapable of thought or action.

The war continued, indeed; but neither side fought with the old spirit; and even Achilles' vengeful rage was somewhat sated by the blood of Hektor, and softened by the aspect and discourse of the unhappy Priam. He no longer thirsted so eagerly for murderous war. He knew that, after Hektor's death, he too must fall, and mingle his bones with those of his unforgotten friend Patroklos.

And in the city, after some days, Polydamas, who had often given wise but unavailing counsel to great Hektor, called an assembly of the Trojan elders and chief warriors; and they gathered

together in the palace of great Priam ; there he rose and made harangue : " Ye noble Chiefs and Counsellors of the Trojans ! it is meet that we should bethink ourselves of the future, and consider how we may save our wives, our children, and ourselves, from the evil doom of death. Hektor is dead ! he, the bulwark and pride of Troy, the light of our eyes, the strength and joy of our hearts, is now a shade in dusky Hades ! What wait we for ? Whence will hope arise ? Which of the gods will save us from cruel Hera's unrelenting hate ? Even Apollo could not save great Hektor, whom he loved.

" Now, goodly Paris is the eldest son and the foremost of the Trojan Princes. Will he himself say, that he can fill his mighty brother's place ? Will *he* meet Achilles, or the twain Aiantes, or Diomedes, peer of gods ?

" Once before, I gave wise counsel to Hektor ; but the gods took away his wits, and he would not hearken ; and the Trojans trusted in his might. I now, once more, show you the only way of safety. Let us give up Argive Helen to her lawful husband, and with her the treasures which Paris wrongfully took away from the palace of Menelaos. Can we hope that great Zeus, the Avenger of Wrong, will save the sinner from his due reward ? "

So spake the wise and prudent Polydamas, son of Panthoos ; and the best men of the assembly applauded. Antenor, and great Aineias, the son of Aphrodite, rose and gave honour to godlike Polydamas, and offered the same counsel to the Trojan elders. But no one hearkened to *them* ;

for they were thought to be friendly to the Achaians; and Antenor, especially, was looked upon as a traitor.

Then, in fierce wrath, arose the goodly Alexandros (Paris), rejoicing in the favour of Aphrodite, the laughter-loving Queen of Beauty, and spake winged words to them. "*Who*, of the noble horse-taming Trojans, the fellow-countrymen of godlike Hektor, will hearken to *you*, vile cowards that ye are? In your words I hear the voice of the Achaians, to whom ye look for countless gifts, the reward of your treachery. Beware lest we cast you out of the city, to meet your doom at the hand of Achilles, and to glut Achaian dogs! Once before I have said, that I care not for Helen's treasure; if the Achaians will receive *that*, let them take it, and sail home! But Helen herself I will not give up, so long as I see the light of day; for she is dearer to me than my own soul. Be men, then, ye Trojans! and mindful of your ancient valour! Hektor, indeed, is dead, the peer of gods, and none may equal *him*. But many noble warriors remain, many and brave; and our walls are strong. And *I*, who am Chief of the Trojans—I will fight to the death; and let Achilles himself beware of my arrows! Moreover, I will tell you one thing. We shall not fight alone. The mighty daughter of murderous Ares, Penthesileia, the great Queen of the Amazons, is coming to our aid, and is now near at hand!"

So spake, in his folly, vainglorious Paris! and all the young men shouted aloud, and clamoured for war. And even the wiser men, and sad Priam

himself, were astonished and glad when they heard speak of Penthesileia. She, as had been said, was Queen of the Amazons, a race of warlike women, who lived on the banks of the wide-flowing river Thermodon, in the region of the Caucasos. How formidable were those female warriors, may be learned from the fact that one of the most arduous of the "Labours" of Herakles (Hercules) was to fetch the famous girdle of Hippolyte, their Queen, which she wore as an emblem of her exalted rank. Penthesileia had to leave her country and seek absolution for the involuntary homicide of her sister, also called Hippolyte, who was killed by an arrow from her bow, which she had aimed at a stag in the forest.

On the morning after the conference of the Trojans, Penthesileia entered the gates of Troy, wearing a panther's skin over her shoulders, and holding a Scythian bow in her hand. The Trojans were struck dumb with amazement as they gazed on the majestic form of the glorious queen. Endowed by the gods with the stature and bearing of Athene, her face, when she smiled, had all the charm and grace and loveliness of the Cyprian Queen. She brought with her twelve of the noblest Amazons, who shone about her like lustrous stars about the silver Moon. Foremost of these were Chonia and Polymusa, Derione, Evandra, and Antandra, Antibrote, and Thermossa—all equal to men in battle, and goodly as the Graces, daughters of great Zeus.

Old Priam himself was entranced by her beauty and bewitching grace; and, as he looked on her

powerful frame and martial bearing, hope was once more kindled in his weary and dejected heart. He received the noble ally, whom he thought the gods had sent to his aid, like a long-lost daughter, and installed her in the most magnificent chambers of his splendid palace. He also gave a great banquet in her honour, and enriched her with the costliest gifts from his royal treasury—gold and bronze, and the most beautiful robes, the work of Sidonian women. And she, on her part, promised him to meet and vanquish Achilles, and to burn the ships of the Achaians.

All night long, the Trojans feasted joyfully, unmindful of their coming doom; and the high halls rang with their songs of victory and triumph. Priam and his guest, Penthesileia, retired early, amidst shouts of applause; *he* was wearied by the weight of age and sorrow; and *she*, tired by her long journey, sought the repose which should fit her for the mighty struggle of the morrow.

And when the rosy-ankled *Erigeneia* (Aurora) suffused the vault of heaven with a ruddy light, then Penthesileia rose; and her sister Amazons brought warm water, in a huge caldron, and bathed therein the mighty limbs of their great Queen. After they had taken their morning meal, they armed themselves for painful war. Penthesileia put on the bright armour which her father, Ares, had given her—her shining, richly-wrought double cuirass; her golden greaves; her sword, in its sheath of silver and ivory; her golden helmet, with its horse-hair crest—and took her strong double-plaited shield, round as the moon at full.



Penthesilea and her Amazons —Page 335

Then she chose from her rich armoury two javelins, the gift of Eris (Strife), and went forth from the Skaian Gate, followed by her sister Amazons.

She was no longer the lovely maiden with the pleasant smile ; but like the fierce Enyo (Bellona), the Goddess of War ; and no one dared to look her in the face, for her glance was like the lightning of Cloud-gathering Zeus. At the gate she mounted a fierce charger, the gift of Oreithyeia, wife of the North Wind, Boreas, and rode forth into the plain. But the aged Priam poured a libation to Almighty Zeus, and prayed to him earnestly to grant her a victory and safe return. And Zeus sent an eagle holding a dove in its claws, *on the left hand* ; then Priam groaned, as he saw the omen, for he knew that he should see her no more !

Meantime, the Achaians were pouring forth from their ships, like bees from their fragrant hives ; and Penthesileia rushed on to meet them. And when they saw her dashing over the plain, like a bright meteor, they were confounded and dismayed ; for they thought that some deathless god had come down to aid the Trojans. And Penthesileia, charging the front rank of the Argives, slew Molon and Persinos, Ilissos, Lernos, Hermonides, and Elasippos, all mighty warriors, and many other brave men. Derione and Cleone following close behind their Queen, Derione slew Lagonos, and Cleone killed Menippos ; then Podarkos, when he saw his dear friend fall, rushed furiously at Cleone, and slew her with the sword. But Penthesileia marked him, and hurled her javelin at his shield ; and it passed right

through, and pierced his heart; and his comrades bare him to his tent to die.

Yet the Achaians held their ground, and fought stoutly; and many of Penthesileia's brave companions were slain; for the mightiest of the Achaian warriors would attack *them*, though fearing the Queen. So godlike Merionēs slew the fair Evandria and Thermodossa; and Aias, the son of Oileus, slew Derione; and Tydeides cut off the heads of Alkithēia and Derimacheia. The slaughter of Trojans also went on, and Sthenelos killed the brave Kabeiros. • Then Paris, furious at the slaying of his dear comrade, hurled his spear at Sthenelos; but it missed him, and killed Evenor, who stood behind him. Multitudes of Achaians and Trojans fell, on either side; for *Kudoimos* (Tumult) and the fell, death-bringing *Moirai* (the Fates) urged them on, rejoicing to see the ground drenched with the blood of heroes.

But nothing could stay the fierce onset of Penthesileia, roused to fury by her intolerable grief at the slaughter of her faithful bodyguard of dauntless Amazons. She drove the terrified Danaoi before her, as a lioness, robbed of her cubs, driveth the cattle over the mountains. She brake their strong phalanx; and, shouting with a fearful voice, assailed them with insulting threats: "Ye dogs!" she cried, "now shall ye pay with your blood for all the woes ye have inflicted on royal Priam! Not one of you shall escape, to bring joy to his wife and children. No mound shall be heaped over your buried ashes; but ye shall be the feast of the wild beasts, of the dogs and the birds, in the land

of Troy! Where now is your *Aiakides*" (Achilles), "where, your Tydeides, where your mighty Aias? They dare not meet me face to face; for I should quickly send their souls to Hades!"

Thus she raved, while the Danaoi quailed before her; and her fleet horse bare her along their ranks, brandishing in her strong hand now a ponderous axe, and now a javelin. The Trojans rejoiced mightily when they saw the proud virgin raging amongst the enemy, in the thickest of the ranks, like a whirlwind of Boreas among the forest trees in winter when the sun enters Capricorn. And one said to his comrades: "O Friends! surely, at last, the mighty Thunderer remembereth our King, even wide-ruling Priam. I see with my eyes not a mortal maiden, but Athene herself, or the murderous Enyo, who will surely burn the black ships, which have brought such woe to the land of Troy!" So spake one of the Trojans, a foolish man; for as yet neither Achilles, nor Aias, nor Tydeides knew of the coming of Penthesilea. They were lingering about the tomb of Patroklos.

And the long-robed Trojan dames looked down from the towers at the wondrous deeds of Penthesilea. Then suddenly a martial ardour seized the heart of Hippodomeia, the daughter of Antimachos and wife of brave Tisiphonos; and she cried aloud and said: "O my Sisters and Friends! rouse in your hearts the courage of the *men* who are shedding their blood for their country and for us! We too have strength and spirit; we have eyes as keen, and knees as strong, as theirs. Behold that glorious Maiden Queen! She is fighting not for

her own people or city, but for a foreign king and nation ; and she is far superior to any man ; but *we* deplore the loss of husbands, brothers, and sons, and yet look idly on !”

Then, a fierce desire for war seized on all who heard her ; and they threw down their wool and their work-baskets, and began to arm themselves. Then these, too, would have perished before the walls, had not wise Theano, wife of Antenor, and priestess of Athene, restrained them : “ Are ye mad, unhappy ones ? Whither are ye rushing, weak and inexperienced in the use of arms ? How can ye meet the terrible Danaoi, long practised in deadly war ? The Amazons, indeed, are reared to fight from their very childhood, being subject to no men ; and Penthesileia is the daughter of murderous Ares, and no one can equal *her*. Therefore, return to your proper work, and leave the care of war to *men*.” Then they obeyed, and looked on from the walls and towers ; for Penthesileia was still slaughtering the Achaians.

Then would the ships of the Danaoi have again been burnt ; but Aias heard the cries of the routed army, and he spake to Achilles : “ O son of Peleus, I hear the din of furious battle ! Let us then go and save our comrades, lest the Trojans slay them and burn our ships ! ” And the mighty Aiakides, too, heard the clash of arms and the cries of the wounded, and obeyed the voice of sturdy Aias. They quickly donned their arms and hurried to the field, filled with strength and ardour by the shield-brandishing goddess *Atrutone*. (Athene, Minerva), the Unwearied One.

When the fearless Penthesileia saw them, raging like lions through the Trojan ranks, she flew to meet them. And first, she hurled her mighty spear at the shield of Aiaides, but it leapt back from the work of the god Hephaistos. Next, she sent a sharp javelin at Aias, and assailed them both with haughty words and threats: "My spears," she cried, "have missed their mark; but I will yet rob you both of your dear life. Ye boast to be the foremost of the Achaians. Come near, then, that ye may prove the might of a daughter of insatiate Ares!"

But the twain heroes only laughed at her. They saw that the javelin had merely torn the silver greave of Aias, and had not touched his skin. Aias took no further notice of Penthesileia, but turned upon the mass of the Trojans, leaving the son of Peleus to deal with the Amazonian Queen. And great Achilles addressed her with winged words:

"O Woman! with what unseemly words dost thou assail us, the most excellent of mortal men, who are of the blood of Loud-thundering Kronion! Even glorious Hektor feared us, and fell beneath my spear, brave as he was. Mad art thou to threaten us; for the last day is coming to thyself; nor will thy father, Ares, save thee from my hand."

Thus saying, he rushed upon her, holding his long-shafted spear before him, and smote the war-like Maid above the heart. And the dark blood gushed forth, and all her limbs were loosened. Her mighty axe, red with Achaian blood, fell from

her feeble grasp; and "the black veil of 'death shrouded her brilliant eyes. But she still breathed, and was pondering in her dear soul, whether with her last strength to meet the onset of Achilles, or to clasp his knees and promise a countless ransom.

But the gods had otherwise decreed; for Achilles transfixed both her and her swift-footed steed with his furious spear. There lay the glorious Maid, stretched on the ground, with her fair head resting on her noble charger. Her whole body was palpitating round the cruel spear. But she was grand and beautiful, even in death.

When the Trojans saw her fall, they fled for safety to the city, as the wave-tossed mariners flee from the storm to the nearest haven.

And Achilles boasted over her, with evil words: "Lie thou there, miserable girl! in the dust, a prey to the dogs and birds! Who led thee to match thyself against *me*? Vainly thou thoughtest to gain great praise, and rich reward from old King Priam, for having slain so many of the Argives. But the blessed gods have not aided thee against *us*, who are the great glory of the Danaoi, and the bane of Troy."

So saying, he drew the spear from her lifeless body. And he took from her noble head the glittering helmet, shining like the rays of the sun, or like the lightning-flash of Loud-thundering Zeus. Yet even so, lying in the dust and blood, her lovely face shone like the evening star; and the Achaians were astounded when they saw her lying there, in aspect like fair Artemis, sleeping, when wearied by the chase. For fair-crowned

Aphrodite had made her lovely even in death. And even Achilles was sorely distressed in mind, that he had killed her, and not taken her home to be his wife in Phthia; so beautiful was she in face and form, and like the deathless goddesses.

Ares, her father, was moved to wrath at the sight of his noble daughter lying in her blood. He rushed down from Olympus to the plain of Troy, and would have brought an evil day for the Argives, had not Zeus terrified him with his thunder and his fiery bolts. Then Ares paused; for he dared not resist the almighty Thunderer, who would have hurled him down to lie among the Titans, had he disobeyed.

But the son of Peleus ceased awhile from battle, as he gazed with anguish and with tears on the lovely maiden whom he had slain. And, as he wept, the brazen-faced scoffer, Thersites, looked at him with a scornful glance, and mocked him thus: "O illustrious Hero! what evil genius hath deluded thee, that thou mournest over the Amazonian Queen, who made such havoc in our ranks? Better were it if her strong spear had pierced thy craven heart! Degenerate man! where is now thy valour? where thy good sense and thy firmness as a leader of men?"

Thus he reviled the great Achilles. But he, rising in his fury from the ground, struck the base scoffer with his strong fist on the cheek and ear; and all his teeth dropped out; and he fell headlong in the dust. Black blood gushed from his mouth; and soon his coward soul fled from his lifeless limbs. And the brave Peleides thus ad-

dressed the lifeless corpse : " Lie there in the dust, for the punishment of thy shameless words ! It is not meet for thee to oppose a better man. Once before thou didst move the heart even of patient Odysseus, by thy slanders. Begone, and pour out thine insults on the dead ! "

Of all the Argives, Tydeides alone was angry with Achilles for having killed Thersites, for he was his kinsman. And he would have raised his hand against Achilles ; but the sons of the Achæans thronged about them, fearing lest the bravest of their warriors should meet in deadly conflict.

Meanwhile, the twain Atreidai, who saw and pitied the lovely Penthesileia, restored her body and all her arms to King Priam, who had sent an embassy to them. And the Trojans, deeply grieving, reared a lofty pyre, for the queenly Maid, and her fair body was devoured by the consuming flame. They placed her ashes in a golden urn ; and they paid due honour to Ares and his daughter, by erecting a tower, near to the sepulchre of the mighty Laomedon ; and the bodies of her fair Amazons, who had followed her to death, were buried near to their glorious Queen.

CHAPTER XXXV

AND when the glorious light of the unwearied Sun had illumined the tops of the echoing mountains, the Achæians indeed rejoiced, and magnified their hero Achilles; but the hearts of the Trojans were filled with fear and sorrow. And the aged Thymoites thus addressed the weeping Trojans: "O Countrymen and Friends! I see no remedy of baleful war, now that Peleides hath slain the warlike Penthesileia, whom all other Argives feared, for she showed like a goddess come down from Heaven. Let us then take counsel for the future, and consider whether to fight on, or to flee from our city, since we cannot resist the cruel Achilles."

And the son of Laomedon, King Priam, answered him: "Let us not flee, in fear, from our native city; nor yet fight at a distance from it, but from the walls and towers. I bring you good tidings, in the midst of your woe. The high-minded Memnon, King of Æthiopia, the land of black men, is coming to our aid with a mighty host. Endure, then, a little longer! for it were better to fall in glorious battle than to flee and live in dishonoured exile, in a foreign land."

So spake the aged King. But the wise

Polydamas was not pleased at the continuing of the war; and he made harangue, and said: "If mighty Memnon hath clearly promised thee, O King! I do not grudge to receive him in our city. But I fear that he, too, will perish, with his army, and bring fresh loss on us; for the power of the Argives is greatly strengthened."

Then arose Paris, and abused Polydamas, as he was wont, with bitter words: "Polydamas, unwarlike coward as thou art! dear to thy heart are fear and flight. Go, then! abstain from battle, and sit idly at home! but others will gather round me in arms, until we reach the end of cruel war."

And Polydamas, in great wrath, answered him: "O thou most abandoned of men! thy rash folly hath brought this calamity upon us; and it is thou who wilt prolong this sad war, till thou seest thy country devastated and destroyed."

Paris then answered nothing; for he knew, in his heart, what woes he had brought on the Trojans; but death seemed to him better than to be separated from godlike Helen.

Soon afterwards, the mighty Memnon, King of the dark-coloured Æthiopians, arrived with a numerous force. And the Trojans, standing around, looked on, with the joy which storm-tossed sailors feel, when they behold the star of revolving Helike (the "Great Bear"). More than all, King Priam rejoiced; for now, again, he thought it possible to burn the Achaian ships and slaughter the men who were besieging his city. He entertained Memnon with abundant feasts; and told him of all that the Trojans had suffered

at the hands of Achilles and the Achaians. Memnon, on the other hand; told of his own mighty deeds; of his victories over the Solymoi, who had sought to bar his march to Troy; and Priam listened, with joyful hopes. At the banquet, the Trojan King pledged his guest in a golden cup, which Hephaistos made for Zeus when the lame god wedded Aphrodite. Zeus gave it to Dardanos, and Dardanos to Laomedon, and he to Priam. Then Memnon spake, thanking his royal host, and said: "It is not becoming, at a feast, to boast of one's warlike deeds; but to-morrow you shall see whether I am worthy or not. But now let us think of sleep; too much wine is not good for a man who goeth forth to battle on the morrow."

Meanwhile, the deathless gods were assembled on Olympus in the halls of Zeus, Lord of the Lightning, who made harangue and said: "To-morrow's light will behold a fearful slaughter, a great destruction of men and chariots; and let no one approach my knees to beg for the life of son or friend! for unpitying are the resistless Fates!" Then all the gods retired, in sorrow, and sought relief in sleep.

But when bright Eosphoros (Lucifer), Bringer of the Dawn, roused from the couch the sweetly sleeping reapers, then rosy-fingered Eos (Aurora) mounted the spacious firmanent all unwillingly; for she was the mother of King Memnon. Then the Trojans, and the newly-arrived Æthiopians, and all the allies of King Priam, armed themselves, and poured forth from the gates like a black

thunder-cloud, and filled the plain. The Argives, seeing them from afar, were alarmed; but they, too, donned their armour, and went forth to the battle, trusting in the strength of Peleides, peer of the huge Titans, in his divine armour, effulgent as the lightning of Zeus. On the other side, the glorious Memnon, son of Aurora, marched among the Trojans like another Ares rushing to the war.

Then Peleides slew Thalios and the blameless Meula, and many others of the Trojan heroes. Memnon, terrible as death-bringing Fate, overthrew Pheron and godlike Ereutlios, who had come to Troy with Nestor, and other warlike Danaoi. After spoiling these of their armour, Memnon attacked old Nestor, son of Neleus; but when Antilochos, the old man's son, saw the peril of his dear father, he hurled his spear at Memnon, missing him, indeed, but smiting his friend, the Æthiopian Pyrrasides. Then the son of the Dawn, great Memnon, rushed on Antilochos, and struck him in the breast, and pierced his heart.

Great was the grief of the Argives, as they saw Antilochos fall dead; but most of all, black sorrow darkened the heart of his dear father, whom he had tried to save. The afflicted old man cried aloud to Thrasymedes, his other son, and besought him to drive off the slayer of bright Antilochos from the corpse. "Let us even risk death," said Nestor, "to save him from the dogs and birds; if pale fear take hold of thee, thou art no son of mine." Thrasymedes ran up swiftly at his father's call, and Pheneis also hurried to the fight against lordly Memnon; but little availed their long

spears, for Eos turned away their points from the body of Memnon, her dear son. Then the warriors twain feared the might of Memnon, and halted in their advance, like jackals which pursue the stag, but retreat before the raging lion. The old man, Nestor, seeing his sons give way, cried, in his agony, to his friends and followers, and implored them to repel the enemy. So terrible was his distress, that he left his chariot, himself to meet great Memnon! Then would the Pylian King,—contrary to the decree of the Fates—have fallen beside his son, had not the noble Memnon revered and pitied him, as being of the same age with his own father. Memnon thus addressed him with mild words: “Old man! it were not honourable for me to fight against thee, my senior; for I know how to be wise. Thou too, men say, art by no means unwise. Depart, therefore, from the bloody field; lest, of necessity, I unwillingly stretch thee by the side of thy dear son!”

And the old man answered him: “Idle words are these which thou hast spoken; for no man would call me foolish for wishing to fight against the pitiless slayer of my son. Would that my strength were still as of yore! then shouldst thou feel my spear; but now——”. So spake the aged Nestor, and retreated a little way. Thrasymedes, too, the spearman, and bold Pheneus, departed, fearing the might of godlike Memnon.

So, like a mighty roaring flood descending from the mountains, did the son of Aurora and his warlike Æthiopians drive the routed Argives to

the shore of the Hellespont. Then wise Nestor, deeply lamenting, approached great Aiaakides, and said to him : " O Achilles, great bulwark of the Argives ! Memnon hath slain my son Antilochos, and I fear that he will be a prey to the dogs ; but do thou, I pray thee, follow us, and show thyself a friend even to the dead."

Thus spake he, and sorrow filled the heart of Achilles ; and he turned away from the Trojans, whom he had been slaying, and hastened to meet great Memnon.

As Achilles came near him, to begin the conflict, Memnon lifted a mighty huge stone, which the husbandmen had placed in the field for a boundary, and hurled it at Achilles. He, nothing daunted, smote the son of Aurora, with his long spear, in the right shoulder. But Memnon, though wounded, rushed on the son of Peleus, and struck his arm, so that blood gushed out from it. Then Memnon spake to him with haughty words : " Wretch ! why dost thou afflict the Trojans, and boast thyself the best of mortal men ? Thou hast an Immortal for thy mother, a Nereid ; but I too am descended from the gods, and am the son of Eós (Aurora), whom the lily-voiced Hesperides nursed by the streams of Okeanos. Therefore shalt thou meet thy death at my hands !"

And the swift-footed son of Peleus answered him : " Witless art thou, to compare thyself with me, who am the better, in birth and in strength and stature. The great gods of Olympos honour the Nereids, and especially the wise Thetis, my

mother, who sheltered Dionysos when he fled from the cruel Lykourgos; and she comforted the skilful artificer Hephaistos when he fell from Heaven; yea! and she released the Loud-Thunderer from his chains! Soon shalt thou find that she is a goddess, when my spear hath pierced thy heart!"

Then the twain drew their long swords, and rushed to the conflict, and beat on each other's shields, the work of Hephaistos, like hammers on an anvil; and earth and sky resounded with the din. And from afar the blessed gods looked on, some favouring Achilles, and some the glorious Memnor. The silver-footed Thetis watched the fight, in deadly fear for her son; and, on the other side, the rosy-fingered Eos, the mother of Memnon, looked on with trembling for him. And there arose a bitter dissension among the immortal gods; when suddenly twain Fates, a bright and a black, appeared to them; and the black one approached Memnon, while the bright one stood near Achilles; whereat some rejoiced, and others mourned.

Meanwhile, the two heroes were fighting, not like men, but like the grim Giants or the Tartarean Titans, with swords and stones and spears. So fought they; and, though wounded, they ceased not; and the ground was wet with their blood. Then, at last, Achilles pierced the heart of godlike Memnon; and he fell lifeless, in the bloody dust. The Myrmidons spoiled him of his armour; and the Trojans fled.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE rosy-fingered Goddess of Dawn, *Eos* (Aurora), the afflicted mother of brave King Memnon of Æthiopia, groaning at the sight of her dead son, wrapped herself in clouds, and thick darkness covered the earth.

Then she summoned the Winds; and they came, headlong, to the plain of Troy; and raised the body of her son, and bare it through the misty air. And the Æthiopians did not leave the body of their great Leader, but followed the Winds, for the goddess led them; and they laid the slain hero in a grave, in Mysia, by the deep-flowing waters of Æsepos. Then the dark-skinned Æthiopians buried their King, with plenteous tears; and there, in their pleasant grove, the fair-haired Nymphs wailed over the son of the golden-throated Erigeneia (the Early-Born, the Dawn, of Morning). And the Stars of the Pleiades wept with them; and the lofty hills, and the waves of Æsepos, re-echoed their mournful plaint.

Then Eos uttered a sorrowful lamentation: "O my Son!" she said, "now that *thou* art gone, never again will I give light to the Immortals; but I will go down to the yawning gulf of the infernal deities, where Darkness and Chaos reign, and

whither *thy* soul, O my Beloved ! hath flown from thy lifeless form. I am not lower than a Nereid ; but in vain have I illuminated all things, for Zeus hath withdrawn *my* light ; therefore will I seek the gloomy Shades. Let *Thetis* henceforth bring the Day to gods and men !”

But Zeus, when he heard her saying that she would no longer shed light upon the world, was greatly incensed : he thundered terribly, and uttered dire threats against her. And she, in terror, hastened unwillingly back to Olympus, led by the gentle Hours ; for greatly did she fear the wrath of Zeus.

But the Trojans, cooped up within their walls, were sick at heart, for the loss of godlike Memnon. The Achaians, too, though rejoicing at his death, were grievously afflicted by the loss of the noble Antilochos, the beloved son of the wise and aged Nestor. The bereaved old father and the spear-bearing Pylians buried the hero Antilochos by the shore of the Hellespont, deeply mourning. Yet the spirit of wise Nestor was not broken ; for he said : “ It is the part of a wise man to bear misfortune bravely.” But Achilles, ever quick to wrath, and infuriated by the death of his loved comrade Antilochos, rushed upon the Trojans, who, trusting in the might of Memnon, had come forth to fight.

Slaughtering as he went, Achilles drew near to the city. Then would he have torn the gates from their hinges, and made a way for the Danaoi, had not Phoibos Apollo, the faithful friend of Troy, been roused to anger when he saw whole columns

of heroes stretched in death upon the ground. And he dashed down from Heaven, bearing his quiver and his death-dealing arrows on his shoulders, and with a dreadful voice he thus addressed Achilles:

“Back, Peleides! back! far from the Trojans! Slay no more! lest a worse thing befall thee from the gods!”

But Achilles, nothing fearing the terrible voice of the god, shouted loudly against him:

“Phoibos! why dost thou urge me, unwilling, to contend with the gods? And why dost thou aid the perjured Trojans? Depart—to the seat of the gods! lest I strike thee, immortal though thou art!”

Thus saying, he left the god, and turned against the fleeing Trojans. And Phoibos, inflamed with wrath, exclaimed: “O ye Gods! what a madman is this! Zeus himself will not control him, so terribly does he boast against the gods!”

“And the angry god looked about him, and espied the goodly Paris, hiding behind a buttress near the Skaian Gate, launching his death-dealing shafts against the Achaians. And Phoibos Apollo approached him, concealed in a mist, and spake:

“O Paris, fool that thou art! why dost thou waste thine arrows on the ignoble crowd of Achaians? If thou carest for thy King and country aim thy shafts at Peleides—now wallowing in Trojan blood—and avenge thy slaughtered brethren! Take this arrow from *my* quiver; aim at his *heel*, where he is vulnerable; and I will direct the dart!”

He spake ; and Paris took the dart, and set it to his bow, and launched it at Achilles, as he turned away. The deadly dart pierced the heel and passed right through his foot.

Then the mighty warrior, Peleides, felt like a tower thrown down by an earthquake, or by the fearful Typhon. And he cried aloud, with a lamentable voice :

“Who hath thus secretly sent against me this pestiferous missile? Well I know that no one of earth-born heroes could meet me hand to hand ; but even thus do weak, unwarlike dastards attack the brave, from secret ambush. My mind misgiveth me, that this is the work of Phoibos Apollo ; for so my mother warned me, that he would slay me at the Skaian Gate.”

He drew the arrow from the fatal wound, and the blood gushed forth, and darkness veiled his eyes. When he had somewhat recovered from his swoon, he threw away the dart, far from him, in his despair. And the Winds took it up, and returned it to Apollo ; for an immortal weapon of a god must never perish. And Apollo returned to the great assembly of the gods on Mount Olympus.

But when the wise consort of Zeus, Hera, the Protectress of the Achaians, saw him, she turned upon him with bitter words :

“Phoibos ! what wicked deed is this that thou hast done ? Hast thou forgotten the wedding of godlike Peleus and the silver-footed Thetis, where thou didst sing to the joyous guests, and strike thy golden lyre ? Hast thou forgotten that, with the

other gods, thou didst pray that this very son might be born of Thetis? that now thou aidest the people of Laomedon, who once compelled thee, an Immortal, to feed his flocks? Yet the task of the Trojans shall not be lightened by the death of Aiakides; for his son shall come from Skyros, equal to his great father in strength, and shall mightily aid the Argives. Fool that thou art! how wilt thou dare to meet the eyes of the long-robed Thetis, who loved thee of yore, when she cometh to the halls of Zeus?"

Thus spake Hera, in her anguish; but Apollo answered not a word, for he revered the spouse of his almighty father. He sat apart from the other gods, with downcast eyes; and the friends of the Achaians were angry with him, but others praised him.

Achilles, though wounded to death, abated nothing of his fury. The black blood still boiled in his veins. None of the Trojans dared to go near him; they kept far away, like the herdsmen who flee from a wounded lion. He, excited by his wrath and the anguish of his wound, rose from the ground, and rushed against his foes, and slew godlike Orythaon, the chosen friend of glorious Hektor, and Hipponoos, and noble Alkithoos, and many others. He spake to the frightened Trojans, as they fled before him:

"Ah! ye Trojans and Dardans! miserable cowards! though I am dying, ye shall not escape my spear! And the Furies will avenge my death!"

Then Achilles fell, with a crash; and his glorious armour rang around him.

Meantime, Paris greatly exulted in his own mind, but he could not rouse the courage of the Trojans. "Friends!" he cried, "if ye will lend me help, this day we will either die by the hands of the Argives, or safely bear away the body of Achilles, with the immortal horses, and rejoice the heart of Hektor, even in the realms of Hades!"

He spake; and the Trojans gathered round the corpse of Achilles, each reviling him for the death of husband, brother, or son. But suddenly great Aias, peer of the immortals, appeared among them, and drove them away with his long lance. Though they swarmed round him like a flight of bees around the bee-keeper, and he taketh no heed of them, so mighty Aias cared nothing for the throng of Trojans, but slew their leaders.

Then godlike Glaukos, the son of Hippolochos, of Lykia, advanced against him, and addressed him with foolish words: "Aias! since men praise thee beyond measure, as they did the warlike Achilles, thou shalt die with him, on the self-same day!"

And Aias, looking askance at him, answered: "Miserable man! knowest thou not how far better a man Hektor was than thou? Yet even he avoided my spear—uniting prudence with valour!" So saying, he turned upon the Trojans, who fled like fish before a huge dolphin; and he slew the warlike son of Hippolochos, and stretched him by the side of godlike Achilles. But Aineias, the son of Anchises and Aphrodite, dragged away the corpse of his dear friend, and gave it to his

comrades to bear into the sacred city of Troy. Then mighty Aias wounded Aineias in the right arm; and he took shelter within the walls.

Then the wily Odysseus came as a helper to great Aias; and they fared about the body of Achilles, and sent many Trojans to the Gates of Hades. And Paris vainly stretched his bow against the son of Telamon; but him great Aias smote with a huge stone; and his comrades bore him, fainting, into the city.

The Achaians were minded, above all things, to bear off the body of Achilles to his tent. When this was done, all their Chiefs, with Aias, came where he lay; and the fierce Myrmidons mourned and wailed around him. More than all, the aged Phoinix, who had reared and taught him in early youth, lamented his death. "Would," the old man cried, "that the earth had covered *me* before I saw thee dead in the glorious prime of manhood!" The great Atreides, too, mourned over him with bitter tears. "Thou, O Achilles!" he said, "thou hast perished, thou, the most glorious of all the Danaoi! and hast left our wide camp without its surest bulwark. Thy death will now render the battle easier for the Trojans; and I see not any prosperous issue to this cruel war." So spake he, and all the Argives wailed around him; and the sea and ships and the rocks echoed their mournful cries.

"But the son of Neleus, the aged Nestor, spake wise words to Agamemnon: "Now, at length, let us desist from weeping; and bathe the dear form of Achilles in warm water, and clothe

him in the fair sea-purple robes which his dear mother gave him when he was setting out for Troy." And they carried out the commands of Nestor; and Achilles was laid on a couch in his own tent. The haughty goddess Hera pitied him, whom she had so favoured in his life, and she distilled ambrosia on his head, to preserve his body fresh and free from all corruption.

And the fair Briseis, whom he had so dearly loved, deeply moaning, addressed the lifeless corpse; so beautiful in death. "Saddest of all," she said, "am I, and no such grief before has ever torn my heart: Thou wert to me as a festal day, as the light of the sun, the sure solace of my cares! Would that the dug-up earth had covered me, ere this!" Then she shore her fair hair, and threw it into the flame, as a gift to her dear lord.

Nor did his immortal horses, Xanthos and Balios, remain tearless, but wept unceasingly for their dauntless master. They wished no more to move amongst the warlike Achæians, but to go back, beyond the waters of Okeanos and the caverns of Tethys, where dwelt their mother, the divine Podarge; but a messenger from the gods bade them await the coming of Neoptolemos, the high-souled son of godlike Achilles.

Now, when they had borne the body of Achilles to the ships, they laid it on a bier, and washed his beautiful flesh with warm water, and anointed it with unguents. And for seventeen days and nights did the Argives bewail him. On the eighteenth day, they gave his body to the flames, and slew around it many fatted sheep, and kine of shambling

gait. Many of the mail-clad Achaian heroes moved around the funeral pyre, and loud was the sound of wailing.

But when Eos came smiling through the æther, Thetis, the goddess-mother of Achilles, with her deathless sisters, veiled in cerulean garments, came forth from the depths of the sea, and a wonderful wailing arose over the deep. And trembling fell on the limbs of the Achaians, and they would have sprung up and departed to their hollow ships, had not Nestor held them back, saying: "Hold! ye Argives! and flee not, young lords of the Achaians! Lo! his mother from the sea is coming, with the deathless Nereids, to behold the face of her dear son!" Then round the bier of Achilles stood Thetis and all the maiden daughters of the Ancient One of the Sea, making pitiful lament, and they put incorruptible raiment upon him. So Achilles was burned, in garments of the gods, and with unguents and honey. And when the flame of Hephaistos had utterly destroyed his flesh, they gathered his white bones, and placed them in wine and ointments. His mother had given him a two-handled golden urn, the work of Hephaistos, and the gift of Dionysos; therein lie the bones of great Achilles, mingled with those of Patroklos. Above the grave they piled a great and goodly tomb, high on a headland overlooking the wide Hellespont, that it might be seen by men who now are, and by men who shall be hereafter.

And when all was over, the Achaian Chiefs turned to their usual business, and to the war, and bethought them how they might best destroy

the horse-taming Trojans, even without the aid of great Achilles.

But Thetis, his mother, ceased not to mourn; no, not for a moment. She was angry with Zeus for consenting to his death. "I will," she said, "betake me to high Olympos, and fall at the feet of cruel Zeus, who forced me to marry a mortal—sorely against my will—even Peleus, whom sad old age hath suddenly seized. But I grieve not greatly for *him*, but for Achilles. For Zeus hath deceived me, in that he promised me that Achilles should return safely to the halls of his father, and to me—wretched that I am! For him the great Thunderer hath made liable to the doom of death—to my eternal sorrow." Thus spake the sea-born goddess, and wailed aloud.

And the heavenly Muses came and sat around her, and strove to lighten the sorrow of the despairing mother. The silver-voiced Kalliope heard her cries, and pitied her, and came and spake:

"Wail not, O Goddess! neither stir up bitter words against the Son of Kronos! For even he hath seen his sons, many and dear, destroyed by cruel Fate. My son, too, is dead, though born of me, a deathless goddess—even godlike Orpheus—the heavenly harmony of whose lyre was followed by the winds, the woods, the rocks, and the rivers, by the birds of the woods, and by all the beasts of the field and forest. Yet I bare my sorrow with a brave heart; for it is not meet that an immortal goddess should consume her heart with lamentations. Him, thy glorious son, the clear-voiced

Pierides will celebrate, and give him immortal fame among men. Therefore, O Goddess! do not give up thy soul to sorrow, like a mortal woman!"

Thus spake the very wise Kalliope, the mother of far-famed Orpheus.

Meantime, the glorious Sun God was hastening to the streams of Okeanos, and dusky Night was spreading over the wide firmament, bringing sleep and solace to care-worn mortals. Then all the Achaians, lying in the sands around the grave of noble Achilles, took thought of sleep, and laid them down to rest. But sweet sleep came not to the tearful eyes of his sad mother. She sat, with her sister Nereids, weeping by the splendid tomb of Achilles and Patroklos. And the Muses came to her, and chanted their lovely songs, and strove to soothe the broken heart of the afflicted mother.

The Trojans, meanwhile, were bewailing Glaukos, the mighty son of Hippolochos, their ally from Lykia, and paying him the like funeral honours as the Argives paid to godlike Achilles. But they rejoiced when they saw the smoke of Achilles' pyre rising to the clouds, and knew that their greatest enemy was no more.

But the gods of Olympus who favoured the Argives deeply mourned the death of their favourite hero, and were wroth with Zeus for aiding the hated Trojans. And the illustrious Hera, daughter of Kronos, thus addressed her Lord: "O Zeus! why dost thou take the part of the Trojans,

forgetful of the fair-haired Nymph whom thou gavest to be the wife of godlike Peleus?"

And the great Thunderer answered not a word. For his mind was tormented by the thought that the Achæians would destroy the sacred city of Ilios.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WHEN Daylight had gone to the deep waters of the Ocean, and left the great Earth in darkness, the Achaïans bethought them of their supper, though still grieving; for sorrow cannot satisfy a hungry stomach. And when they had put away the desire of meat and drink, sweet sleep relaxed their weary limbs, and renewed their strength.

But when Eos, the rosy-fingered, brought back the light, then Tydeides addressed the host gathered on the shore of the Hellespont: "Friends! if we really excel in the work of war, let us now attack the Trojans, before they recover their spirit, raised by the death of Achilles. Let us then be up and doing, and surround the city with our chariots and horses."

Then huge Aias answered him: "O Tydeides, wise is the counsel which thou givest us; but I think we must tarry for a time by the ships, and await the coming of the silver-footed goddess Thetis, who wishes to offer rich prizes for games in honour of her son."

"And Tydeides spake again: "If divine Thetis is surely coming to institute contests for us, let us await her; for it is a good thing to obey the blessed gods."

Then followed the Games; a chief feature of which was the wrestling-match between Aias and Tydeides. After a fearful struggle, with varying fortune, Aias threw Tydeides, who rose again, ready to renew the fight. Then Nestor interfered, and stopped the contest. "Cease," he said, "from the too violent struggle! Well we know that you twain are by far the noblest of the Argives, now that great Achilles is dead." Then the mighty heroes exchanged friendly kisses, and went together to the banquet.

At the end of the games, divine Thetis brought forward the most glorious prize of all—the divine armour which Hephaistos had made for Achilles.

The chief candidates were, Telamonian Aias and Odysseus, son of wise Laertes. Old Nestor interposed, by right of his great age and manifold experience. "O Friends!" he said, "the great gods, who themselves are free from sorrow, have laid this heavy burden upon us, to decide between two such men, so equal in merit. I fear that the loser will no more fight along with us, but will be terribly wroth. Let us then ask the wisest of the Trojans to give the prize to him whom they think the worthier. They will not incline to one side or the other, seeing that they hate us all with equal fury."

Then the warrior Agamemnon, King of men, made harangue, and said to Nestor: "No one of the Danaoi, whether young or old, can compare with *thee* in wisdom. I think, therefore, that we should leave it to the Trojan captives to decide."

Then the most illustrious of the Trojans were called into the Assembly, and took their seats in the midst, as judges in this weighty matter.

But first, the fiery Aias, rising full of wrath, addressed his rival: "O thou crafty, evil man! what demon hath led thee to contend with *me* in might? Thy mother bare thee timid and weak, as much inferior to me as a dog to a lion. When the Trojans went about to burn our ships, thou didst shrink from the fight; but *I* feared neither the fiery blaze nor the furious Hektor, who always yielded to me, while *thou* hast always feared him. And now, confiding in thy subtle eloquence, thou aspiest to the greatest things. But thou couldst neither wear Achilles' arms nor brandish his spear; while I should in no wise disgrace his precious armour. The silver-footed Thetis hath offered them as a reward of warlike prowess, and not of mere garrulity."

And the son of Laertes assailed him with scornful words, while revolving subtle counsels in his heart: "Aias! ever of unbridled tongue! why dost thou thus vainly abuse me? Thou callest me timid and unwarlike! *me*, who am thy superior by far in eloquence and wise counsel. It is by reason and art that the hunters subdue the wild beasts of the forest, and the sailors cross the stormy sea; it is by the wit and industry of man that all great things are accomplished. I, alone of the Argives, was able, by my persuasion, to bring godlike Achilles to be the ally of Atreides. Strength and lofty stature are of no avail, unless guided by prudent forethought."

Thus the twain mutually exalted themselves, and contemned each other. But the Trojan judges decided the bitter strife, and unanimously awarded the divine armour to the wise and warlike Odysseus. His heart beat with immense joy ; but the people groaned.

And bitter grief penetrated the brain of the mighty Aias, and his dark blood boiled in his heart. He stood motionless, with his bloodshot eyes fixed on the ground, till his sorrowing friends led him away, to the black ships. The other Argives bethought them of food and repose ; but Aias neither partook of the grateful feast, nor did sleep visit his sad eyes ; but he armed himself, being wroth with all the Argives. Seizing his sharp sword, he pondered whether he should fire the Argive ships, or turn his fury on Odysseus alone, and hew him in pieces. This he would have done, but Athene, ever watchful over the goodly, patient son of Laertes, turned away his fury from the Argives. She robbed him of his wits, and blinded his eyes, so that he mistook the sheep and oxen for the Argives, and raged like fire against them. He stood, in his madness, near a slaughtered ram, and taking it for Odysseus, addressed it thus : " Lie there in the dust, thou crafty man ! Not even the divine armour of Achilles hath saved thee—fool that thou wert to contend with a better man than thou ! Lie there, thou dog ! No wife or son or parents shall bewail thee ; far from thy home thou shalt be the prey of dogs and birds ! "

Then Athene took away the veil from his eyes, and restored his reason. And when he saw the

sheep palpitating on the ground, Aias groahed and said in his heart : “ Alas ! why am I so hated by the gods, who have thus blinded me and driven me mad ? Would that I had indeed slain the vile Odysseus, who hath brought on me this calamity ! What advantageth it me, that I have surpasséd all the wicked Argives in valour ? May their pestilent army perish, since no longer the best man beareth away the prizes, but a baser one is preferred ! Odysseus is now in honour with them, and all my great deeds are forgotten ! ”

Thus saying, the mighty son of Telamon thrust the sword of Hektor into his own throat. And he fell dead, and lay there stretched on the ground, like Typhon when struck by the bolt of Loud-thundering Zeus. And the Argives gathered around the huge corpse, with tears and lamentation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Eos had again ascended the high heaven, and Earth and Æther smiled when Menelaos, with crafty purpose, called the Argives to an assembly, and addressed them thus: "My heart is sore afflicted by the death of so many noble warriors, who came hither for my sake, and have died far from their home and country. Would that black Death had visited *me* before I came hither, to suffer and witness so many labours and misfortunes! I care far more for my lost friends than for the shameless Helen. Let her go and perish with her effeminate lover, for whom she left her home and child! Now, then, since godlike Achilles and high-souled Aias are dead, let us return to our own dear country; for that is better than to perish here." Thus spake he, making trial of the Argives; but the thoughts of his jealous heart were far otherwise.

Then the great spearman, Tydeides, arose in anger: "O thou coward son of Atreus! think not that the sons of the Argives will listen to thy shameful words, till they have laid low the towers of holy Troy. Now let every man sharpen his weapons at the hollow ships, and prepare the supper, that we may go forth to battle in our might."

So spake Tydeides, and sat down. Then rose Kalchas, the son of Thestor, and spake: "Hear me, Tydeides and Odysseus! Let us send to the island of Skyros, and fetch Neoptolemos, the gallant son of Achilles; for he will shine as a brilliant light upon us all."

And the prudent, goodly Odysseus assented thereto, agreeing to go to Skyros with the son of Tydeus. Then Menelaos spake to them, and said: "If the brave son of Achilles will come and help us, and the gods grant us to return to Hellas, I will give him my noble daughter, Hermione, and with her many a precious gift."

Then Diomedes and the crafty Odysseus launched a swift ship, and fifty youths laboured at the long oars, and quickly they crossed the broad back of the boundless sea, and came to Skyros, where they found the son of Achilles. They easily persuaded Neoptolemos to return with them. But his dear mother, Deidameia, remembering how the crafty Odysseus had persuaded Achilles to join the Argive army, entreated her son not to leave her. "O my son!" she cried, "whither hath thy sane mind departed, that thou thinkest of going to fatal Ilios, where so many discreet and valiant men have fallen? Remain in my house, lest one day a fatal message should wound my ears, that thou art slain!" But her brave son answered her: "Take courage, Mother mine! no man falleth in war but by the will of Fate, and if it be my lot, I shall have performed deeds worthy of my sire." And Deidameia, sad as she was, rejoiced in her son's noble spirit. And as he hastened to the

ship, the silver-footed Thetis and her sister Nymphs rejoiced around him.

The presence of the son of Achilles, clad by Odysseus' permission in the divine armour of his father, greatly encouraged the Achaians, who had been again driven back to their ships by the Trojans under the leadership of Eurypylos. The Trojans were much terrified, for they thought that Achilles, their most dreaded enemy, had returned to life again. Neoptolemos easily restored the fortune of the battle, and drove away the Trojans from the ships. He had taken command of the Myrmidons, his father's followers, and exhorted them to acts of courage and zealous efforts to succour the Achaian army in its perilous plight. Seated in a chariot drawn by the immortal horses, and driven by the charioteer Automedon, he seemed the very image of their former master. The fair-haired Thetis rejoiced to see her grandson performing exploits worthy the son of such a father.

In the second day's fighting, he overcame many of the most notable Trojan warriors, Melaneus, Alkidamantes, and others, while many were slain by Tydeides, Meriones, and Agamemnon. On the other side, Aineias killed Aristolochos, smiting him on the helmet with a huge stone which crushed his skull; and Eurypylos slew many, among whom were Eurytos, Menoitios, of the gleaming girdle, and Harpalos, the trusty friend of Odysseus.

But now the gallant son of Achilles, even Neoptolemos, ran to meet Eurypylos with fierce intent; and these twain brandished their long

spears against one another. Eurypylos was the first to speak: "Who art thou, that comest to fight with me, thou, whom the decree of the gloomy Fates will surely send down to Hades?"

And the valiant son of great Peleides answered him: "I am the son of the high-minded Achilles, who put thy father to flight! And the horses which bear me along are those immortal steeds of my father's, born by the Harpy Podarge to Zephyros, which run with light hoof over the barren sea, swift as the winds! And now that thou knowest my lineage, and my horses, thou shalt feel the force of my invincible ashen spear, cut in the forest of Mount Pelion." He spake, and leapt from his chariot to the ground, slaking his mighty lance.

And brave Eurypylos, on the other side, lifted a huge stone, and smote the golden shield of Peleides' son. But he stood firm, as a rock against the flood. Brave Eurypylos was not dismayed; his own rashness, and the cruel Fates, drove him onward to his doom. The twain warriors hammered loudly with their swords on one another's shields, striving to reach the flesh. And cruel Eris (Discord) watched their struggle with delight, till, at last, the weapon of Neoptolemos pierced Eurypylos under the chin, and the dark blood flowed; and he fell, like a tall pine tree, uprooted by the blasts of Boreas, and gave up the ghost. And the son of Achilles boasted over him, and cried: "Thou thoughtest to burn our ships, and destroy us; but the great gods have not fulfilled thy wish, but have subdued thee by

my spear. No mortal can escape the son of Achilles, even though he were made of brass."

Then would the Trojans have been driven to the gates of Troy, fleeing like calves before a lion, had not pernicious Ares, eager to help them, come down from high Olympus, unseen by the other Immortals. He was borne onward by his fire-breathing horses, Aithon and Phlogios, Komatos and Phobos; and the gleaming æther sighed as they rushed along. Rash Ares quickly came to Troy, shaking his ponderous spear, and shouted with a voice of thunder to the Trojans; and goodly Helenos heard him, and knew his voice, though his divine body, and his horses, were veiled from mortal sight. Helenos spake, and said to the Trojans: "Why flee ye, cowards, before the son of warlike Achilles? he too is mortal! and we have heard the voice of awful Ares, urging us to fight the Argives. What better ally could we have than the mighty God of War?" And the horse-taming Trojans rallied to the voice of Ares and the words of brave Helenos; and the fierce battle was renewed; and many a warrior fell on either side.

Neoptolemos rushed on, in spite of Ares, slaughtering in the ranks of the Trojans; and Ares, furious at his bloody onslaught, prepared to cast off the cloud and meet him face to face. But Athene, fearing for her dear Argives, hastened down from Heaven, and would have attacked great Ares, had not Zeus thundered aloft, and driven them both in terror from the field. Then Ares no longer helped the Trojans; and they fled before the invincible Neoptolomos to the shelter

of their walls. Pent up in their strong fortress, they now fought with lance and bow against the assaulting Argives. These would have stormed the citadel and sacked the city, had not Ganymedes, the son of Troös and Kallirhoë, the most beautiful of mortals and the favourite cup-bearer of Zeus, raised his voice in piteous supplication to the mighty Thunderer: "O Father Zeus! if, by thy will, I have left my noble country, and now dwell with thee, hear me, I pray, in my great affliction! How can I bear to see my city, the holy Troy, reduced to ashes, and my whole race utterly destroyed?" Thus spake Ganymedes, with deep-drawn sighs; and the Great Father pitied him, and hid the whole city in the thickest mist, that no one could see it, and thundered loudly from the sky.

The Danaoi heard it, and were filled with dread. And the son of Neleus, the prudent Nestor, spake with his clear voice to the Argives: "O noble leaders of the Danaoi! no longer will our limbs be strong, if great Zeus thus aids the Trojans! Come, then, let us go back to our ships, and cease from war and labour! We have heard his portents from the skies; and all must obey Loud-thundering Zeus, the Lord of the Lightning!"

Then they retreated to their ships, and put off their armour, and bathed in the waters of the Hellespont. And when they had taken their evening meal, they slept by the fleet, placing sentinels, lest the warlike Trojans should attack them in the night. The Trojan warriors, too, relieved each other on guard, fearing the onset of the Argives.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE great Soothsayer Kalchas had declared an oracle, that Troy could not be taken without the aid of Philoktetes, son of Poias. He was the greatest archer of the Argives, a disciple and friend of Herakles, who gave him his bow and unerring arrows as a reward for setting fire to the pile, on Mount Oita, upon which the body of Herakles was burnt. As one of the suitors of Helen, he was obliged to go to the Trojan war. On the journey, while at Chryse, he was bitten in the foot by a snake which was guarding the temple of Athene. The noise of his cries and the smell of his wound were so intolerable, that Odysseus advised the Atreidai to expose him on the island of Lemnos. To bring this hero to Troy, the Argives now sent Odysseus and Diomedes; and he, at their request and that of Neoptolemos, went to Troy to end the war. After his arrival there, Apollo put him to sleep, and Machaon cut out the wound and applied healing herbs, and Philoktetes was quickly cured.

Upon the sad death of noble Hektor, his unworthy brother, Paris (Alexandros), had become the chief of Priam's sons, and, with his famous bow and arrows, fought with considerable success. When, therefore, Philoktetes in his strength, and

in magnificent armour, with the unerring bow of Herakles, came into the field and slew great numbers of the Trojans, Paris sallied forth to encounter him. He discharged one of his arrows at the mighty Philoktetes and missed him, but struck the noble Cleodoros in the breast, and took away his life. And the valiant son of Poias, seeing his brave comrade fall, rushed to the front, with his death-dealing bow, and shouted aloud to Paris: "Quickly will I slay thee, who darest to match thyself against me; and all who now suffer from grievous war will breathe again, when *thou* art slain! for thou hast brought all these woes upon them!"

So saying, he stretched his unerring bow, and drew the arrow to the head. Nor did he miss his mark, but grazed the skin of Paris' beautiful body; but the wound was not fatal, and Philoktetes therefore rushed upon him, and wounded him in the groin. Paris no longer sustained the conflict, but fled into the city; and black Night descending separated the opposing hosts, and stayed their mutual slaughter; the Trojans returned to their city, and the Argives to their ships.

Meantime, Paris lay all night long in agony; and the skilful leeches vainly tried to heal him. Then he bethought him of his lawful wife, Oinone, the fair daughter of the river-god Kebren, whom he had so long deserted. She was wonderfully skilled in the healing art, having learnt all manner of medicines from her divine father. Paris had been told by an oracle, that she alone could save him from death.

ASHAMED and reluctant as he was to ask the aid of her whom he had so deeply wronged, he went to her dwelling, threw himself at her feet, and implored her pity. "O revered Wife!" he cried, "lay aside thy just hatred, and have mercy on me, in my sore affliction! Would that I had died in thine arms, before the Fates impelled me to bear away Helen from her home! I implore thee, by our former love, to assuage my pains, and do not, through jealousy, cast me away to die!"

So spake he, with bitter tears. But Oinone was by no means softened by his prayer. "Thou false and wicked man!" she cried, "how darest thou appear before the eyes of one whom thou hast so basely betrayed for the daughter of Tyn-dareus, the source of countless sorrows? Where is now thy favourite goddess, the fair-crowned Aphrodite? Hath immortal Zeus forgotten thee, his son-in-law? Depart from my halls, and go to Helen, and whine to her, in thy bitter anguish, and see whether *she* can heal thee!"

Thus spake the angry Oinone, foolish one! who knew not that the Fates were already on her track.

And Paris went stumbling along, beneath the heights of woody Ida, where he breathed out his last breath; and the divine Helen saw him no more. But as he dragged himself along, the cruel Hera saw him, and was glad.

But his mother, Hekabe, the wife of royal Priam, when she heard of the death of Paris, wailed aloud, beating her aged breast: "O my son, after Hektor, dearest of all my children! for

thee I shall mourn and weep so long as life shall last ! ”

Helen, too, bewailed, not so much his death, as her own evil fate. “ Would,” she said, “ that the Harpyai had carried me off before I followed thee—by the cruel will of the gods ! Whither can I flee ? since all men, Trojans, and Achajians, hate me ! If I seek the camp of my former husband, Menelaos, they will shamefully ill-treat me. And here, in Troy, the Trojans and their wives will stand around me, mocking, and will tear me in pieces, and cast me to the dogs and birds ! ”

And the fair Qinone, mindful of her early dreams of love with Paris, and full of remorse for her rejection of his piteous supplication, sat alone in her chamber, bewailing the still dear, though faithless, husband of her youth. “ O my folly ! O my bitter life ! would that the Black Fates had carried me away, since it was decreed that I should be separated from my husband ! Now, I will dare a monstrous deed ; and for his sake *I will die* ; for I hate the light ! ”

And when gloomy Night had wrapped her father, and her maidens, in sweet sleep, she left her halls, and rushed through the darkness to the wooded Ida, seeking the body of dead Paris. And the divine Selene (the Moon), mindful of her own love for blameless Endymion, had pity on her, and lit up the long paths with brilliant light. And soon she found the place where the Wood Nymphs were gathered round the corpse of Alexandros, raising a mournful dirge.

The goatherds from the hills had collected wood, and reared a mighty pyre, on which they laid the body, and paid the last honours to their former companion and their Prince.

And when sad Oinone saw *him*, whom she still dearly loved, in the midst of the circling flames, she covered her fair head with her cloak, and suddenly leapt into the fire, and threw herself on the body of her husband, and was burned alive with him.

When the Nymphs, who had gathered around the pyre, saw her seeking thus to die with her husband, they lamented, and spake to one another: "Surely Paris was mad to desert so noble and faithful a wife—who loved him better than the light of the sun—for the false spouse of another man, and thereby bring destruction on himself, the city, and all the Trojans." And when the fire, in which both were consumed, had died down, they quenched the ashes with wine, and gathered the bones of the wretched pair in a golden urn, and set up two columns over their grave.

CHAPTER XL

BUT round the walls of Troy the murderous fight went on. Neoptolemos, son of Achilles, Philoktetes, Tydeides, and the crafty Odysseus, Teukros and Euryalos, and Aias, the son of Oileus, fought in the front ranks, and slew the bravest of the Trojans. Against them were ranged the goddess-born Aineias, Eurymachos, and Polydamas, who astounded the Achaians by their stout resistance and their warlike deeds.

When the valiant son of Poieas, Philoktetes, saw Aineias raging furiously round the walls, and laying many of the Argives low, he sent an arrow from his unerring bow at the son of Aphrodite; but it did not reach his fair body, for his goddess-mother stopped it. Then Philoktetes shouted to him with a mighty voice, and challenged him: "O Aineias! thou thinkest thyself to be a mighty man of valour? Come forward then, and learn to know the bold son of Poias!" But Aineias answered him not. The Trojans, indeed, were mostly driven within their walls; and now that the noble Hektor was no more, and even their skilful bowman, Paris, had miserably perished, they could no longer make head against the far stronger Argives. Yet the war was by no means ended.

The walls, reared by immortal gods, Poseidon and Apollo, were quite impregnable. The Achæians were disheartened by the length of the war and the stout resistance of the Trojans. Moreover, they had incurred the anger of the gods when Diomedes and Odysseus, entering the city by night through a subterranean passage, had stolen the sacred Palladium. This statue of wood, a so-called *xoanon*, represented Athene with a lance in her right hand, and in her left a spindle and distaff. The sacred image had fallen down to earth from Zeus; and so long as it remained in the temple of the goddess in Troy, the city could not be taken.

• The Achæians had now become doubtful whether the oracles and prophecies about the fall of Troy would be fulfilled. Then Kalchas, their wise Sooth-sayer, called a Council of the Chiefs, and made harangue: "No longer," he said, "let us sit around Troy, in vain endeavours to storm and sack the holy city; but let us devise some other plan, which may save both our ships and ourselves."

Then the son of Laertes, the crafty Odysseus, showed the way to victory, not by force of arms, but by wily stratagem. "O beloved Kalchas," he said, "honoured by the gods! since the Fates have decreed that Troy should fall by our arms, hearken to the plan which I propose! Let us build here a mighty Horse, of wood; and let our Chiefs hide in its cavernous belly; and let our army sail away, to Tenedos, in their black ships; and burn their tents, that the Trojans, thinking

we have altogether departed, may pour out of the city into the plain, to see the mighty Horse. And let some bold man remain by the side of the huge beast, and pretend that he has been cruelly ill-used by the Danaoi, who wished to sacrifice him on their retreat from Troy. To their eager questioning let him reply, that their only safety lieth in dragging the Horse within their walls and placing it on the top of the citadel. Then let him raise a beacon fire, as a sign to the Achaians in Tenedos; and then, when the Trojans are wrapt in ambrosial sleep, we will come out, and sack and burn the city, and slay the men."

And Kalchas was pleased that he had called the Achaian Chiefs together. He spake again, in this wise: "Let us not consider any other plan, but adopt that of the wise son of Laertes. Great Zeus himself hath approved of it, by the lightnings which flash through the æther, and by the flight of birds on our right hand."

Thus spake wise Kalchas, and all shouted applause, except the brave son of Achilles, magnanimous Neoptolemos. "O Kalchas!" he said, "brave men fight openly, and man to man! and not by mean and crafty artifice! Let us, then, not use stratagems, but rely upon our own strength and courage!" Thus spake Neoptolemos, insatiable of cruel war. Then the wise son of Laertes, the goodly Odysseus, answered him: "O noble son of undaunted Aiakides! thou speakest like a good and honourable man. But bethink thee, that even the intrepid, matchless valour of thy mighty sire did not avail to take the rich city of Priam.

Till now we have not been able, in spite of all our labours and dangers, to end the war. Let us then bid the skilful Epeios, who by the grace of Athene is by far the best of architects, build the Horse."

All the Chiefs assented, except Neoptolemos and Philoktetes. These bade their soldiers bear all their siege machines to the walls of Troy, hoping thereby to take the well-fortified city. And this would have been done had not the Great Father of Gods and Men been wroth with them: the ground quaked beneath their feet; the vast æther quivered with lightning; thunderbolts fell near them; and all Dardania echoed with the awful din. Then was their boldness changed to pallid fear; and, though reluctant, they obeyed the counsel of the wise Kalchas.

Then Athene, the unwearied friend of the Achæans, and of Odysseus, whom she loved both for his courage and his craft, came down from the lofty dwelling of the blessed gods, and stood over the head of the sleeping Epeios, and spake to him: "Epeios! up, and quickly build the Wooden Horse! I myself will help thee in the work."

And when Eos, the golden-throned, had chased the darkness back to Erebus, Epeios arose, and related to the Argive Chiefs what he had seen and heard, and they knew it was a divine vision. And the lordly sons of Atreus ordered men to go to the woody valleys of Mount Ida, to hew wood for wise Epeios. And the skilful architect made first the feet and legs, and then the hollow belly, and the breast, the neck, the shoulders, and the hinder parts. Thus he fashioned the whole body and

head, with the mane and crest of hair and tail; the ears and eyes bright with inserted jewels—the green beryl and the ruddy amethyst—and all the other parts of a living, moving horse. And Athene inspired him with godlike art; and by her help the whole work was perfected in three days. Then Epeios, gazing at the Horse, was himself astonished by its stupendous size. Then he raised his suppliant hands in prayer to the sublime, unwearied goddess, and implored her to preserve him and his work. It was finished as she had hidden him, and was an object of admiration to all who saw or heard of it.

The immortal gods on Olympos, meanwhile, were divided among themselves; some wishing to destroy the Horse; others, to lay low the proud city of Ilios. Ares rushed against Athene, and other gods and goddesses, taking up the quarrel, met in such furious conflict, that their awful voices rang through the wide æther, and reached even to the gulf of stern Aidoneus. There the Titans trembled in their caverns, and lofty Ida re-echoed to the furious clamour. Mighty Zeus had gone meanwhile to the streams of Okeanos and the caverns of Tethys; but now returned, full of wrath against the gods. He rebuked them severely, and shook great heaven, with his thunder, and hurled his fiery bolts upon the earth. And the gods, immortal though they were, trembled in every limb at the wrath of their omnipotent Lord. Then glorious Themis, Goddess of Justice and Right Reason, flew to them, through the clouds, and thus addressed them: “Cease from noisy battle! It is not meet, when Zeus is angry, that the deathless gods should

contend with one another for the sake of perishing mortals. Beware! lest he hurl the lofty mountains upon you, and spare neither son nor daughter!" They heard, and obeyed; and some returned to Olympos; others, to the Sea; while others remained on the Earth.

In the camp of the Achaian army, the prudent son of Laertes, the goodly Odysseus, the man of many wiles, again made harangue to the Argive Chiefs, and said: "O ye noble and high-minded leaders of the host! now is the time to show which of you are brave and blameless. Be bold, therefore, and think of your impetuous valour! Let us all climb into the body of the well-built Horse, and put an end to this mournful war! And let some trusty youth, unknown to the Trojans, remain near the Horse, and, with no other thought, repeat our words to the men of Troy."

Thus spake Odysseus, with crafty counsel; and the others were afraid; but the adventurous *Sinon*, son of Aesimos (or of *Sisyphos*), a kinsman of Odysseus, stood forward and said: "O Odysseus, and all ye noble warriors! I will carry out your wishes. It may be, that they will cast me into the fire, and heap ignominy on my name. But I am content with this—either to perish in the midst of my enemies, or to gain great glory for myself and profit for the Argives."

Thus spake he boldly; and the Danaoi rejoiced, and said to one another: "Surely, some god hath given this man great strength and courage; for, before, he seemed by no means bold."

Then Nestor arose and spake : " Now, Odysseus, there is need of all our courage ; but if we show a noble heart, the great gods will give us both honour and victory. Would that I were now as when Jason summoned the youth of the Argive heroes to enter the famous ship, the *Argo* ! but Pelias kept me back, against my will. And now, old age weighs heavily upon me. But even so, as I am, I will be the first to mount into the well-built Horse ; for the gods will give me confidence and strength."

Then the son of golden-haired Achilles answered him : " O Nestor ! thou art the wisest of men, but relentless age has laid hold of thee. Do thou then depart to the shore of Tenedos, with the other Argives, while *we* ascend the Horse ! "

And godlike Nestor went up to him, and kissed his hands and head, and obeyed his words. Then Neoptolemos donned the divine arms of his father, and all the other Chiefs arrayed them in their armour.

And now, O Muse ! recount to me the names of those who entered the vast belly of the Horse ! thou, who didst first inspire my song, when I,¹ a beardless youth, fed my lovely sheep in the fields of Smyrna, not far from the temple of Artemis.

The first to ascend was the dauntless Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles ; then Menelaos, Odysseus, Sthenelos, and the godlike Diomedes ; after them went Philoktetes, Antiklos, and Menestheus ; then, the magnanimous Thoas, and fair-haired Polypoites, Aias, son of Oileus, Eurypylos

¹ Quintus Smyrnaeus.

(the Achaian), and godlike Thrasymedes, illustrious Meriones and Idomeneus, and many other notable warriors, even all the best men of the Achaians, and they filled the enormous belly of the fatal Horse. Last of all, Epeios climbed up into it,—he who had made it, and knew how to open and shut the doors. He drew up the ladder by which they had climbed, closed the door, and seated himself by the bars. The other warriors were silent, placed as they were between death and victory.

Meantime, all the Achaians who were left outside, having burned their tents, embarked in their hollow ships, and sailed to Tenedos. These were commanded by wise Nestor and the noble spear-bearer King Agamemnon, who would gladly have entered the Horse, but the Argives prevented them ; for they said that the men would be more ready to obey, when they saw their greatest rulers with them. Those in the belly of the Horse were now near the enemy, doubting in their hearts whether the doom of death were not also near to them, or whether they were about to capture the holy city of King Priam !

CHAPTER XLI

THE Trojans, with anxious minds, saw the smoke rising from the burning camp of the Achaian army, and the departure of the hostile ships. But soon, with glad hearts, they poured forth from the gates, and stood gazing in amazement at the huge monster of a Horse, which was indeed a stupendous work. When they found Sinon alone, they questioned him about the plans of the Argives. At first, they spoke to him with gentle words, but afterwards used terrific threats, and kept beating and tormenting him. But he remained firm as a rock, and would not utter a word. At last, they cut off his ears and his nose, and tortured him in every way, demanding of him to tell them truly why the Argives had sailed away, and what was inside of the Monster Horse.

He bore all with a steadfast mind, for Hera inspired him with mighty strength; at last he opened his mouth and told his false and guileful tale.

"The Argives," he said, "broken by the long war, and fearing the wrath of the gods, have fled in their ships. And by the advice of warlike Athene and of the Soothsayer Kalchas, they built this Horse, as an offering to the goddess Athene.

But, before their departure, they destined me, by the advice of baleful Odysseus, to be slain on the shore of the Hellespont, as an offering to the deities of the Sea. But their plot was not concealed from me; and escaping from the libations and the barley-groats sprinkled on me as a victim, I took refuge under the Horse. There they did not dare to touch me, fearing the anger of the dread goddess Athene, daughter of All-powerful Zeus. All our hopes, since the war began, rested on the aid of Pallas Athene. But when Tydeides and the artful schemer Odysseus stole the sacred Palladium, the image of Athene, from her temple, and polluted her virgin garlands with their bloody hands, all our hopes, all our vigour, ebbed away. No sooner was the holy image set up in the camp of the Danaoi, than fire blazed from her angry eyes, and sweat broke forth on her limbs, and three times, with spear and shield, she sprang from the ground! Then Kalchas, the great Seer, bade us put to sea. 'For never,' he said, 'shall we storm the city, till we renew the auspices in Argos, and bring fresh armies, with favouring gods.' It is at Kalchas' bidding that we have reared this Horse, to seek pardon for the crime of Odysseus and Tydeides. He bade us make it huge and high, that it might not pass your gates and guard your city from every evil. Had you harmed Athene's offering, I shudder to think what would have befallen you. May the dread omens fall on the heads of the Argives! But if you place it in your holy city, the tide of war will roll to the gates of Argos!"

Thus spake the cunning liar, and the wretched Trojans all believed him. His feigned sorrow and his forced tears accomplished what all the strength of Achilles and Tydeides, and the thousand ships, and the bloody conflicts of ten long years, had failed to do!

Thymoites was the first—whether a traitor, or blinded by the gods—to counsel the Trojans to breach their wall and drag the fatal steed into the citadel. Capys and some wiser souls suspected Achaian treachery. But most far-seeing of them all was the noble Laocoön, the renowned priest of Poseidon (Neptune). In breathless haste, he rushed from the citadel, with his two sons and a crowd of followers, and shouted from afar:

“Are ye mad, O citizens? Do ye believe that the Danaoi are really gone? Do not trust the Horse! Do ye know so little of the wily Odysseus? I, for my part, fear the Achaians, even when they offer gifts! Either the Monster is filled with our enemies, or some other treachery lurks within it!” Then, with gigantic strength, he thrust his heavy spear into the Horse’s flank; the monster shook, and from the dark inner hollow, groans issued like the sound of distant thunder. Then, if the Fates had not been adverse, or if the minds of the Trojans had not been blinded, Troy might yet stand, and be still a city.

But soon another portent, still more dreadful, greeted their eyes. While Laocoön was slaying a royal bull at the altar of Poseidon, two enormous Serpents came swimming, side by side, over the calm sea from Tenedos. With mighty coils and

blood-red crests, they glided over the billows, lashing the water into foam, and gained the shore. Their fiery eyes were suffused with blood, and from their jaws issued the forked tongues with which they hissed, and spit out venom in their wrath. At this dread sight, the Nymphs, daughters of the Rivers Xanthos and Simoeis, wailed beside their streams; and the Cyprian Queen, Aphrodite, groaned as she looked down upon it from Olympos. The Trojans fled in horror, while the Serpents made straight towards Laocoön and his two young sons, and crushed them in their tight-drawn folds. The wretched father, to whom his helpless children lifted their feeble hands for aid, tried to release them, with uplifted spear; but the twain monsters bore down together upon him, encircled his breast with their scaly bodies, and reared their bloody crests in triumph over his head—defiling his sacred garlands with poisonous slime and gore. In vain he tugs at their knotted coils; they do but draw them tighter. Then, in his agony, he bellowed loudly like a sacrificial bull, which has broken away from the altar and shaken the axe from its wounded body. Then the hideous monsters glided away to the temple of Athene, and found shelter beneath the feet and mighty shield of the statue of the fierce Tritonian Queen.

Then dread horror filled the minds of the Trojans, taking away their wits; and with one accord they cried that Laocoön was rightly punished for his impiety, for the act of hurling his spear at the Horse; the offering to Pallas

Athene. They demanded that the Horse should pass the breached walls and be placed in the citadel itself. All eagerly put their hands to the work; choirs of boys and maidens thronged around, chanting holy hymns to Athene, and rejoicing to touch the ropes and traces. Four times it halted, and gave forth the clash of armour from its belly; but the people, blinded by the Fates, urged on the work, and placed the awful portent of their doom in the innermost temple of Pergamos. Yet warnings were not wanting. Cassandra, the unerring prophetess—fated by the god ever to speak the truth, but never to be believed—saw the coming peril, and raised her voice, crying, “O ye wretched men! little do ye know the sad fate which already hovers over you! This Horse conceals a fearful peril! But ye will not obey me, accursed as I am by the angry god Apollo!” The Trojans only mocked and reviled her, and treated her as a madwoman.

Meantime, the heavens revolved, and gloomy Night came to overshadow the world and hide the deeds of the Argives. The weary Trojans laid themselves down to rest. The Achaian fleet moved over the moonlit waves from Tenedos to the well-known shore. Warned of its coming by a beacon light on the poop of royal Agamemnon's ship, the traitor Sinon, waiting beside the Wooden Horse, withdrew the bars that closed its door, and released the band of heroes imprisoned in the inner cavity. Sthenelos and bold Thersandros came first, sliding down a rope; then Odysseus, Thoas,



•The Wooden Horse dragged within the Walls — Page 390

Akamas, Pyrrhos, (Neoptolemos), Tydeides, Machaon, Menelaos, and the others; last of all, Epeios, who built the Horse.

On this fatal night, the goddess-born hero Aineias, son of Anchises, in his earliest dream saw the godlike Hektor, sad and weeping, torn by the chariot-wheels of cruel Achilles, and soiled with dust and blood. Ah, how different from the noble hero when he came from the battle, clothed in the divine armour of Achilles! or when he hurled flaming torches on the ships of the Argives!

Aineias questioned the dread spectre, but great Hektor answered not his idle words. "Flee!" he said—"flee, thou son of a goddess! The enemy hold the gates and the walls, and resistance is in vain. Well hast thou served great Priam and thy country. If holy Ilios could have been defended, then this right hand would have shielded her from ruin. To thee Ilios entrusts her *Penates*" (household gods). "Take them, then, with thee in thy flight, and place them in the royal city which thou shalt find beyond the waves!"

So saying, he brought from the innermost Temple the sacred garlands, the eternal fire, and the statue of Hestia (Vesta), the Queen.

Aineias was awakened from his sleep by loud cries and the clash of arms from the burning city. This reached his ears, although the palace of his father, Anchises, was remote and hidden among many trees. He mounts to the roof, and sees the splendid abodes of Deiphobos and *Ukategon* (Ucallegon) sinking in the flames. Like a brave soldier,

he dons his arms, and, with a few followers, rushes to the citadel, prepared to die for his dear country. On his way, he meets Panthoös Othryades, a priest of Apollo, and asks him what had happened, and where was the thickest of the battle.

Panthoös answered, with a groan : “Troy *has* been, and *is* no more ; we *were* Trojans ! To Argos, Almighty Zeus has transferred the sceptre. All Troy is blazing ; the traitor Sinon, glorying in his treachery, applied the torch ; and the gates are beset with countless foes, more than ever set sail from Mykenai.”

Maddened by his words, Aineias rushed into the flames, where sad Erinnys and the roar of battle called him. By the light of the moon he saw Rhipeus, great in arms, Epytos, Hypanis, Dymas, and young Koræbus. These gladly join Aineias ; and he addressed them, thus : “Ye noble youths ! great hearts, and brave in vain ! ye see the fortunes of the war. The god, by whom this city was upheld, have all departed from their fanes. Ye are vainly aiding a burning city. Yet follow me ; let us rush into the midst of the enemy and die. There is but one hope left for the vanquished—to *abandon hope !*”

Rage added fresh fuel to their valour. Like ravening wolves, they make for the middle of the city. Who can tell the deeds that were done, the blood that was shed, in the gloom of that awful night ? Who could number the dead, or pay them the due tribute of tears ?

Nor was it the Trojans only who suffered. Many a Danaan, too, fell by the hand of Aineias

and his followers. On all sides were horror and anguish, and gloomy Death reigned over all.

Then Aineias and his band met Androgeos, with a force of Danaoi. In the uncertain light, he takes the Trojans for friends, and addresses them with friendly words: "Brave warriors!" he said, "why come ye so late? Hasten ye to the heights, where we are sacking the citadel!" As he received no answer, he saw at once that he had fallen among foes. He starts back in horror, like a man who has trodden on a venomous snake, which rears its dark blue coils with hissing tongue. He fleeth in vain; for we close round him with our spears, and he and his whole band fall.

Then, at the suggestion of Corœbus, Aineias and the Trojans strip the dead, and disguise themselves in their armour. By this artifice they are enabled to slay multitudes of the Achæians, and for a moment to turn the tide of battle. But now a piteous sight meets their sad eyes. They see the royal maid Cassandra, with dishevelled locks and fettered hands, dragged from the temple of Athene; and Corœbus, one of her lovers, maddened by the sight, rusheth on to certain death in the thickest of the fight.

Then all was lost. For the Trojans on the roof of the temple, mistaking them for Achæians, assail them with stones and darts. The Danaoi, furious at the loss of Cassandra, gather together; and led by Aias and the two Atreidai, overwhelm the Trojans by their numbers. Corœbus was the first to fall; then the righteous Rhipheus, and Hypanis and Dymas, the last two slain by their own

friends. Aineias sought death in every form ; in vain, for the gods destined him for a higher fate.

Called by the din of arms around the palace of Priam, Aineias left the temple. The old Iphitos, and Pelias, wounded by Odysseus, follow him. There they found the most furious fight of all. The Achaians, with their shields locked together, to keep off the stones and darts from the roof, were forcing the gates ; others were mounting the scaling ladders. The Trojans in the palace, and on its roof, wrench the great stones from the walls and towers, hurl them down on the besiegers, and roll on them the gilded rafters of the halls, once the glory of the Trojan Kings.

In front of the great porch of the palace stood, the exulting Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles, in the divine flashing armour of his sire. Near him were huge Periphos and gallant Automedon, and all the strength of the Myrmidons. They force the gates with axes, and lay bare to view the splendid interior of Priam's palace, and the long halls and corridors, full of the accumulated treasures of countless monarchs.

Then the clamour of the wailing women rose from the secret chambers to the golden stars. The terrified mothers wander through the courts, embrace the familiar thresholds, and clasp and kiss the doors.

The fierce Pyrrhos (Neoptolemos) strides on, with all his father's might : no gates or guards can stop him. Hosts of Achaians follow him, and fill the vast palace with armed men.

There, with sad eyes, Aineias saw hapless

Hekabe, surrounded by a hundred daughters and daughters-in-law; he saw great Priam, too, soiling with his blood the altars which he himself had raised and hallowed.

What was the fate of the once glorious King of Troy? When he sees the enemy in the inmost recesses of his house, he dons the armour of old days, and girds on the useless sword. Hekabe, meantime, had fled with her daughters, and they gathered round a vast altar in the heart of the palace. There, huddled together, they cowered like doves swooping down from the sky to escape the tempest.

When Hekabe saw her aged Lord arrayed in the arms of his youth, she cried aloud: "O my wretched Husband! what dire madness seizeth thee, to gird thyself with armour? Whither dost thou vainly rush? The time needs no such help as thou canst give. No courage, no arms can save us now; not even if my own Hektor himself were here! Give way, then; this altar will defend us; or at least we shall die together!"

Lo, now is seen Polites, Priam's son, flying from the raging Neoptolemos, wounded to death—him the son of Achilles followeth, with uplifted spear, eager to slay! When he cometh within the sight of his aged parents, he falleth and poureth out his life in a stream of blood. Then his miserable father, though the shades of death already cover him, restraineth himself no longer. He giveth fall vent to his wounded spirit in angry words: "Thou wicked man! may the blessed gods repay thee for thy impious deeds! thee, who hast

made me see my dear son die at my very feet !
Falsely dost thou boast thyself the son of magnanimous Achilles. *He* honoured me as a suppliant, and gave me back the body of glorious Hector."

Thus spake the unhappy old man, and launched his feeble, useless weapon against his foe ; but his spear only smote, with a tinkling sound, the brazen rim of the shield, and dropped on the floor.

Then Neoptolemos answered in his fury :
"Carry these tidings to Hades, and tell my father, Pelides, of the shameful deeds of his degenerate son ! But now, *Die !*"

So saying, he dragged the trembling King by the hair to the altar, and buried his sword, up to the hilt, in his prostrate body.

Such was the end of the once mighty Priam, condemned by the Fates to see his brave sons slaughtered, and his beautiful daughters enslaved to cruel lords. With his dying eyes sees his glorious city burning, and in his last moments hears the despairing cries of his slaughtered subjects. Such was the fate of Priam, "Lord of Asia," the Ruler of many lands and of many a people.

"TROJA FUIT."

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